The RING
JANUARY 1982 $1.75 58862-5
TONY AYALA
"El Torito Proves He's No Bull!"
GENE TUNNEY
Underrated Champ
Exclusive Interview:
TOMMY HEARNS
"I Shall Return"
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CHAMPIONSHIP BELT

AARON PRYOR

WORLD JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPION

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio on October 20, 1955 . . . Height: 5'6½" . . . Amateur Record: 204-16 . . . Managed by Buddy LaRosa . . . After failing to make the 1976 United States Olympic Team, the result of two close losses to Howard Davis Jr., Pryor turned pro in November, 1976 . . . Halted his first pro opponent in the second round . . . Stopped his next four foes before iron-chinned Jose Resto lasted the eight-round distance . . . Two fights later, another human punching-bag —Johnny Summerhays—soaked up leather for eight rounds, refusing to fall . . . He was the last man to last the distance against Pryor, who has since been nicknamed, "The Cincinnati Cyclone". . . Pryor is currently working on a streak of 21 consecutive knockout victories . . . Won the World Junior Welterweight title on August 2, 1980, knocking out, and retiring, the legendary "Kid Pambele", Antonio Cervantes, in the fourth round . . . In that fight, Pryor picked himself up from a first-round knockdown to win . . . Has successfully defended the title against Gaetan Hart, Lennox Blackmoore and Dujuan Johnson . . . The Johnson fight, last November 7, was one of 1981's top fights . . . In that fight, like the Cervantes fight, Pryor found himself on the floor in the opening round . . . Has stopped five opponents in round one and another five in the second round . . . Owns the best knockout percentage (.931) in the history of the junior welterweight division . . . Called by many "Boxing's Most Exciting Fighter" . . . Overall record: 29-0, 27 knockouts.

AARON PRYOR

Born, October 20, 1955, Cincinnati, Ohio. Weight, 135-140 lbs. Height, 5 ft. 6½ in. Managed by Buddy LaRosa.

1976			
Nov.	12—Larry Smith, Cincinnati	KO	2
1977			
Feb.	1—Larry Moore, Cincinnati	KO	4
Feb.	24—Harvey Wilson, Cincinnati	KO	1
Mar.	12—Nicky Wills, Lincoln Heights	KO	1
Mar.	26—Isaac Vega, Cincinnati	KO	2
May	7—Jose Resto, Cincinnati	W	8
Sept.	3—Melvin Young, Covington	KO	4
Oct.	7—Johnny Summerhays, Cincinnati	W	8
Nov.	4—Angel Cintron, Cincinnati	KO	3
1978			
Jan.	16—Robert Tijernia, Cincinnati	KO	2
Mar.	1—Ron Pettigrew, Dayton	KO	5
Mar.	10—Alfred Franklin, Cincinnati	KO	3
May	3—Scotty Foreman, Miami Beach	KO	6
July	18—Marion Thomas, Dayton	KO	8
1979			
Mar.	16—Johnny Copeland, Cincinnati	KO	7
Apr.	13—Norman Goins, Cincinnati	KO	9
Apr.	27—Freddie Harris, Dayton	KO	3
May	11—Al Ford, Cincinnati	KO	3
June	23—Jose Fernandez, Cincinnati	KO	1
Oct.	20—Alfonso Frazer, Cincinnati	KO	5
1980			
Feb.	24—Juan Garcia, Las Vegas	KO	1
Mar.	16—Julio Valdez, Miami	KO	4
Apr.	13—Leonidas Asprilla, Kansas City	KO	10
June	20—Carl Crowley, Cincinnati	KO	1
Aug.	2—Antonio Cervantes, Cincinnati (Won World Junior Welterweight Title)	KO	4
Nov.	22—Gaetan Hart, Cincinnati (Retained World Junior Welterweight Title)	KO	6
Nov.	1—Danny Myers, Dayton (Non-Title)	KO	3
1981			
June	27—Lennox Blackmoore, Las Vegas (Retained World Jr. Welterweight Title)	KO	2
Nov.	14—Dujuan Johnson, Cleveland (Retained World Jr. Welterweight Title)	KO	7

From the Ring Record Book

FOR EXTRA FREE POSTERS, SEE AD ON P. 65

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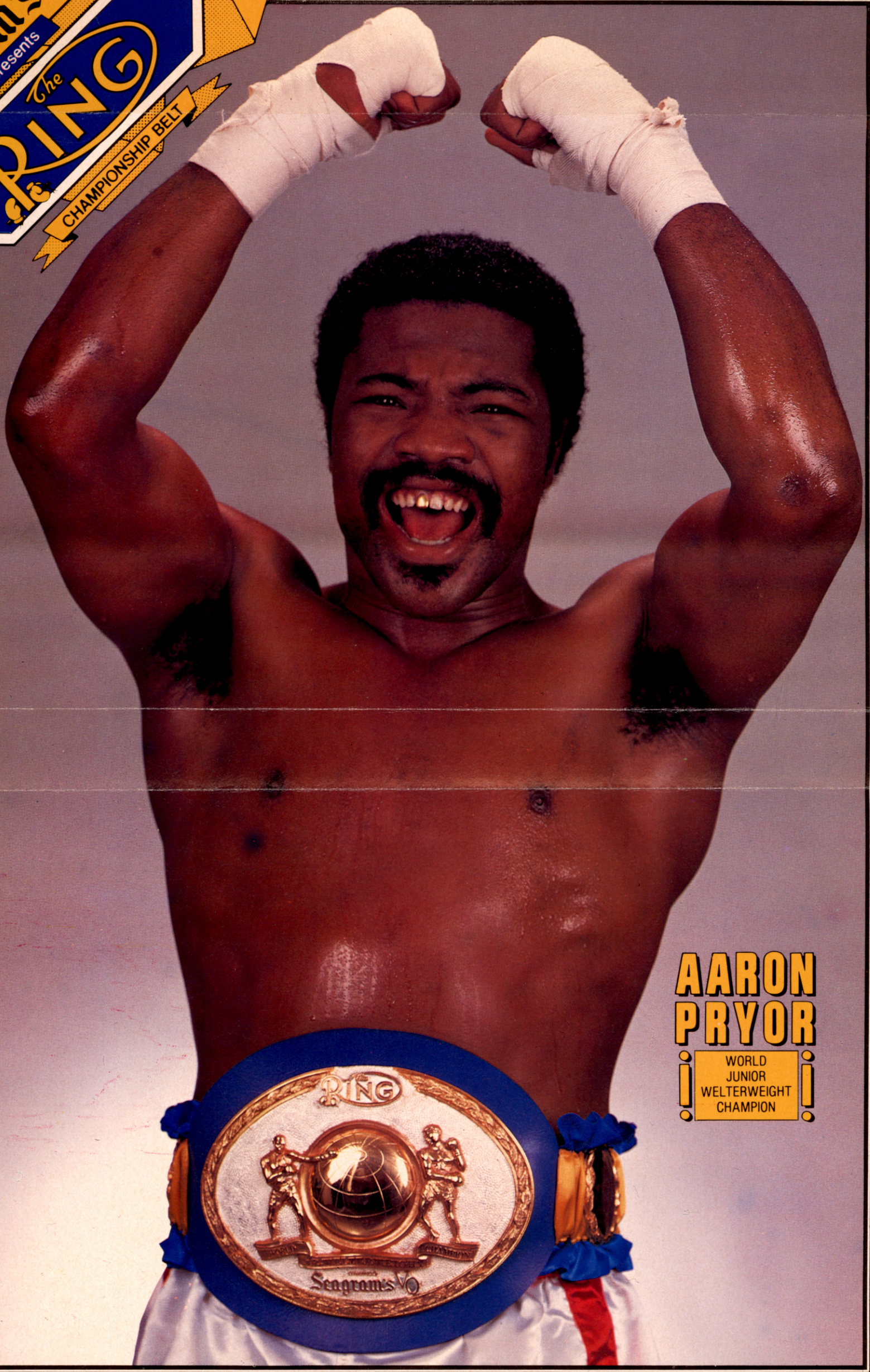

AARON PRYOR

WORLD JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPION

JANUARY

JAN. 9: Joe Louis knocks out Buddy Baer in 1st round in benefit for Naval Relief Fund, 1942. **JAN. 14:** Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons knocks out "Nonpareil" Jack Dempsey in 13th round to become Middleweight Champion, 1891 **JAN. 17:** Future Light Heavyweight Champion "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien born as Joseph Francis Hagen, 1878. **JAN. 22:** George Foreman knocks out Joe Frazier in second round to win Heavyweight Championship on 25th birthday, 1973.

F	SA	SU	M	T	W	TH
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
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The RING
The bible of boxing

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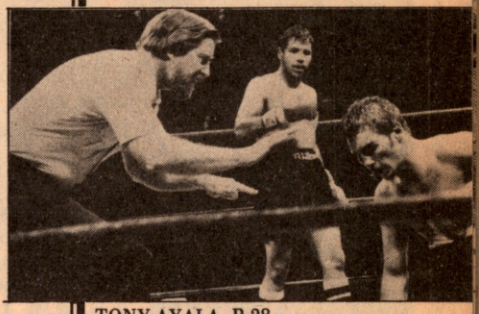

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TEX COBB P. 34

REMEMBER THOSE BOXING POTBOILERS Hollywood used to churn out where every Tom, Dick and Knobby looked like Rod Steiger? Where, if Hollywood was dealing in the stock market of the soul, they could have sold short?

All of that was supposed to have ended. It was to be an all-new day, with many measures taken to improve the lot of the sport: commissions with greater authority, rules and regulations protecting the fighters and the fight community—such as the pension plan instituted by California and the "thumbless" glove by New York—and weeding out those undesirables who have given boxing its black eye in the mind of the general public.

But, alas, while boxing may have made some progress, it still admits to having too many of the same old stereotypes in the game. Bloodsuckers and parasites who are throwbacks to the Rod Steiger school of boxing.

And the man who may single-handedly have brought back that haunting stereotype is one Georgie Small, a small-time booking agent from Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. Only his name isn't Small, it's Jerry Grietzer, who fought, unsuccessfully, under the name "Tiger Heimowitz" (How could anyone with that name be a successful fighter?) To compound the felony a favorite word in Greitzer-Heimowitz-Small's vocabulary, having been arrested no less than 17 times on everything from robbery to assault and battery to forgery, serving time at Sing Sing for some of his transgressions—he then assumed the name "Georgie Small," a boyhood friend from the Brownsville section of Brooklyn who had a pro record of 43-11 as a middleweight back in the '50s. But along the way Small added another statistic to his record, a grisly one: he killed a boxer named Laverne Roach some three decades ago. Small never got over that fight and eventually disappeared from sight, surfacing once in a nursing home and then walking away one day. Forever. But Small's lasting memory was neither his ring record nor his destruction of Roach; it was his name, assumed by former friend Grietzer-Heimowitz and defiled forever.

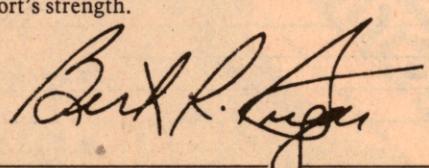
For Mr. Grietzer-Heimowitz-Small was the culprit who booked a four-round preliminary fighter named Tony Torres into a main event in New Jersey against the world's 11th-rated junior middleweight, Nino Gonzalez, who had just come off his tough loss to Roberto Duran. Not satisfied with simple fraud, Grietzer-Heimowitz-Small gave his prelim fighter the name John Symonette, a black fighter from Ft. Lauderdale, and held him out to be a "two-time Golden Glove champ, the Nassau and Florida junior middleweight champ and a ranking fighter with a 24-1-3 record."

The best that can be said of the non-fight was that after two love taps from Gonzalez Torres folded up like a second-hand accordian in front of 1,000 people. For that Torres was to have made $500 and Grietzer-Heimowitz-Small $100. But all purses were withheld by the New Jersey State Boxing Commission, leaving Torres to fly back to Florida with $1 in his pocket, the victim of his booking agent's outright fraud.

What of Grietzer-Heimowitz-Small? Bobby Lee, New Jersey Commissioner—who should have known better and double-checked with someone in Florida—wants him "suspended." Marty Cohen, Miami Beach Boxing Commissioner, wants to see that and raise it one, "wanting the guy suspended *for life.*"

Even that would be too good for Grietzer-Heimowitz-Small. The likes of him, and others who have parasitically attached themselves to boxing, must be expunged. And immediately. Or boxing will be back in the days when "sleaze" was the operative word.

If Grietzer-Heimowitz-Small has left one lasting legacy, it is that the time has come for a strong national commission overseeing the well-being of boxing. And that the State of Florida desperately needs such a group, otherwise we will be back in the dark ages of Rod Steiger-like characters sapping our sport's strength.



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ROUND ONE

YES, I'M THE GREAT PRETENDER

REMEMBER FREDERICK DEMARA, "The Great Imposter," who posed, at alternate times in his varied non-career, as a surgeon, a teacher, a priest and a warden? Well, apparently, Mr. DeMara has surfaced again; this time as a boxing official.

Only instead of using the name Frederick DeMara he is using the name Mel Ziegler. Otherwise, how could one explain Mr. Ziegler's presence on so many supposedly august executive boards in the world of boxing when he is totally without portfolio.

Take his recent appointment to the inner councils of the WBA, for instance. The man who has supervised 14 championship fights—that's right, count 'em, 14—owes his position to the fact that he claims to be the Chairman of the Opa Locka Boxing Commission. Not only does not the Southern Florida community of Opa Locka have professional boxing, but it does not even have a commission.

Then, according to a publicity release issued through his office, Ziegler claimed to have been named chairman of the Championship Committee of the USBA. Well and good, but nobody at the USBA knew anything about such an appointment. The same release mentioned that Ziegler was a member of the boxing commissions of both Miami and the city of Hollywood, Florida. But the appointment in Hollywood was unofficial and the one in Miami nonexistent at the time.

Which brings us back to the WBA and why Mr. Ziegler was allowed into the sanctum sanctorium of the WBA Executive Committee at the recent Santo Domingo convention and why this man without portfolio has supervised 14 championship bouts. Maybe, just maybe, the 14 losers in those 14 title bouts should seek redress in the courts for having a man in the dress of an official of one of the governing bodies oversee their fights.

Or, should they just call the missing persons bureau and tell them they've found Frederick DeMara? Again.

MOORE DRAMA ON DAYTIME SOAPS

THE WEDDING OF LUKE AND Laura on "General Hospital" was not the only Soap Opera duo making news this fall; another duo which has appeared on the afternoon airwaves is Archie Moore and Saoul Mamby, who played two boxers on CBS' "Search for Tomorrow."

The plot, if one can be found, had the long-lost son of popular character Stephanie Wyatt joining the cast and befriending a former boxer, Kid Granite, who then becomes his unofficial trainer. Kid Granite is played by none other than the man who has appearances in *The Carpetbaggers, Huckleberry Finn, Breakout Pass* and many other movies and TV shows—Archie Moore, a veteran actor among his many other credits, including his hardest role, that of being a veteran boxer.

IF THE POSTMAN RINGS TWICE, BAR BETTORS RING AGAIN . . . AND AGAIN

RING MAGAZINE GETS MANY calls for information. Literally hundreds. Several of these are so-called argument settlers which normally come around the noon hour when bar bets take flight and fancy. But noon is not the only hour when such calls come in. One of *Ring*'s editors was recently treated to a call at three in the morning at home. Reaching over to grab the telephone the editor heard a fuzzy voice on the other end of the receiver ask, "Is this the editor of *Ring* Magazine?" Clear-headed and sure of his position, the editor answered, "Yes." That was his first mistake and the caller pounced on the opening. "In the Braddock-Baer fight in '35," he rambled on, "was it a knockout or a decision?" The editor acknowledged that it was a decision. "Here, tell my friend," he said, passing the phone on to someone else. "Hallo, came the next voice—both of whom looked to the editor like black telephones, "Wha' wuzit?" "A knockout," said the editor, now sure of what he had, and hung up, deliciously envisioning the two would-be triviots in the back alley settled their differences as to who heard what from whom.

THE MOVING HAND HAVING WRIT AND MOVING ON DEPT.

THE RING RECORD BOOK HAS always been viewed as "The Bible of Boxing," the final word. But, as George Gershwin was wont to say: "It ain't necessarily so."

Starting with the 1941 edition—called *Nat Fleischer's All-Time Ring Record Book*, for want of a more descriptive title—ring records, as well as *Ring* records, have appeared as the gospel truth. And once faithfully chronicled, these records, from such authoritative sources as *Ring Battles of the Century*, and the *Everlast, Police Gazette, Post* and Bank record books of the time, were rarely corrected, if corrected at all.

ROUND ONE

Two years ago *The Ring*, under the able direction of historian Herb Goldman, began the Herculean task of updating and revising the historical portion of *The Ring Record Book*, changing those errors contained in the Olde records. Twenty men, good and true, from around the world, began going through the clips of the local newspapers where the fights reported in the early record books took place. Or were supposed to have taken place. And the corrections, both of commission and omission, were duly noted and entered in the computers for the 1982 *Record Book*.

So far this group of dedicated men have found 24 more knockouts for former Flyweight Champion Jimmy Wilde, 60 more fights for fomer Featherweight Champion Chalky Wright, 28 more fights for former Flyweight Champion Benny Lynch, four more fights—including three more knockouts to his all-time record—for former Light Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore, 46 more fights for former Middleweight Champion Fred Apostoli, 65 more bouts for former Junior Lightweight Champion Frankie Klick, and the correct names and/or birthdates for an entire bevy or school of former champions.

However, one correction found might be viewed as something close to heresy: one of Joe Louis' listed fights was an exhibition and reduces the former great champion's totals to 70 total bouts and 53 knockouts. Who was it who said that history is nothing more than "a lie agreed upon?" Not the editors of *The Ring Record Book*.

BOXING AT THE BAR

WITH MORE SUITS PENDING than can be found in a Hong Kong tailor shop, boxing's latest list of litigations includes:

Shelley Finkel and Lou Duva had filed a flock of lawsuits against Bob Arum preparatory to breaking away from Top Rank in the spring for their own cable boxing shows.

South African heavyweight Kallie Knoetze lost his appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court based on his contention that his passport was taken from him unfairly and based on political pressure from civil rights groups.

A former trainer of Ron Lyle won a judgment from Lyle's brother and Lyle Enterprises based on his claim that he was done out of moneys due and owing him as manager, a relationship he claims was based on an oral contract that was abridged.

Earnie Shavers, former heavyweight contender, had his luxury home sold at a sheriff's foreclosure sale for $338,000 pursuant to a court foreclosure order. The proceeds generated by the sale went towards reducing the more than $500,000 in debts Shavers ran up in a local janitorial service.

And, Caesars Palace, not to be left out of the action, filed a $2.1 million lawsuit against a Las Vegas tavern claiming "unfair competition" for intercepting a transmission of the Leonard-Hearns fight and showing it to their patrons free.

FOUL OF THE MONTH

AS A PROFESSIONAL, ALEXIS Arguello has few peers. His calm, cool and collected style has been likened to that of a man who can stand his ground in front of a runaway truck, pick off one of the tires with his left arm, take out the headlamp with a straight left, block the right tire with his right elbow and punch out the right headlamp and then pull the driver out of the cab, all before the truck reached him.

But if he has few peers as a boxer, Alexis Arguello has none as a man. His humility after the Watts fight brought him new fans from both sides of the Atlantic. And his sensitivity after the Mancini fight for father and son alike won him untold admirers who had rarely heard such grace in victory.

And that's why this sensitive, feeling man deserved far better from a police official in Tucson, Arizona, who summarily and brusquely hustled him out of a Police Athletic League gym because he believed the amateur status of PAL boxers would be jeopardized by the presence of a professional. The official, who, not incidentally, was the brother of rock singer Linda Ronstadt, might well have shown some of the Christian forebearance Arguello has exhibited before pushing Arguello out into the street even before he had completed his workout or conducted a TV interview. What he had exhibited, instead, was a rudeness his charges will remember for a long time. If not a lifetime.

For his boorishness and brusqueness, Police Chief Ronstadt gets Ring's "Foul of the Month" award. And, for extra measure, as for buying any of his sister's albums from here on in, we advise all boxing fans to invoke the words of one of her songs, "That'll be the Day," and boycott them for the slight done to one of boxing's Patron Saints.

DOWN FOR THE COUNT

JOHNSON, JOHN F., 71, at Bellevue Hospital in New York City, December 2. Born in New York on December 30, 1909, Johnson had the largest collection of boxing records in the world upon his death. He was an associate editor of *The Ring Record Book* and served as special research consultant to *The Ring* until his death.

PUNCHLINES

PROMOTER BUTCH LEWIS, WHEN asked where his overweight warrior, Greg Page, was after his recent close victory over George Chaplain: "At home in Louisville. And I hope he's not sitting around eating Gino Giants."

One of the bartenders at Binyon's Restaurant in Chicago turning down free tickets for Joe Frazier's return against Jumbo Cummings: "I'll take a pass on this one . . . I want to remember Frazier as he was, not mauling and wrestling . . ."

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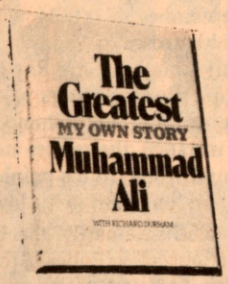

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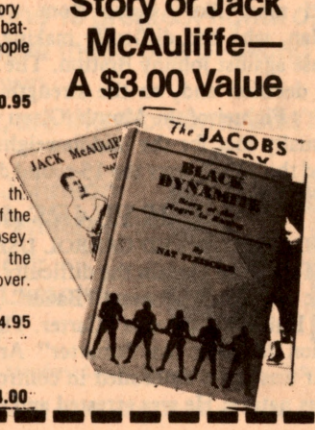

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48 YEARS AGO

¶ JANUARY, 1934: ON THE COVER AND IN A FEATURE BY Wilbur Wood, Teddy Yarosz was declared the "Uncrowned Middleweight Champion of America." The conferring of this unofficial title was bestowed on Yarosz because it was generally accepted that former champ Lou Brouillard had ducked Yarosz by accepting the challenge of Vince Dundee despite the fact that Dundee had twice lost decisively to Yarosz. (The matter was officially settled on September 11, 1934 when Dundee lost a 15-round decision and his crown to Teddy.)

¶ A disputed contest between Tommy Loughran and Ray Impellitiere brought several hundred questioning letters to the RING from its readers. Nat Fleischer used his column to clarify the rules in question. In this instance, the referee stopped the fight at 1:59 of the sixth round when, in his opinion, Loughran was unfit to continue due to a long gash in his lower lip. Tommy, however, refused to accept the stoppage and forced his opponent to continue. The crowd jeered and a commissioner present overruled the referee, allowing the fight to resume in order to avoid a riot. Incredibly, Loughran won every round thereafter and was named the victor at the conclusion of the tenth round.

38 YEARS AGO

¶ JANUARY, 1954: THE BIG STORY THIS MONTH WAS BOBO Olson's win over Randy Turpin to ascend to the middleweight throne vacated by Sugar Ray Robinson. The fight went the 15-round distance, but there was little dispute over the decision: The judges' scorecards tallied 9-4, 11-4, and 8-7; all in favor of Olson. The real surprise was that there were no surprises in the contest.

¶ Celebrating the new American champion was a feature on his life and family as well as an examination by Nat Fleischer on the future of the division. Bobo's toughest competition would most likely come from welterweight champ Kid Gavilan, who had difficulty making the weight for a recent defense against Johnny Bratton. The "Kid" beat Bratton by a clear decision and, on the strength of this win was named RING's Fighter of the Month. Olson was runner-up. (The two eventually met for the middleweight crown and Olson decisioned the "Kid" over the 15-round distance.)

18 YEARS AGO

¶ JANUARY, 1964: TED CARROL USED HIS EXPERT ILLUSTRATIONS to explain the difficulty in judging and scoring a classic match-up between "Boxer" Joey Archer and "Puncher" Rubin "Hurricane" Carter. The bout ended with a split decision favoring the "smarter" Archer. (Two years later, Carter was again embroiled in controversy, but of a far more serious nature: He was arrested and convicted of robbery and murder in New Jersey. Demonstrations and protests were held regarding the justice of the conviction and the story became the basis of a song by a crusading Bob Dylan on Carter's behalf.)

¶ The next heavyweight title fight was set between champion Sonny Liston and challenger Cassius Clay. Only the location was in doubt, according to Dan Daniel who thought that the newly opened World's Fair made New York the ideal site. The hitch was that Liston did not have a New York license and was not likely to apply for one unless he were assured that he would not be "grilled" by the commission. (The fight was held in Miami on February 25, 1964, and Clay won by a seventh-round KO beginning one of the most impressive and controversial careers in sport.)

RICHARD H. CHUDNOFF

BACK IN THE RING

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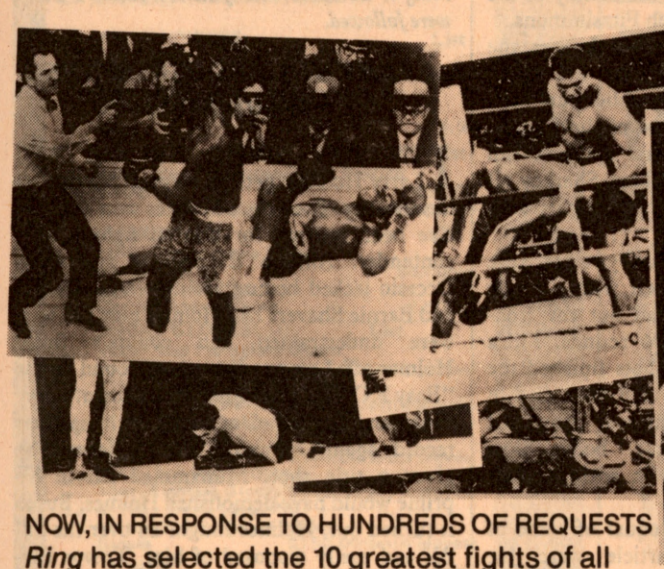

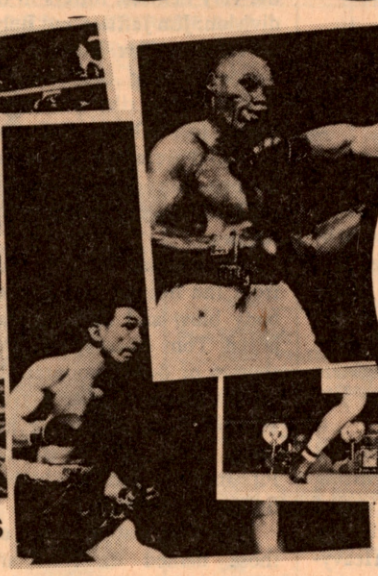

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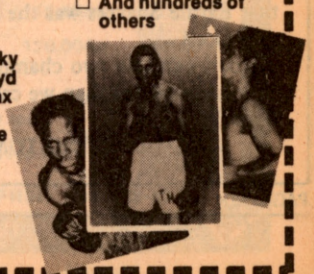

COME OUT WRITING

HARDEST-HITTERS MISS TARGET

I MUST COMPLIMENT YOU ON YOUR "Who's Who in Boxing." The idea was long overdue and I look forward to a yearly update. I found the bio's very informative and interesting and especially appreciated where you would say something about the fighters style, for example, "skilled boxer, fine jab, solid chin."

Also, I would like to comment on Bill Gallo's article, "The Hardest Hitting Heavyweights." The article upset me until I realized it was misentitled. It should have been called "The Hardest Hitting Heavyweight *Champions*," inasmuch as the only boxers he considered were champions. I also think it is absurd for him to make the qualifier that a great puncher is not a great puncher unless he can become champion. It takes many skills to become a champion and everyone on Mr. Gallo's list had more than just a punch going for him. But if we're talking about pure, unadulterated, brute punching power than I would bet my last dollar that Earnie Shavers and Cleveland Williams hit harder than Mr. Gallo's top tenners Gene Tunney and Jack Johnson. Any bets, gentlemen?

PETER WOOD

I HAVE BEEN A *RING* FAN FOR MANY years and have just finished your October, 1981 issue. I really liked your story "The Hardest Hitting Heavyweights," but feel you omitted two names that should have been on your list. Ezzard Charles was once quoted in *The Ring* as saying that he felt Jersey Joe Walcott was the hardest puncher he ever faced, including Joe Louis. Muhammad Ali, who fought Liston, Foreman and Frazier said that Earnie Shavers was the hardest hitter he ever faced.

I believe these two champions know more from experiences than we can guess from old fight films.

DAVE DENTON, ST. LOUIS, Mo.

IN YOUR STORY ON THE BEST heavyweight punchers you left out two of the very heaviest hitters in the history of the division: Jim Jeffries and Bob Fitzsimmons.

Promoter Tex Rickard called Jeffries the heaviest-hitting heavyweight he ever saw. Jeffries broke ribs with any solid punch he landed to the body, and most of the fighters he KO'd were out for several minutes. Jim Corbett, Gus Ruhlin, and Tom Sharkey all suffered broken ribs in their title fights with Jeffries.

Fitzsimmons won the heavyweight title from the heavier Jim Corbett with a single body blow and also knocked out the iron-jawed Tom Sharkey in two rounds. Fitz's short 6 or 8-inch counter shots finished the careers of many fighters. Gus Ruhlin died in 1910 of stomach trouble he was convinced came from a devastating body blow Fitzsimmons had caught him with in their fight ten years earlier.

Two others at least the equal of some of those named in your article were Joe Choynski (who KO'd Jack Johnson), and Max Schmeling, a vicious right-hand puncher.

ARNE STEINBERG, SILVER SPRING, MD

BOXING SHOULDN'T BE MERELY TAP DANCING WITH GLOVES ON

THE HOLMES-SNIPES FIGHT, AMONG many others of recent vintage, should not have been stopped so soon. Holmes landed *four*, not twelve hard punches as several reported, and Snipes was in condition to take at least one or two more. This was nothing like the Griffith-Paret fight at all, in which the referee was obviously negligent.

These pros are not playing patty-cake and are trained to take punches. They are getting more than well paid to risk life and limb. I am afraid we are becoming too effete.

Championship fights should go 20 rounds of four-minutes duration each. They should wear six-ounce gloves and be allowed 15 seconds knockdown count. This will separate the men from the boys and compel all to learn how to box better.

I also believe the so-called "Junior" weight divisions are a tremendous joke. (Unless they are meant to be for under 18 only).

CARL WICKUM, CHARLOTTE, N.C.

Ed Note: The editors of The Ring *do not agree with Mr. Wickum, believing the sport of boxing to be "The Manly Art of Self-Defense" not "The Manly Art of Self-Destruction," something it would become if Mr. Wickum's wishes were followed.*

LARRY HOLMES: THE WINNER OF OUR DISCONTENT

IT'S VERY SIMPLE TO SEE WHY Larry Holmes gets no respect. He doesn't deserve any. Ever since Holmes won the title, I've been waiting for him to fight a solid contender. Alfredo Evangelista and Ossie Occasio lacked boxing ability. Mike Weaver and Earnie Shavers had Holmes hurt but both were undertrained and couldn't finish Holmes off. Lorenzo Zanon was found on the "Easy KO" list and didn't let us down. Leroy Jones and Scott LeDoux had built up their records against bums and didn't deserve to be given a title shot. Muhammad Ali in his prime would have demolished Holmes. But as it turned out, Holmes fought an over-the-hill Ali and easily disposed of him. Trevor Berbick shouldn't be rated in the top ten. Matter of fact, he shouldn't be rated in the top fifty. Berbick would be knocked out by any of the top ten light heavyweights.

The closest thing to a contender that Holmes has fought is Renaldo Snipes. "Mr." Snipes boxed superbly and had Holmes on the canvas, only to let him off the hook and then, unfortunately, have the bout prematurely halted.

To me, Holmes is just a lucky fighter. Lucky that the boxing world has put up with his string of defenses against non-worthy opponents.

MARC MILNAC, CANTON, OHIO

A DIM VIEW OF COSELL

OBVIOUSLY, THE AUTHOR OF THE "Network TV" story, Peter Coutros, doesn't know how many of us real fight fans have no use for Howard Cosell. I'm pretty sure a large segment of the viewing audience tunes in to see a fight, regardless of the network or announcer. In fact, most fight fans I know would rather watch the fight without having to listen to that whining, nasal, drivel Cosell calls announcing.

It's true that over the past 15 years Cosell has had an enormous amount of money and fame. If you measure him by that standard, then he is enormously successful.

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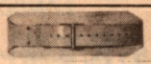

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However, if you measure him by standards of real values such as those possessed by Don Dunphy, then he is bankrupt. The standards I mean that Dunphy had in abundance, and Cosell will never have, are ability and class.

DON HOFFMAN

WHEN ONE PICTURE IS WORTHY OF A THOUSAND WORDS . . . OF EXPLANATION

THE REMNANTS, INCLUDING ME, of my family were "honoured" to have a full-page etching of my grandfather, Arthur, (with his mate, Bill Baxter) illustrating the article on Trainers by veteran, Barney Nagler, in the November issue.

The etching is by George Belcher, 1911, of the "house" seconds of the original National Sporting Club. Old Arthur was the first pro to box there, opening night, 1891, defeating Cock Robinson over ten rounds—An amateur pair opened the bill. He later broke a thumb and became the house second until the club premises closed.

My father and uncle, twins Dick and Jack, were tutors and became seconds at subsequent N.S.C. shows in various halls, including the wartime Queensbury Club where the Glenn Miller Expeditionary Band broadcast.

Alas, the luverly old boys have passed on. The N.S.C. now operates regularly from the London Cafe Royal, once the haunt of Oscar Wilde, etc. (And, sometimes, even Jimmy).

The etching published now hangs in the club room and I proudly own an original.

REG GUTTERIDGE, RING
LONDON BUREAU

WHO'S THAT? IN WHO'S WHO

I REALLY ENJOYED YOUR SECTION on "Who's Who in Boxing" in your October, 1981 issue. Just one problem, in the Welterweight division, Dujuan Johnson should be rated No. 1. Anyone *912 years old* and still fighting gets my vote everytime.

JIM WITHERS, MATER, AFB, Ca.

Ed. Note: Mr. Withers' sharp eye caught our typographical—and proof-reading—mistake. Dujuan Johnson was obviously born in 1960 and not 1069, as stated.

ONE REF WHO FEELS AN UNJUST VERDICT

AS A PROFESSIONAL BOXING REFeree for the past 26 years on the staff of the Mass. State boxing Commission it really burns me up when we had two middleweight championship bouts in Massachusetts and both the WBA and the WBC stated: "We pick the officials or we don't recognize it as a championship bout."

I have refereed championships and have worked bouts involving Tiger Jones, Coley Wallace, Bob Foster, Terry Downes, Paul Pender, Joe Frazier, Vito Antuofermo, as well as many of Marvin Hagler's without controversy. So have many other refs on the commission. To me, it's a reflection on the integrity of the local refs to suggest that a fair decision wouldn't be rendered.

If the WBA and the WBC want to name officials other than those at the local level, let them send myself and other Mass. officials to work championship bouts out of the state. Turnabout is fair play.

BILL CONNELLY, REFEREE, MASS. STATE BOXING COMM.

MIKE, THE WEAVER OF DREAMS—AND SNORES

I CAN CERTAINLY UNDERSTAND WHY Mike Weaver didn't want to fight Gerrie Cooney. If I were him, I would have fought James Tillis also. Mike Weaver is a very poor example of a champion. His fight was a total bore-snore.

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For Sale: 1980 *Ring Record Book* and 1969 program to Olivares Rose fight. $30.00 including postage. Peter Dennis, 15 Roland Road, Jamestown, N. Y. 14701.

Black Dynamite by Nat Fleischer Volume 1-5 (5) in best condition all for U.S. $60. Ring Magazines Oct. 1967-Jan. 1978, 901 issues in best condition all for U.S. $100. Erich Walter, A-3100 St. Poelten, Daniel-Granstr. 22, Austria.

Want to sell Ring, Boxing Ill. and misc. magazines 60's and 70's. Also *Ring Record Books* from '40's to '80. Write Bob Crossin, 121 N. Ban Buren Ave., Scranton, Pa. 18504.

I have quite a few *Ring Magazines* 1968-1979. Are you interested? Write: Charles J. Cunningham Sr., 3201 Magee Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19149.

Ring—Dec. '48 thru Nov. '55, complete, excellent condition. Will not separate. Make offer. Steve Walsh, 142 Frisbee Hill Rd., Hilton N.Y. 14468.

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WANTED: Super 8 or Reg. 8 films of Frazier-Quarry I, Frazier-Ellis I, Ali-Williams, Joe Louis-Max Baer, Liston-Patterson I, Foreman-Lyle, Patterson-Quarry I. Please contact Jerry Takeuchi, 1755-25th Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94122.

Wanted: Official fight film Patterson vs. Johannson 1961, 3rd fight, or 8mm film, the same motion picture that was shown in theaters around the world. This is not a Ring Classics film. Robert Haynes Jr., 1935 Valentia St., Denver, Colo. 80220.

Wanted: Rocky Marciano vs. Carmine Vingo film, Larry Stanton vs. Alfredo Escalera film. Also wanted boxing time keeper pacer, Everlast or any other one in good working condition. Write Laurence Provenzano, 259-31 148th Rd. Rosedale, N.Y. 11422.

Wanted to buy: Super 8 or Reg. 8 films featuring Benny Lynch, Pone Kingpetch, Pascual Perez, Jimmy Wilde, Ruben Olivares, Vic Toweel, Al Brown, Pete Herman, George Dixon, etc. Write for list of others wanted. Mr. R.G. Boering, 22 Second Ave., Parktown North, Johannesburg, South Africa.

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Trade many *Ring* magazines 1950-1980 for other *Rings* or photos, films, buttons, posters, T-cards or other boxing items. Collections purchased. Don Hoffman, Box 283, Moss Beach, Cal. 94038.

Wish to correspond with any amateur boxer or boxing fan anywhere in the world. Contact Bazooka Joe, Oyostate Sports Council, Llesa Zonal Office, P.M. B5045, Llesa, Nigeria.

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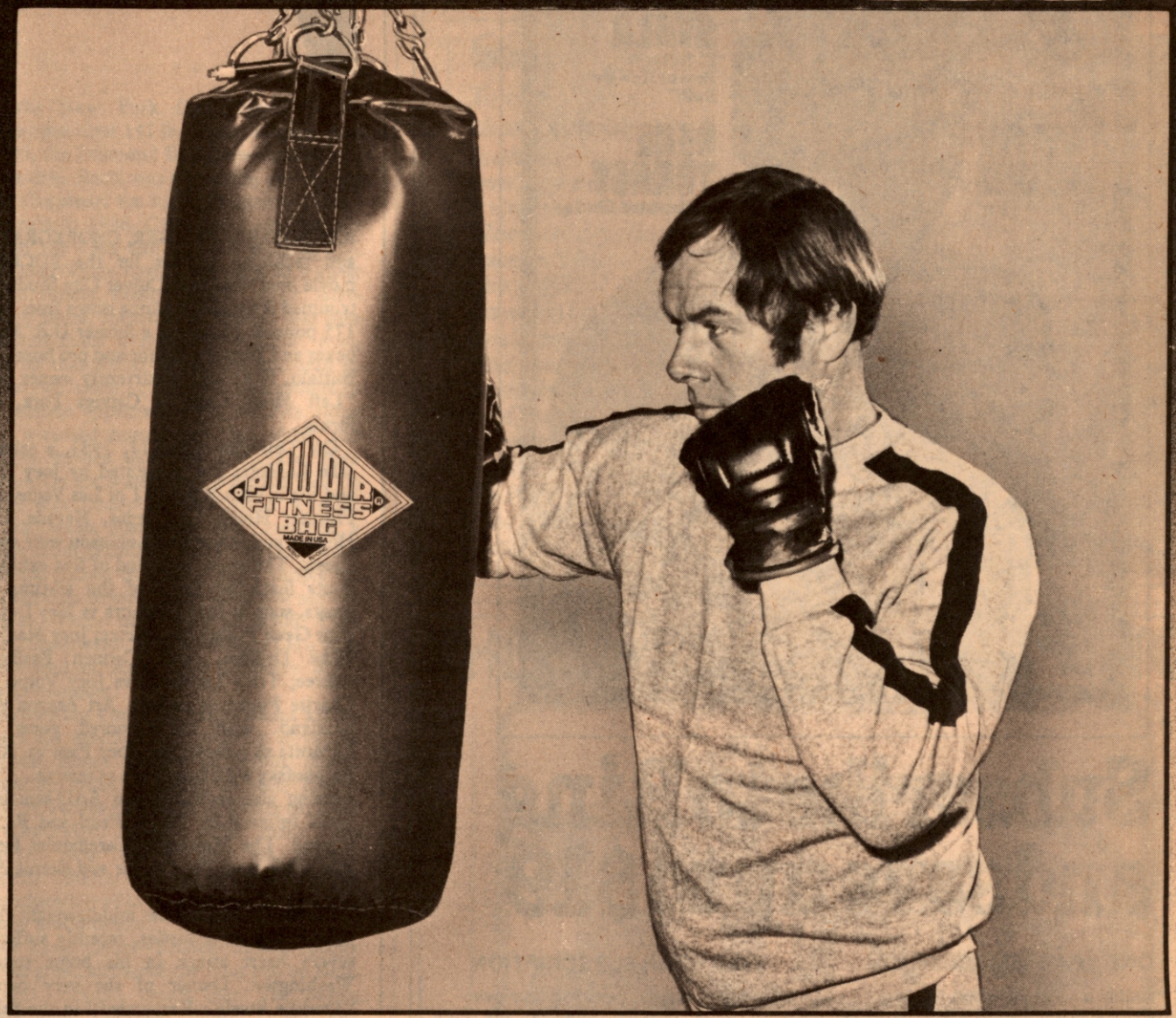

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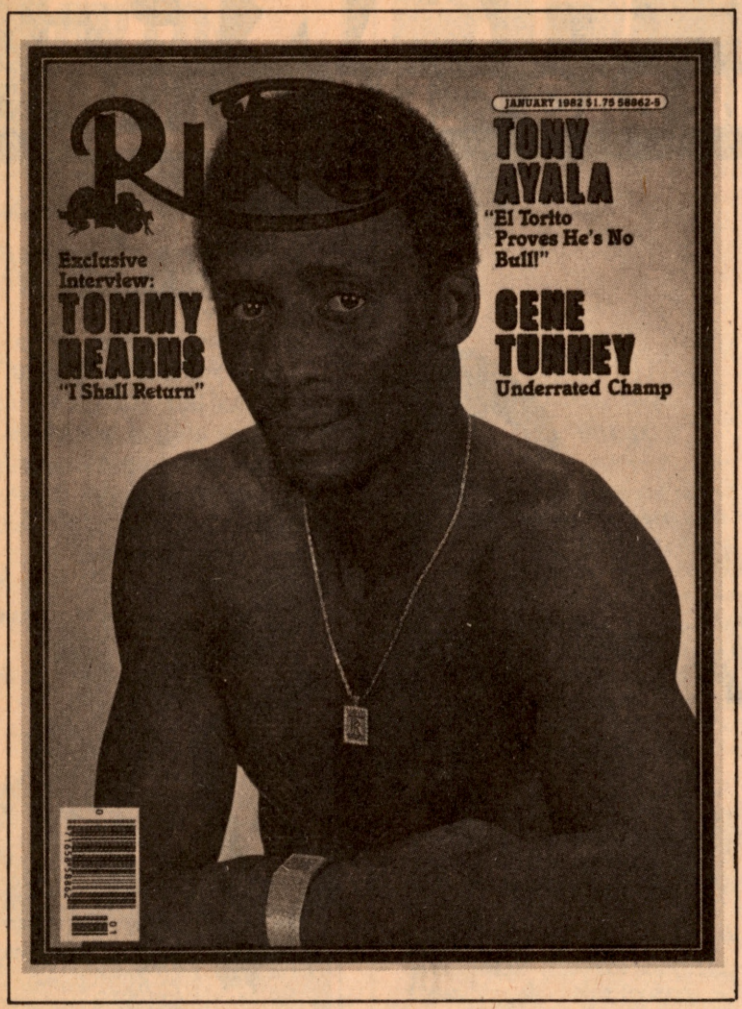

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VETERAN BOXERS' B

RAY NOTARO, TRAINER, CHOREGRAPHER and technical advisor for the ROCKY III movie now filming at Culver City Studios has trimmed Sylvester Stallone down from 180 to 175 pounds. Notaro is a former U.S. Marine boxer and former amateur and pro boxer from Buffalo, N.Y. and is currently owner of the "Left Hook Gym"in Canoga Park, California . . .

On Thursday Sept. 17, 1981, a salute to Jake LaMotta was presented by Joey Curtis and the NVBA Ring 7-11 of Las Vegas at the Frontier Hotel, Las Vegas, Nevada. Larry Holmes and Sugar Ray Robinson were special guests. The show consisted of five exhibition bouts featuring some of the all-time ring greats, such as Joey Giambra vs Joey DeJohn, with Gene Fullmer as referee; Joey Maxim vs Mike DeJohn, with Carmen Basilio as referee; Tony DeMarco vs Joey Volpe with Charlie Fusari as referee, Art Aragon vs Al Siciliano, with the honored guest Jake LaMotta as referee; and Joey Pace vs. Rocky Baronofsky with Lou Nova as referee . . . The evening also included two AAU-sanctioned bouts refereed by Davey Pearl and Richard Greene. The Masters of Ceremonies for the gala affair were Pat Cooper and Bernie Allen . . .

Freddie Steele, former middleweight champion in the early forties, recently suffered a severe heart attack in his home state of Washington. Owner of the very popular "Freddie Steele's Restaurant" in the fishing resort of Westport, Wash., Steele is remembered as one of the true greats ever to emerge from the Northwest . . . If any one wishes to take a moment and drop a line to this great Champion and gentleman at Harbor Health Care Center, Aberdeen, Wash. 98520, I'm sure, in his quiet and respectful manner, he would sincerely appreciate it. God Speed—Freddie Steele . . . A special tribute to Boston's Ring 4 member Gus Raimo, who became ninety-five years old October 12, 1981, today's oldest living boxer. Barrel-chested Gus is still a hard guy to beat . . . Former boxer—and now a motion picture and TV actor—Vince Barbi arrived here from his native Italy in the early thirties with the Italian Olympic boxing team. In 1934, Barbi,

won the New York *Daily News* Golden Gloves open class 147 lb. championship. And in 1935, the Diamond Belt open class welterweight title. Barbi was a sparring partner for Tony Canzoneri for his fight against Jimmy McLarnin in 1936. Canzoneri broke Barbi's nose in the 13th day of their sparring . . . Years later Vince Barbi's appeared as a guest on the Jimmy Powers Show. After interviewing Barbi, sportscaster Powers told him he would make a good movie actor. And, based on that sound advice, he has been in movies ever since . . . Barbi's film credits to date include appearances on the Bob Hope show, a record number for that show, and parts in movies like *The Blob, The Pink Panther, On the Waterfront, What did You Do In The War Daddy?, That Kind of Woman, On The Double, Machismo,* and *Comeback,* a picture about prizefighting . . . In fact, Barbi holds the record of killing more people on celluloid than anyone in the history of motion pictures. Vince now lives at 6500 Yuca Street, Hollywood, Cal., 90028, and is a very close friend of Aldo Spoldi, former lightweight contender.

Boston Ring 4 member Eddie Bangs has relocated his boxing club, moving it to the Corporal Burns Shelter on Banks Street, Cambridge Mass.—Thanks to State Representative Sandra Grahm and Walter Sullivan of Cambridge, Mass., who made this possible. Now Bangs, and his partner Timothy "Buddy" Hayes, can continue the fistic education of innumerable youngsters at his new headquarters . .

The Long Count—Frankie Schell, former Buffalo great, answered the final bell on Sept. 7, 1981. Schoell boxed men like Maxie Rosenbloom, Lockport Jimmy Duffy, and Buffalo champions Rocky Kansas and Jimmy Slattery. Rest in peace—Frankie Schoell.

Paul "Punching Paul" Cortlyn, one of the middleweight division's hardest hitters, passed away on August 1, 1981 in Irvington, N.J. after a long illness. Paul, was an inductee of the N.J. Boxing Hall of Fame and a member of Ring 25, Newark N.J. Rest in Peace—Paul Cortlyn. Norman Genet, known as the "Barberton Ironman," recently passed away in Barberton, Ohio. Boxing in the 20's and 30's, he boxed around the globe and once boxed in a 4-round exhibition bout with Jack Dempsey. Rest in Peace—Norm Genet.

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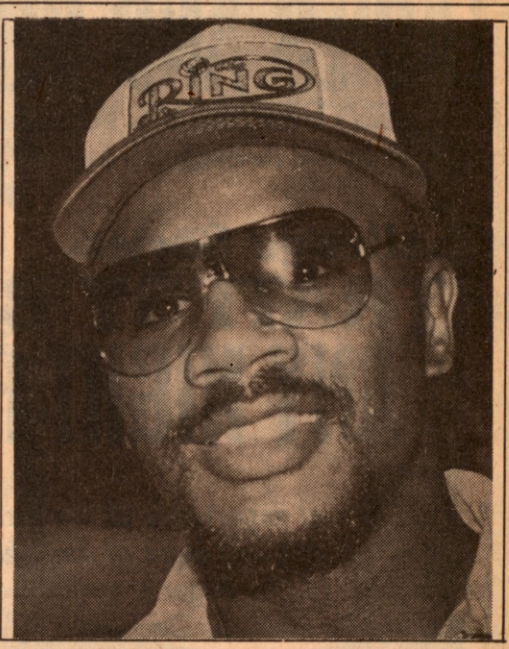

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QUESTIONS & ANS

Q I spent a lot of time in Australia prior to settling down for good in London and I just wondered if perchance you might have a bit of information relative to the once super middleweight from "Down Under", Dave Sands? I should like to contact him.

A *That might be difficult. Sands was killed in a truck accident in 1952 close by the city of Newcastle in Australia.*

Q Can you give me the facts on the origin of the National Boxing Association and when it became the World Boxing Association?

—CHARLES GRIFFSON

A *The N.B.A. was born in New York City in 1920 as the results of a meeting headed up by an Englishman, William A. Gavin. At its inception it had thirteen states affiliated with it. In 1962 the name was changed to the W.B.A. Today it has many times more states connected with it in the U.S. and several foreign boxing bodies with whom the W.B.A. has working arrangements. The W.B.A.'s only competition comes from the W.B.C. (World Boxing Council) which was founded in 1963 and has as its affiliates the British Board of Boxing Control, the European Federation et al.*

Q I would like to know if Ralph Tiger Jones ever fought Ray Robinson in 1960?

—DENNIS H. JORDAN

A *They did not fight in 1960. The one bout they had was held on January 19, 1955, in Chicago, and Robbie lost a 10 round decision to "Tiger".*

Q We have a club for PENFRIENDS around the world with the purpose of promoting international understanding and fraternity. We believe that corresponding with pen pals in boxing could help. Can you?

—Tarlok Singh Chhabra

A *A fine idea. Boxing buffs who would like to correspond can write to World Assembly of Penfriends, 181, Sector 21-A, Chandigarh 160 022 INDIA.*

SWERS

Q Why don't you give outstanding amateur boxing records in your *Ring Record Book*?

—*DENNIS STEVENS*

A The Ring *does not maintain files nor records on the amateurs. The staff has problems enough keeping up with all the professional boxers around the world.*

Q What was the Jersey Joe Walcott "step"?

—ROBERT A. MILLARD

A *Jersey Joe had a habit of either feinting with his left or actually jabbing and then turning to his right and taking a step in that direction. He would then pivot on his left leg to once again face his opponent. Hence the term, "The Walcott Step." The maneuver was as disconcerting to an opponent as is the current "Ali Shuffle."*

Q What has happened to Mircea Simon, the 1976 Olympic medalist, who defected from Romania and was fighting the Los Angeles, California area?

—*PAUL J. O'BRIEN*

A *Sorry to report that we have no dope on Simon who appeared to have good potential. If any of our readers has a line on this young man we would appreciate the info.*

Q How come the only brands of boxing gloves one usually sees in a championship fight are Everlasts or Reyes?

A *You do see other brands but what it comes down to is much the same as any other product. For example, why does a person buy one car instead of some other? Either the price, the product, or the sales pitch is better. Just that simple.*

Q Is it true that Jack Johnson ran away from Sam Langford in a bar, ducking a confrontation?

—*JERRY A. BOND*

A *There was bad blood between both Johnson and Langford. The incident you refer to occurred in a New York City bar and friends of Johnson pulled him away before hostilities could reach the punch-out stage. Johnson was in trouble with the press among others and it was one of the few occasions in Jack's life when he acted with common sense.*

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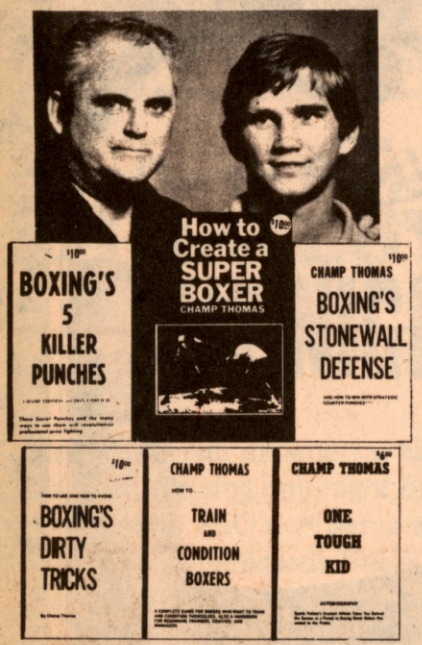

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INSIDE BOXING

MANY OF THE VETERAN BOXING PROmoters and managers can't believe what is going on today in boxing, let alone a newcomer. J. Russell Peltz couldn't believe what he read either, when he read that Marvin Hagler will get $8 million and challenger, Thomas hearns $5 million, when and if they do ever fight, which is "in the works". Back in the thirties and forties, outstanding ringmen couldn't envision anywhere near that amount in an entire ring career which usually spans 15 to 20 years! Inflation—yes, it might be just that, but has it increased so much I do not believe it either . . .

The television networks have driven the purses sky-high. They want the title fights, with their cable television set-ups, charging their subscribers extra dollars for the "big fight". They, and the new promoters, who lack a knowledge of the fight business, will eventually kill boxing. The people who used to attend small clubs now have no place to go. The small clubs are dead, due to the huge television fight set-up, the "local promoters'" unable to compete with a TV fight. Then there is the fact that the local promoter" cannot get foes for his "local talent", most of these fellows serving as stablemates to "names". And the two factions that control boxing will not release these lads for appearances in other cities, unless they get "their end".

Babe Griffin, who has promoted fights for 60 years in Northern California, a man who knows the business, had problems getting an opponent for his "local favorite" Pete Ranzany. Babe would not pay the "out of range" price the big boys demanded. How much more "milk" can they get from this cow? . . . It's amazing, when "money for boxing was short"—as they say in the business—one didn't see the attorneys and professional businessmen involved in the game. It was not worth their while. But today, with huge television committments, it is. What is left for the real boxing people, nothing! The crumbs that were tossed their way two or three years ago, are non-existent today . . .

An eight-round main event at Philadelphia recently featured a "local lad" named Ricky Whitt—his opponent, Richard Nixon. But this one's from Wilkes-Barre, Pa. I was wondering for a minute! . . . Johnny Bumphus looked impressive winning a duke over cagey Willie 'Cannonball" Rodriguez, but only 11 pro fights and a regional title shot, unheard of! This shows the lack of talent around today. Years ago a fighter boxed for 4 or 5 years "underneath" before he got a "main go". Today they get title shots after 11 pro fights . . .

Frank Fletcher is a much-talked-about tough guy from Philly. Fletcher is just off of two tough fights, one with Norberto Sabater, whom he soundly thumped, and a war with Ernie Singletary. The last match, with Singletary, was particularly messy and there was some initial concern about an eye problem, concern that Fletcher's co-mentor, Marty Feldman says now was unfounded. Shades of Gypsy Joe Harris, a better than average Philadelphia warrior who was forced to retire because of eye problems. Fletcher is a "catcher" of sorts—you don't have to look for him, he's always right in front of you.

Where did the time go? The great Bud Taylor died in 1962 at 59 years of age. Taylor put on some great fights with Earl Mastro in the Chicago Stadium. Taylor's manager Eddie Long wasn't the same after Taylor died. Long was a partner with the late Eddie Kane who managed Sammy Mandell, the lightweight champion. When they split Long wanted to manage Bud Taylor and Kane took Sammy. Both became world champions!

A few months ago there were few lightweights active who could handle Rodolfo "Gato" Gonzalez. But, after losing to Claude Noel, an aging but worthy champion, I'm afraid Rodolfo has gone by the board. Not to take anything away from Noel, but he certainly should not have had the easy time of it he did with the younger and stronger Gonzalez. So it is back to the drawing board for Gato whose nemesis right now is Tony Baltazar—who sports an 18-0 pro ring slate and is rarin' to climb into the ring with him.

Baltazar is not accepted by the predominately Mexican population in Southern

California because he is American-born. The name the Mexican fans have for Baltazar is "Pochos", which translated means poached eggs. According to Baltazar "Pochos" is their way of insulting boxers they feel are not Mexican but American. As Baltazar told this writer: "I guess that makes you a poached egg." He doesn't care, as long as he can get "Their Favorite", Rodolfo Gonzalez, into a prize-ring soon.

A fine prospect destroyed when Cornelius Boza-Edwards was stopped by Rolando Navarette. Navarette was the first substitute to win a world title since Willie Pastrano beat Harold Johnson for the light heavyweight crown in 1953. Too many tough fights for Edwards in too short a span of time took their toll . . . At the begginning of 1981 Great Britain had four champions, all of whom were southpaws: They were Jim Watt (Lightweight), Boza-Edwards (Super Featherweight), Maurice Hope (Super Welterweight), and Alan Minter (Middleweight). Today none of the four are champions . . .

The Governor of Pennsylvannia, Dick Thornburgh, in a proclamation address in Easton, Pa.'s Centre Square, called September 29th "Larry Holmes Day" . . . Then went on to say Holmes was a "true friend of the Keystone State". Larry has invested an estimated $1 million in business in his adopted city. In a city of just 25,000 there were 20,000 folks lining the streets for the festivities. No doubt about it, Larry Holmes is a popular guy in his home town, something a lot of fighters cannot say . . .

Bakersfield, California promoter Harry Kabakoff is a guy you cannot keep down. Despite a very serious gall bladder attack, Harry, true to the tradition of show business, promoted a card recently with Gonzalo Montellano "On Top". The old saying "The show must go on" held true in Kabakoff's case indeed.

Didja read where Natie Brown, former heavyweight contender who boxed Joe Louis now says he tossed his fight with Bomber in Kansas City in 1937? Louis won via a kayo in the fourth round. Joe probably took Natie along for a couple of rounds to give the fans some kind of show. But for Brown to say such a thing is ridiculous. One didn't need to throw a fight against Louis! He would take care of that . . .

See you next month—Keep punching!

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Angelo Dundee

Old Ring magazines are "eagerly sought collectibles"

That's what COLLECTORS NEWS, one of the leading papers in the collectibles field said, as if you didn't already know. And according to another paper's study, RING is the fourth most sought-after magazine in the hobby, behind NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, LIFE AND PLAYBOY.

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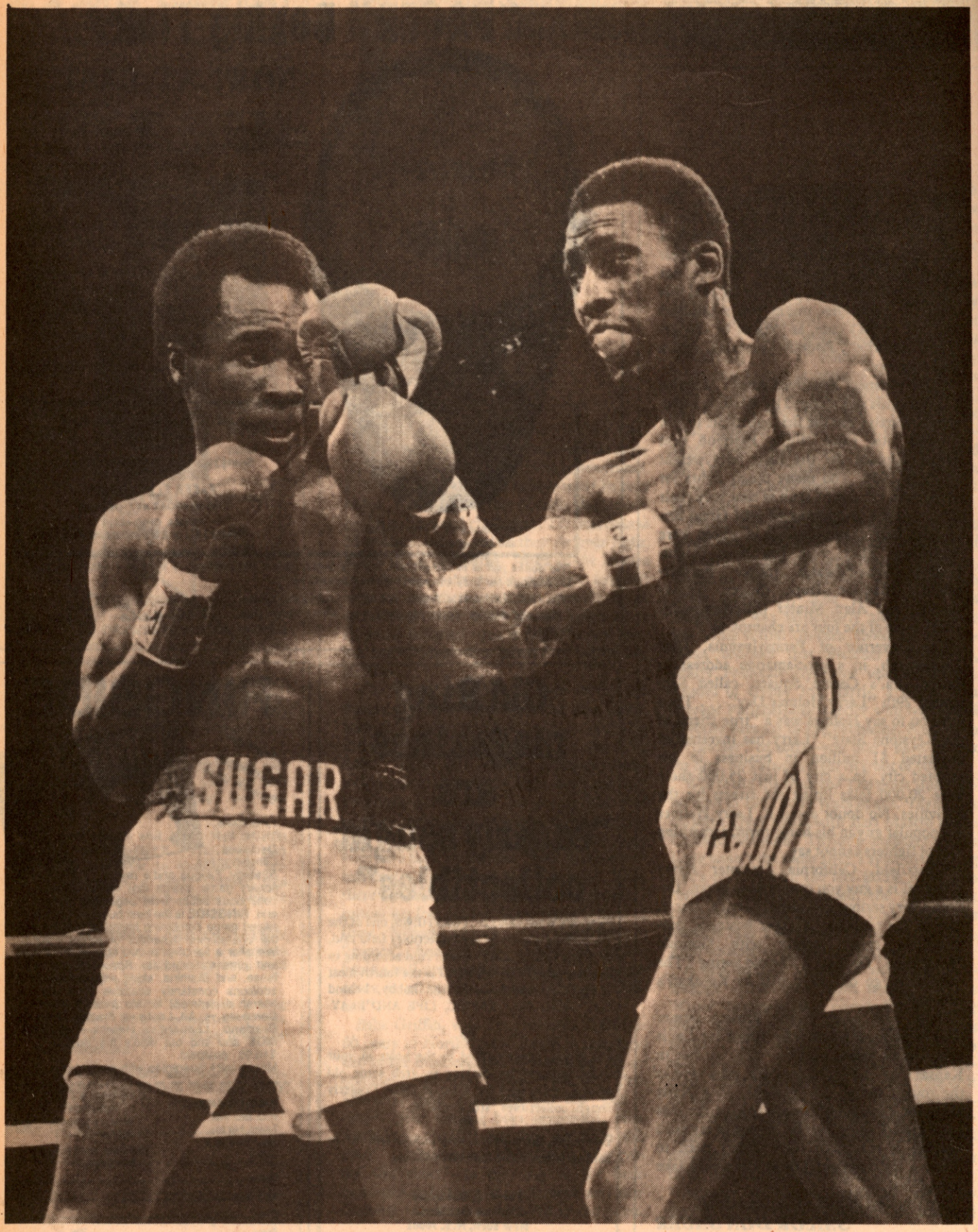
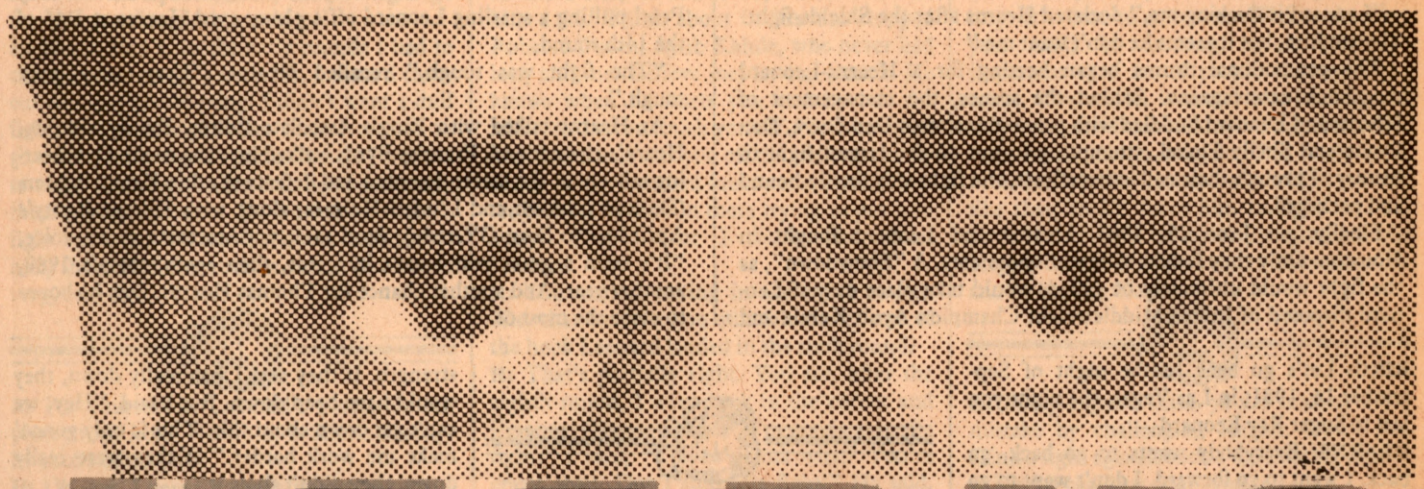

SUGAR

THE HOTEL room was hot, almost 80°. Thomas Hearns likes it hot. His lean, muscular 6′1″ frame was stretched across the king-sized bed. As he relaxed, he talked about his past, present and future. But mostly he talked about a man in whose shadow he lives, Sugar Ray Leonard, a man from whose shadow he desperately wants to escape. ¶ For Hearns, 1981 began with parties and celebrations. The year ended with a comeback against Ernie Singletary that attracted little attention.



HEARNS

pulls no punches with randy gordon

HEARNS WON THE WBA WELTERWEIGHT CROWN BY WHACKing out titleholder Pipino Cuevas in typical "Hitman" Hearns fashion on August 2, 1980. It took Hearns just five minutes and 39 seconds to separate a legend from his crown and his senses. A thrilling defense against unbeaten Venezuelen slugger Luis Primera followed. When the smoke had cleared, Primera was being lifted off the canvas in the sixth round, muttering something about "not having any animals like this Hearns back in Venezuela."

In April, 1981, Hearns did what Pipino Cuevas and Sugar Ray Leonard could not do—stop Randy Shields.

"Leonard is ducking me," declared Hearns after the Shields fight. "I want him, but it seems he don't want me."

The promotional drums began beating for a Hearns-Leonard megabuck extravaganza. Behind the scenes, the management of Hearns and Leonard huddled with promotional men Dan Duva, Dan Doyle and Shelly Finkel, attempting to put on the largest fight in history. Through their collective efforts, the fight was finally bound and packaged.

Finally, on June 25, 1981, Hearns and Leonard fought in Houston. Only they fought different opponents. A "Showdown", as the fight would ultimately be called, would take place only if Leonard disposed of Junior Middleweight Champion Ayub Kalule and Hearns did the same to someone named Pablo Baez. Hearns had little problem. Leonard struggled, but won. "The Showdown" was on.

After a summer filled with cross-country tours, publicity softball games against members of the media and dozens of radio and television talk shows, Hearns and Leonard once again fought on the same card. This time it was against each other. This time the result was not one Hearns had hoped for. Or expected.

The memory of that fight is one of a hard-fought contest, at times bitterly contested. The final memory of the fight is of referee Davey Pearl pulling a snarling Leonard off a glassy-eyed Hearns at 1:45 of the 14th round.

"The fight was tough," recalled Hearns. "Very, very, very tough."

As Hearns talked with Ring's Associate Editor, Randy Gordon, Hearn's close friend, Prentiss Byrd, walked into the room. Overhearing talk about the loss to Leonard and defeats of other Kronk fighters (Dujuan Johnson and Lindell Holmes, along with Hilmer Kenty's April loss to Sean O'Grady), Byrd said, with sarcasm in his voice, "It's been a great year hasn't it?" But, then again, there's 1982, another year. And another chance for Thomas Hearns. One he hopes to make the most of.

RING: Let's go back to the night of September 16, 1981, in Las Vegas, the night you lost to Sugar Ray Leonard . . .

HEARNS: Everybody wants to go back, go back. I want to go forward. I don't want to go back.

R: Does it bother you to think of that night in Las Vegas?

H: In a way it does. I'm a better fighter than Leonard. I was beating him, ahead in the fight when it was stopped. I should have won the fight.

R: What bothers you more, the fact Leonard beat you or the fact you are no longer and never will be again, an undefeated fighter?

H: I don't think either of those facts really bothers me. The thing that *does* bother me is that I lost a fight I believe I could have won. Should have won. The winner of the fight should have been me . . . not Leonard.

R: Are you now—or were you then—embarrassed by the loss?

H: Not at all. I gave everything I had against Leonard. I trained hard, fought hard, stood up under his best shots and came back fighting. I didn't quit. I never thought of quitting. If the referee hadn't stopped the fight, Leonard would have had to pound me into the canvas to stop me. I have never been embarrassed by the loss. Not then. And not now.

R: Although you took the loss about as well as anybody could have expected you to, were there any moments you wanted to be by yourself?

A: There sure were. I felt I let a lot of people down.

Q: Like who?

A: The people of Detroit. The people around me. There were also the guys at Kronk. I felt

they were all depending on me. I am the one who really made Kronk. Me and Hilmer (Kenty). The guys look up to me and I feel as if I let them down. Even though Hilmer and I lost our titles in 1981, we can't keep looking back. We got Kronk to the top, we brought them down, now we're gonna come back, stronger than ever.

R: What did you find out about Thomas Hearns the fighter in the bout against Leonard?

H: That I am not perfect in the ring. I knew I wasn't perfect. Nobody is. But Ray showed me things I've got to work on. I'll be a better fighter because of that night. One of the things I learned is to keep my hands up higher. I had gotten used to keeping my hands low because I was able to get away with it. Against Ray I couldn't. I'll also be working on clinching and tying a man up, something that's a lot harder to do than people think, something I never had too much need to do before. I learned what to do when you are in trouble. I also tried to load up too much on the right. That's something I won't do again.

R: Those are a few of the things you learned about Thomas Hearns the fighter. What did you learn about Thomas Hearns, the man?

H: That I'm as good a sport in losing a fight as I am in winning one. I think I handled the defeat pretty well, all things considered.

R: How did your close friends handle the defeat?

H: My closest friends looked to me for strength. If they saw I was really down, they would have been down. But I said, "Hey, we can't get down about this. This is only gonna' make me work harder." If they were really down, they didn't show it.

R: Was there anybody you found who pretended to be your friend, only to disappear after your loss?

H: No, not really. I have the same friends now that I have had for a long time. I can't say anybody has left me.

R: You weighed 145 pounds for the fight. Surprisingly light, wasn't it?

H: People think just because I'm tall and have a big upper body that I should be heavier and that I have problems making 147 pounds. Let me set the record straight right now. I don't have any problem making 147 pounds. None at all. I think I proved that by coming in at 145.

R: Rumor has it that you had to sweat it out in your hotel bathroom with the hot water turned on to make the room steamy the day of the fight. Is there any truth to that rumor?

H: None at all. I did not turn on the hot water in my bathroom and make it into a steam room. I did not go into a sauna, either. That 145 pounds I weighed the day of the fight was my natural weight.

R: Before the fight, there was an aura of invincibility about you, similar to the one George Foreman took with him into the ring against Muhammad Ali.

H: That kind of thinking isn't fair, but people are entitled to their opinion. Going into the fight, I didn't feel I was invincible. However, I did feel I was the better man, a feeling I've taken into any fight I've ever been in.

R: Does it mean anything to you, does it make you feel any better to think that lots of people had you ahead when the fight was stopped?

H: No, it doesn't. That just makes me think that I should have won the fight. I felt I was in control and in the lead. I was thinking that the only way Leonard could win was by knockout.

R: From the opening bell, did the fight go the way you thought it would go?

H: No, it didn't. In the early rounds I had to change my strategy a little bit. Leonard came out running and moving. I didn't want a dull fight, so I went right after him. I wanted to give the people a great performance. I wanted to make them remember this fight and make them glad they came. So I tried to make a fight out of it. If I laid back and boxed with him, those first few rounds would have been very, very dull.

R: Put yourself in Leonard's place. Switch places with him. Wasn't it brilliant strategy he used against you?

H: Oh, yes. I never underestimated the man. I always thought very highly of Leonard, thought he was a real fine fighter. I knew from the beginning it wouldn't be easy. I knew I would be in for a good fight. But that's what I love: top competition. If the competition is there I can get out and perform. The tougher it is the better I like it. When the competition is tough, it's just a matter of who outdoes who.

R: Was there any time during that fight you ever heard the crowd?

H: Not really. Not until the 11th or 12th round, that is. My mind was focused directly on Leonard and what his next move would be.

R: Have you studied films of the fight?

H: No. The only time I saw the fight was when it came on TV. I don't want to see it anymore. I know what my mistakes were, though I don't think there were that many. I fought a very good fight. I just got caught, that's all.

R: The sixth round might have been the turning point in the fight. You were caught late in the fight by a hard hook to the head and another one to the side. Did the body punch hurt you more than the head shot?

H: No, the head shot did. I give him credit. He shot some real good body punches at me. But my stomach is the most well-developed part of my body. The punch looked like it hurt me because I was off-balance and when I dropped my right elbow to block the shot, my right leg came up a bit, making it seem as if the punch really did damage.

R: Many people think you have a "glass stomach". Is that an unfair rap?

H: People will always underestimate you, saying you cannot do such and such, always looking for weaknesses. But I'm glad so many people think my weak spot is my body. I hope all my opponents come in and try to work on my body. When they come in, it'll give me the opportunity to land the shots I want to land.

R: How would you rate Leonard as a puncher?

H: On a scale of one to 10, I'd have to rate him a 10. Think about it. He has stopped Roberto Duran, Ayub Kalule, who never had lost, and me. Believe me, he can punch. He knows when he hurts you and he has the killer instinct to finish you off. He follows up well and doesn't let you off the hook too many times. When Leonard hurts a man, you'd better believe he'll be in there trying to put him away. That's what I really like about Leonard.

R: You started boxing in the ninth round. Was that because you still felt the effects of the hook Leonard landed in the sixth round?

H: That's partially right. You see, after the eighth round, I went back to the corner and Emanuel (Steward) said, "I'm gonna stop the fight." I said, "You're gonna what? You're crazy, man. Don't stop this fight!" He said, "You're hurt and you're fighting like you're hurt. If you don't do something this round, there ain't gonna be any more rounds." That's all I had to hear. His words put life back into me. I knew I had to come out and stay away from Leonard. Not stay away by running, but stay away and outclass him by boxing.

R: You hardly sweated during the fight, despite the fact that temperatures in and around ringside were close to, if not over, 100 degrees.

H: I have no idea why I didn't sweat. The perspiration just wasn't there.

R: Might you have been overtrained or dehydrated from making the weight.

H: I couldn't have been dehydrated. I told you, I made the weight naturally. I didn't have to starve myself. I ate like I always eat before a fight. As for overtraining, that couldn't have been possible. When a fighter overtrains, he gets tired and is not strong during a bout. I never got tired and felt very strong. All I know is that I didn't sweat that much.

R: When referee Davey Pearl ended the fight, were you tired then?

H: Not at all. I was hurt, but not badly hurt.

R: If you were not tired and not severely hurt, why then didn't you complain to Pearl when he raised Leonard's arm in victory? You merely looked at him and walked back to your corner.

H: There was no point in arguing. What good does arguing do? There was nothing I could do except accept his decision. I've always considered myself to be a good sport, both in winning and in losing. On that night, I had to be a good sport in defeat.

R: How badly do you want a match against Leonard?

H: You have no idea of how much I want to get Leonard back into a ring again. I think about our first fight a lot, but I think about the rematch a lot more. Our first fight is history. It's time to move on. Within the next year we'll be meeting again. It's also important to a lot of people that we fight again. The reason is that I was leading and only minutes from victory. Therefore, fans want to see us do it again. I'm ready right now. But I know Leonard won't fight me just like that, so I'll force him to fight me. I'll force him to fight me by challenging Marvin Hagler for the Middleweight Championship and by beating Hagler.

R: Many experts think you're making a big mistake by challenging Hagler. Don't you think a fight against such a devastating fighter as Hagler can hurt your career?

H: No, I don't. Remember, I like competition. To me Hagler is a real challenge; the ultimate test. Hagler is a very good fighter. He's good and he's very skillful. But I'm very good and very skillful, too. I believe I can outthink him. For the first time, you will see Hagler outsmarted. I will box him like he's never been boxed and I will hit him like he's never been hit. I'm determined more than ever. That loss to Leonard was a blessing. It gave me desire like I've never had. That's why I want Hagler so bad. When I beat him, Leonard will have to fight me again. Also, Leonard will then be the challenger. I'll be the champ. We'll both get an even share of the money, rather than him getting it all.

R: Should you beat Hagler, would you consider giving him a rematch?

H: Absolutely. I think every man deserves a chance to be given a rematch. I think I deserve a rematch against Leonard. Hagler would deserve one against me. I'll be in a real good position when I win that middleweight championship. I'll have something Leonard wants and I'll have something Hagler wants. I'll be able to fight either man and earn some big money.

R: What is down the road for Thomas Hearns?

H: Well, right now I'm getting ready for Hagler. But I see the future as being real bright. I believe I'll become middleweight champion, beat Leonard in a rematch, then come back down and take the Junior Middleweight crown and beat guys like Wilfred Benitez and Roberto Duran. That fight I lost to Leonard was the last time you'll ever see Thomas Hearns lose!

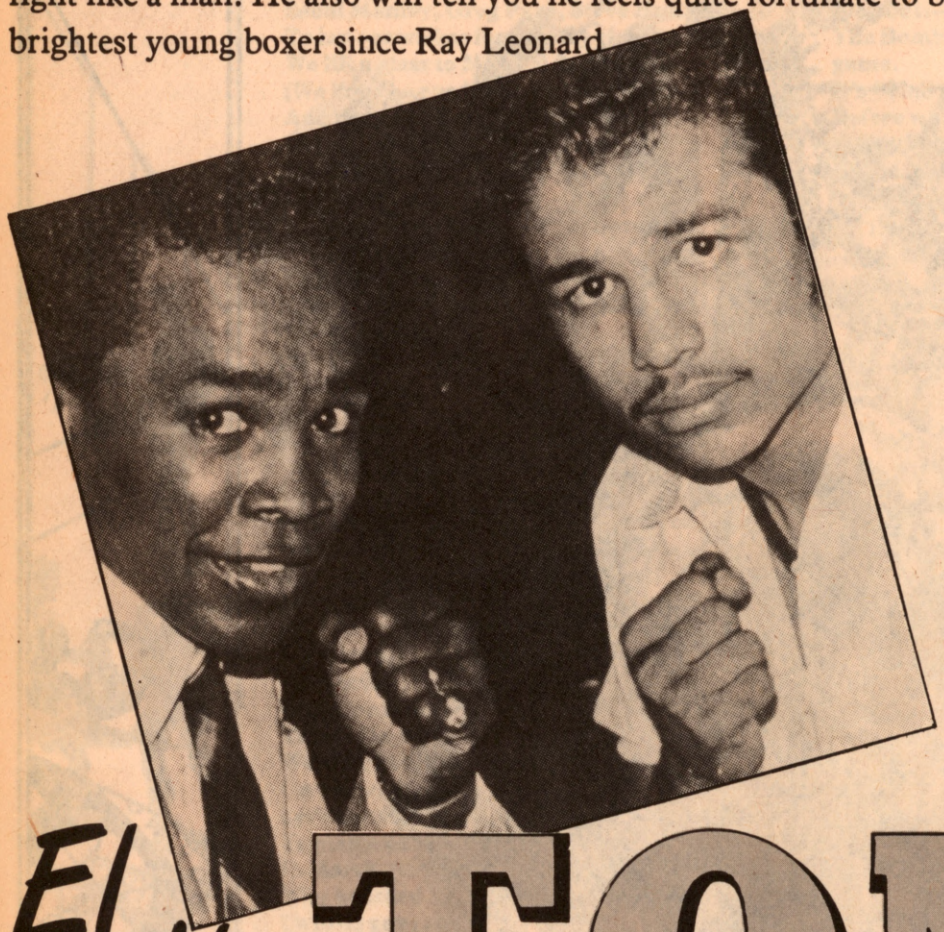
Ringing in the new

'Tis time again for this ink-stained wretch
To hail the season and not to kvetch,
For it is time to celebrate, not mope,
For where there's life, there's Maurice Hope;
Saoul Mamby, Greg Page, Steve Hearon,
To lay our wishes for holiday cheer on.
We lift a glass to Michael Spinks,
(We hope he evades his brother's jinx.)
And then again, a trifle higher,
We toast the gritty Aaron Pryor,
And Termite Watkins, Alan Minter,
Caveman Lee;
And Trevor Berbick, Johnny Bumphus,
Gerrie Coetzee;
And the whole colossal Muhammad family;
There's Eddie Mustapha, Matthew Saad,
The Greatest Ali!
(He's trying a comeback and that isn't good.
We'd like to remember him when he could.
The same is true of Smokin' Joe.
Say it ain't so. And we're not jokin' Joe.)
But our hat is off to Marvis, Claude Noel,
Quick Tillis, Hilmer Kenty, Hugo Quartapelle;
And all the house of Lopez: "Little Red," our pal,
And Juan Antonio, Yaqui, Eddie, Sal.
And here's to the Sugars: Robinson,
Leonard and Bert;
And all *The Ring* staff; it shouldn't hurt.
Now, let us celebrate the champeens, one and all,
With music, dancing, fun and call
Upon the muse whose fault this poem is,
To fete the deeds of Wilfredo Gomez.
We'll sing of upsets, for who'd have bet
On surprise champ Rolando Navarette?
Let's get out tissue and finetooth combs
To play a paean to Larry Holmes.
In March, he'll fight young Gerry Cooney,
Who knocked Ken Norton a little looney.
Us little guys salute our avatar
The flyweight champ, Antonio Avelar.
And there's the aforementioned Sugar Ray...Oh!
Lest we forget—Alexis Arguello!
Now, Sanchez and Chandler and Hagler are tough to rhyme,
But, we cheer Marvelous Marvin any old time.
All hail the Comeback Kid this Xmas:
Ex-champ Duran. His "No mas!" becomes his "ex-mas."
And Thomas Hearns, the Detroit hit man,
May yet give Ray a terrible fit, man.
It's nearly time to fold our doggerel tent.
(That is to say, it's time we went.)
But not before this addled talker
Remembers Lou Jenkins, Fidel LaBarba, Mickey Walker'
Joe Louis—let us not forget his name.
The Bomber's a credit to his race, his country and our game.
It's "Hail and farewell" to these old friends; hello to new.
Before we go, we wish you this in eighty-two,
A Happy New Year, success and wealth;
Above it all, here's to your good health!

ALEX MACKENZIE
(WITH APOLOGIES TO EVERYONE)

"I LIKE TO BE in the gym" said Tony Ayala, "because in the gym nobody treats me like a million-dollar baby. In the gym, I'm not Tony Ayala Jr., the great fighter making a lot of money. I'm just one of the boys. That's how I like to be treated."

Tony Ayala Jr. is 18 and he likes it. He will tell you it's hard being one of the boys when you fight like a man. He also will tell you he feels quite fortunate to be "Torito" the baby bull, the brightest young boxer since Ray Leonard.

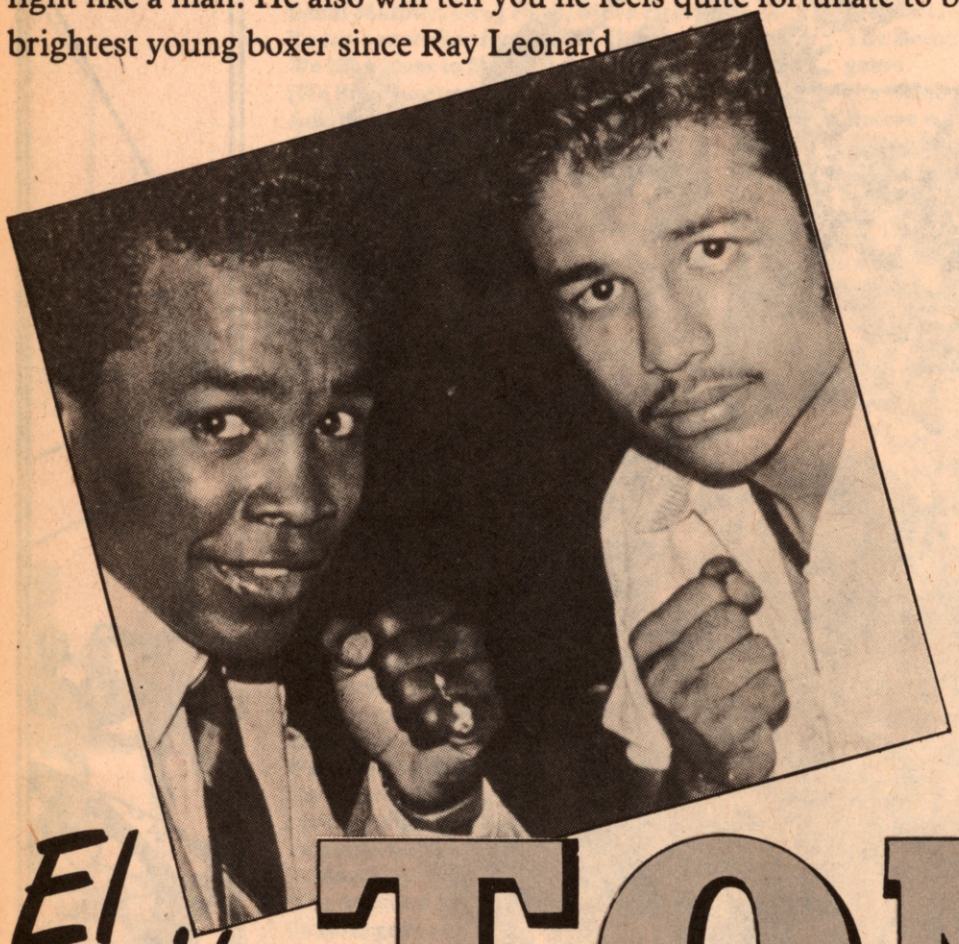


El torito is no bull TONY AYALA

by steve marantz

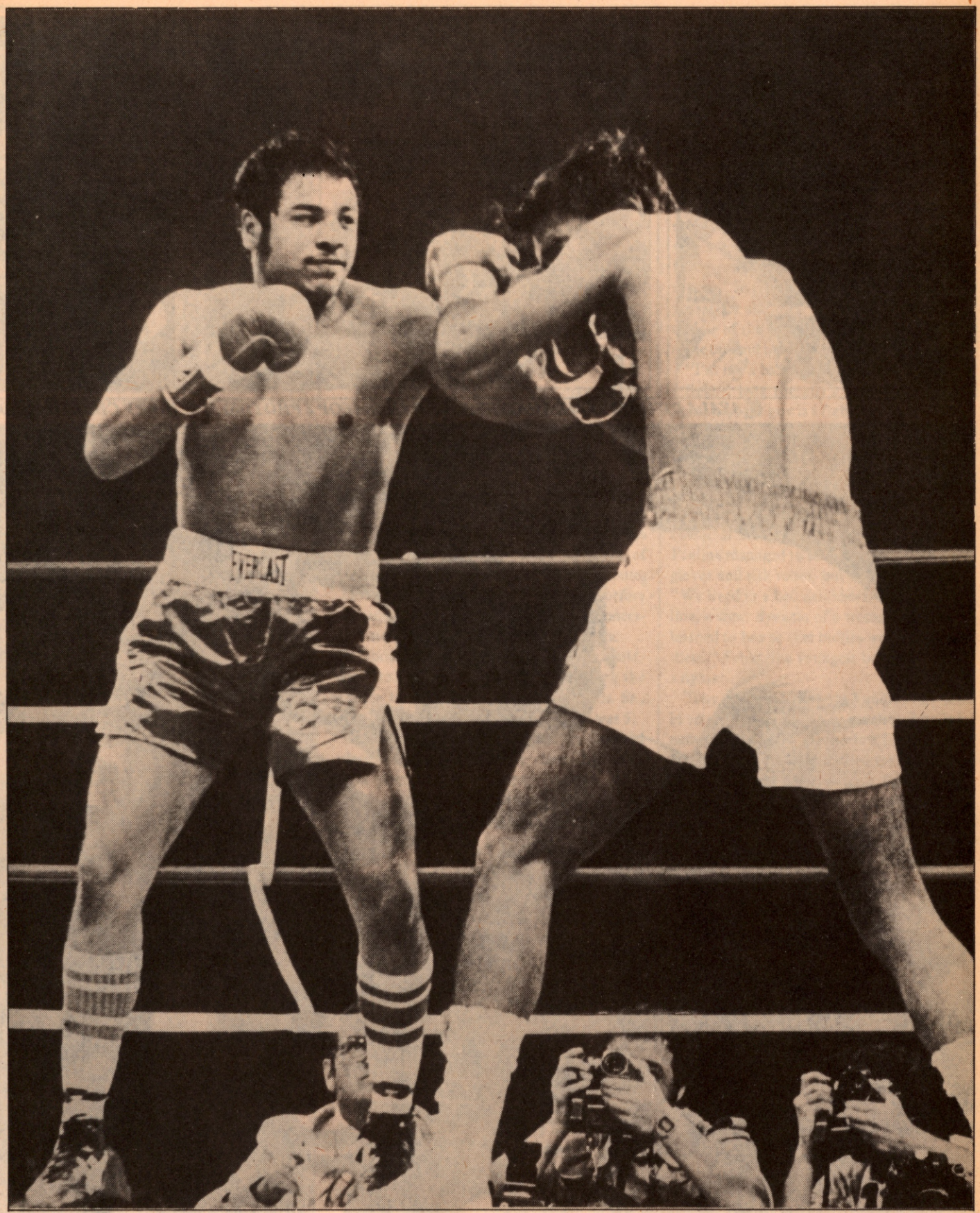
"I LIKE TO BE in the gym" said Tony Ayala, "because in the gym nobody treats me like a million-dollar baby. In the gym, I'm not Tony Ayala Jr., the great fighter making a lot of money. I'm just one of the boys. That's how I like to be treated."

Tony Ayala Jr. is 18 and he likes it. He will tell you it's hard being one of the boys when you fight like a man. He also will tell you he feels quite fortunate to be "Torito" the baby bull, the brightest young boxer since Ray Leonard.

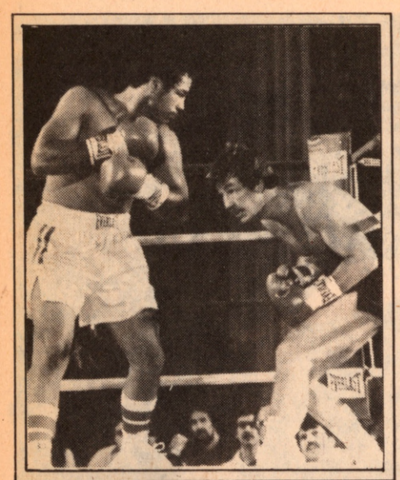


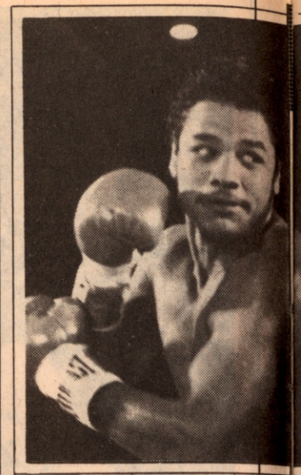
El torito TONY AYALA is no bull

by steve marantz

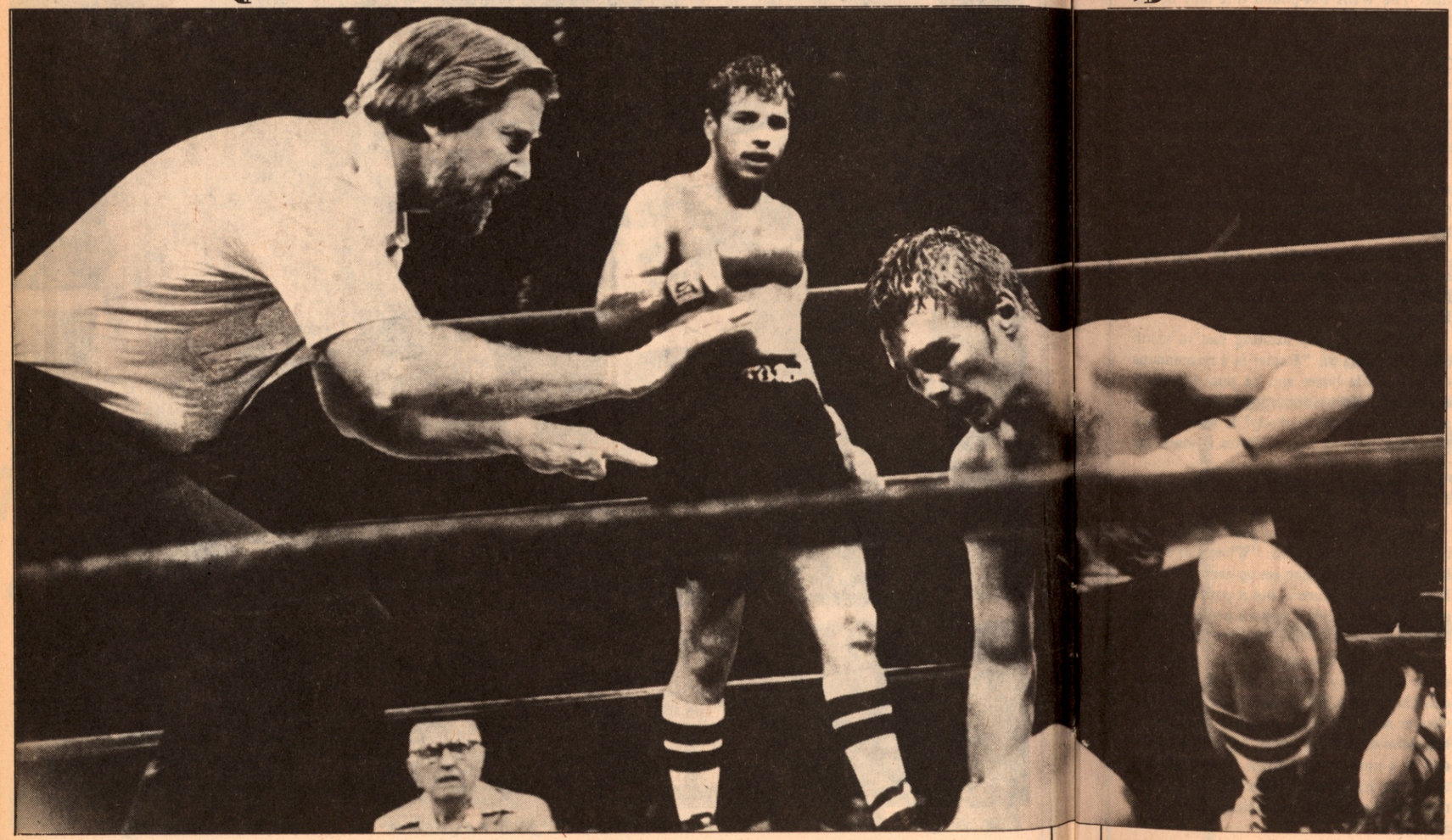


EL TORITO COMES ON, AND ON, AGAINST JOSE BAQUEDAN TO SCORE 1ST-ROUND KO.





AYALA DISHES IT OUT AGAINST MIKE BAKER (TOP 3 PHOTOS) AND JERRY CHEATHAM (DOWN BELOW).



"I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M bragging," said Ayala, speaking and skipping rope, ta-ta, ta-ta, ta-ta. "But I feel confident and I'm glad God gave me the strength. If I hit anybody solid, I will knock them out. Leonard. Hearns. Hagler. I feel I'm gifted. I'm very strong. That's one of the things I thank God for."

He is training in the San Fernando Gym, a city facility financed and run by his father, Tony Sr., and he is the perfect host. He introduces visitors to his friends who also train here, and he makes sure reporters spell their names right. Ayala is at once gregarious and playful. "I don't hang around with boxers much," he said loudly. "They're too stupid."

"Tony puts on everybody," said Felix Castillo, a 21-year-old bantamweight.

But when he steps into the ring, another part of his brain takes over. "I feel like King Kong," said Ayala. The fighter to whom he most often is compared is Jake LaMotta, a champion gorilla of 30 years ago.

Ayala's last fight did not allow him to display the best of his gorilla tendencies. On the undercard of the Leonard-Hearns fight in Las Vegas, he scored a first-round knockout of Jose Baquedano, a Mexican of fierce repute. Three left hooks laid out Baquedano before the audience had returned from the concession stands. People will learn about Ayala.

"Torito is the kind of a fighter you could put into any promotion and he will bring the people to their feet," said Tony Ayala Sr., who has trained his son since Tony Jr. was 5.

He does his best fighting with his forehead planted on his opponent's chest, his thick arms pounding short, canny punches. At 5 feet 8, Ayala does not have the range or the inclination to box with taller opponents in the junior middleweight class. He gets them to fight at his distance—close.

"I've faced a lot of cuties," said Ayala. "I call them cuties. I don't run after those guys. That's what I like about the pros. You can take your time. You can kill a round or two. If I don't run after a guy, he's gotta come to me."

Fighting as he does, Ayala is hit often, though not as often as he hits. In March, Mario Maldonado felled him with a winging right in the first round. Ayala climbed to his feet, signaled to his father and went at Maldonado. "It was a gamble on my part," said Ayala. "He could just as easily have knocked me down again as not." Ayala swarmed over his opponent, gave him little punching room and took the fight in the third round.

The comparisons to LaMotta are no accident. There is the pressuring, hammering style, and there are occasional late punches and low punches. Torito's fire burns in the ring, and if he has spit at one opponent he did not like, he has hugged some he likes.

"I'll go to any extent to win a fight," said Ayala. "I've hit guys after the bell, but I don't do it on purpose. The only guy I hit late on purpose was (Nicanor) Camacho, because he had me frustrated. It's not that I don't break; it just so happens when the bell sounds, I'm throwing a combination and I'm not gonna stop a shot. I don't care if the bell rings. If I'm throwing a shot, I'm gonna let it go all the way. In the instructions, it says to defend yourself at all times. When they get you in the middle of the ring, they're not paying you to come out and tap hands.

"I'm not a bad sport. It's before and during a fight I hate the guy's guts. But after the fight, hey, the guy is a fighter like me."

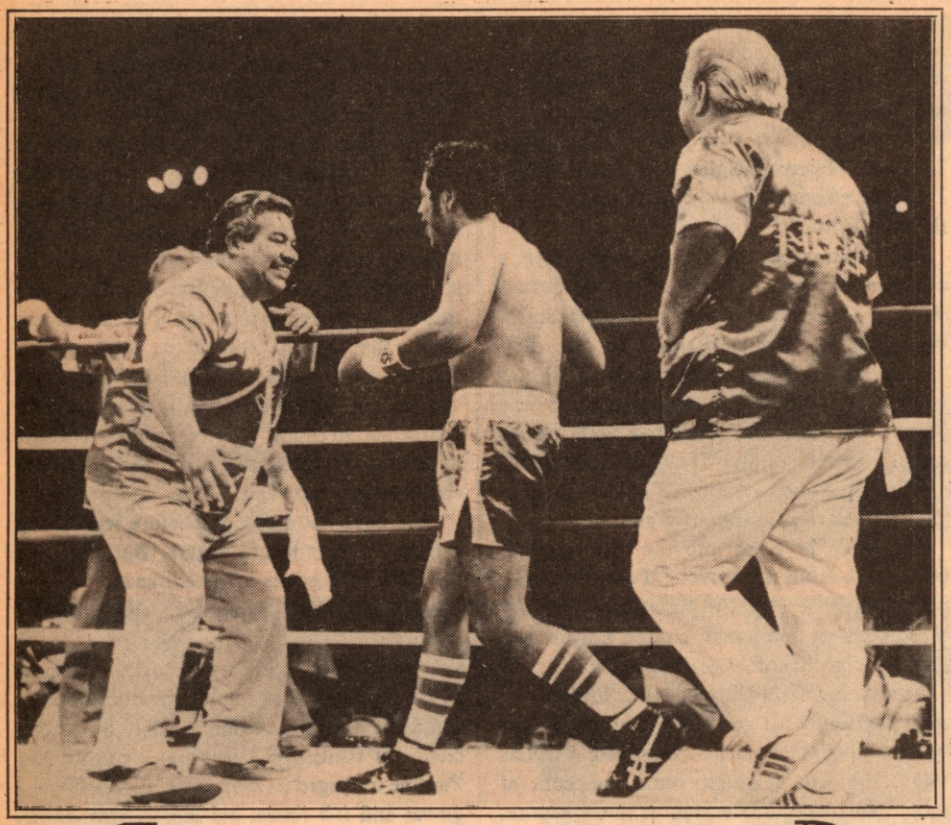
Ayala's personal story has a rich, passionate texture.

At the age of 5, he began boxing, coached by his father and encouraged by his two older brothers, Mike and Sammy. Tony Sr., a mechanic at Kelly Air Force Base, and mother Pauline managed to keep their boys in boxing gloves and silk robes, but money was scarce. "We lived in a bad neighborhood," said Pauline, a short dynamo of a woman. "The boys learned to box so that bullies wouldn't bother them." Pablo, the youngest boy, also became a fighter.

Tony Sr. drove his boys hundreds of miles in an old station wagon to get them into tournaments. At age 8, Torito lost his last fight. Mike and Sammy won their share of trophies. "And when the boys weren't fighting their matches, they were fighting each other," said Pauline.

When Torito was 11, he fought a 19-year-old Mexican opponent. This came about after Sammy was forced to withdraw, having been bloodied by Mike in a spat. "Tony came to me and asked to fill in for Sammy," said Tony Sr. "He said, 'Dad, if you don't let me fight, the rest of the team will think you are protecting me because I am your son.' Because we had some 14- and 15-year-old kids fighting older kids, I let the fight go, and if I saw him getting hurt, I was going to stop it. But the guy who got hurt was not Torito. He worked this guy over so bad, they had to lead him out of the ring.

At 14, Torito got the better of then-welterweight champion Pipino Cuevas in a four-round workout that is legend in San Antonio. "Cuevas kept muttering, 'Incredible,' after it was over," said Joe Souza, a New Bedford, Mass., native who is Ayala's assistant trainer.



A FAMILIAR SIGHT: "EL TORITO" WELCOMED BACK IN "BULLPEN" FOLLOWING ANOTHER VICTORY.

In the ninth grade, Ayala dropped out of school—like Mike and Sammy before him—and became a full-time boxer. "School was too boring," he said. "It did not challenge me." Outside the gym, he souped up cars and dragged them outside town. A fast car is on Ayala's list of life's essentials.

A fast crowd did not help Ayala at the raw age of 15. As part of a drunken group, he was thrown into a public rest room, slapped around a girl and was arrested on a charge of rape, later reduced to aggravated assault. The woman hired a well-connected attorney who was savvy to Ayala's earning potential. Ayala was convicted and given a 10-year sentence, but in a retrial, the woman asked the judge to go easy on Ayala. The court gave him 10 years' probation, but Ayala was stuck paying off a large settlement. Much of the earnings from his first year and a half as a pro went toward the settlement.

"I got drunk and did something crazy," said Ayala. "There is much that I learned from that time in my life." Torito's conviction came hard on the heels of Mike's for shooting a man with whom he had a long-standing quarrel. Mike got 10 years' probation, developed a drug habit and lost by a 15th-round knockout to Danny Lopez in a featherweight title bout in 1979. Tony Sr. disowned Mike for two years, but they are reconciled now. Mike is trained by his father and is currently *Ring's* No. 5-ranked junior featherweight.

Not long after his conviction, Torito met Lisa Paez, a tall, dark-eyed girl to whom he is devoted. They share a room in his parents' house and plan to be married. "Living together, that's the new thing," said Pauline. "But they're good together. Lisa wants a big wedding, so they're waiting until they can afford it."

In 1980, Ayala signed to be managed by Lou Duva and Shelly Finkel, who have many of the top fighters in New Jersey, and to be promoted by Bob Arum's Top Rank. Duva, Finkel and Arum began moving Ayala slowly through the ranks, arranging steady television exposure for him. He did not disappoint them, building a 14-0 record with 12 knockouts.

Pauline Ayala knew nothing about boxing when she married. Now she knows. Once, when her husband was out of town with some boxers, she got a call from a tournament organizer somewhere else. With Joe Souza's wife, she piled some kids into a car, went to the tournament and worked the corner for her team.

Now she knows boxing. "As a mother, I see something splendid inside of my sons that explodes as they fight," she said. "I see a different side of them."

Tony Ayala Sr., speaking at the gym, described Torito similarly.

"There are two sides to Torito," said the father. "When he performs, he must perform like an athlete full of fire and determination. But when he's home, he jokes and plays like any other 18-year-old. Like when he's with his girl on a Sunday afternoon."

Torito is also prone to lying on the couch for hours on end, speaking to no one, watching afternoon soap operas. "I call him 'Moody,' " said Pauline.

In the ring, the burning fire, the hot lava that flows in Torito, has never cooled off. The father is not afraid to turn him loose now. He is waiting for the right moment to fight for a title. The WBA 154-pound title may be his target.

"We may be just a few fights away," said Tony Sr. "But I think it'll come in 1982. If we fight Tony for a title now, how much could he get? But if we improve his record, his defense, and his all-around performance, then we can deal for more money.

"I feel he can beat any of the top contenders now. He could wipe out Rocky Fratto and Tidashi Mihara (who recently fought for the vacant WBA title) on the same night."

If all proceeds according to plan, Ayala will be a middleweight by 1983. It is not far-fetched to foresee Ayala fighting for Marvin Hagler's title.

"That's very, very exciting just to think of," said Ayala Sr. "Hagler is a tremendous champion. He boxes and he punches good. But what if Torito nails this guy, or gets in and starts working his body? It would make even Hagler think twice. Torito is made for that fight."

At 18, Ayala Jr.'s future is as bright as the Texas sky. At 18, the sky is the limit.

"There really is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow," said Torito. "When I'm a millionaire, I won't have to get up early no more. Boxing is a short career, but it pays off damn good. I'm set for life. I've got a pension where I'll be paid the rest of my life after I'm 30.

"But I don't like to be called no million-dollar baby. My brother Mike does that; I don't know why. He got that from some Alice Cooper song. To me, I'm just a homegrown kid. After my boxing career, I plan to go back and be a normal guy. When I quit fighting, that'll be it. When I retire the first time, that'll be the last time you hear of Tony Alaya and Torito."

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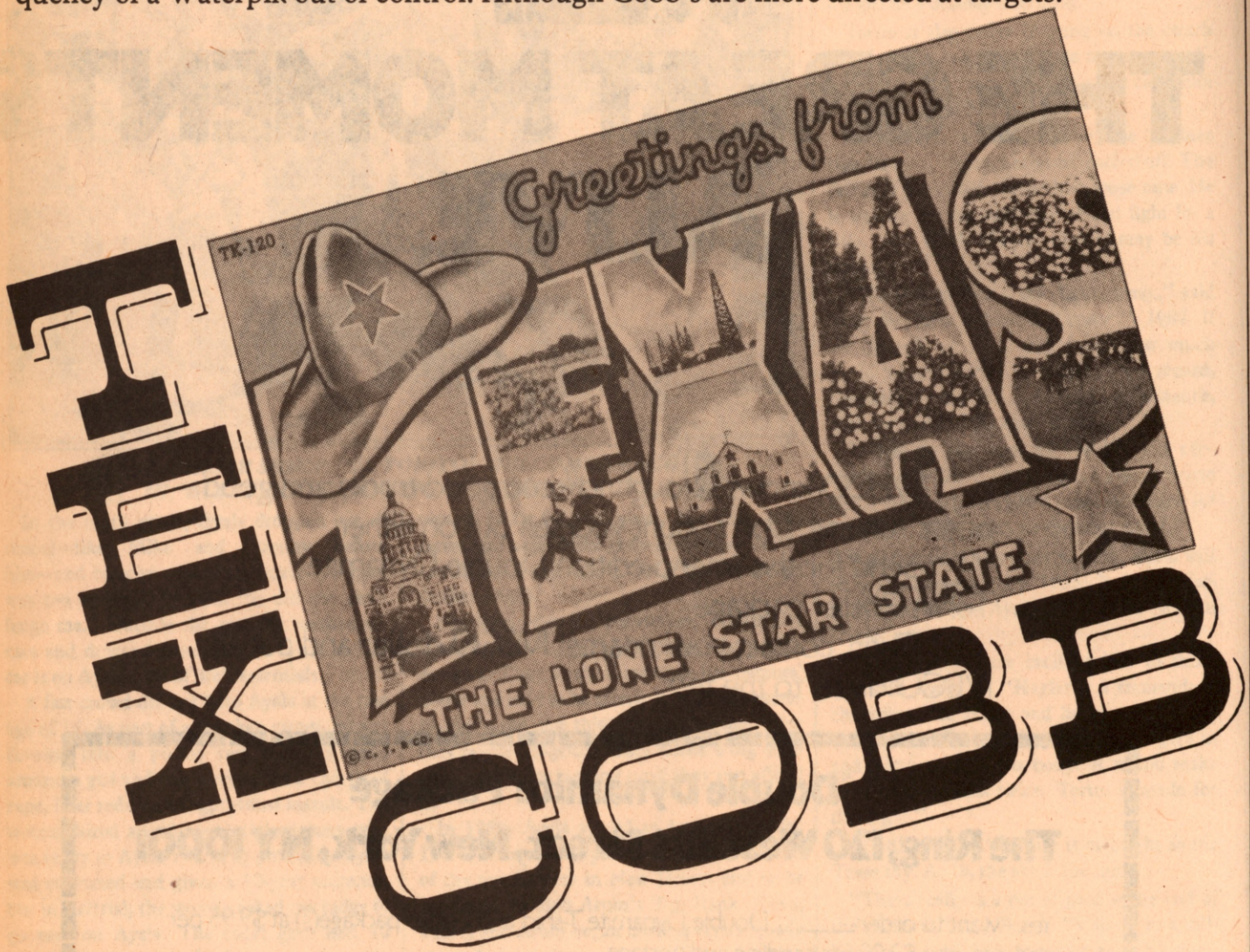
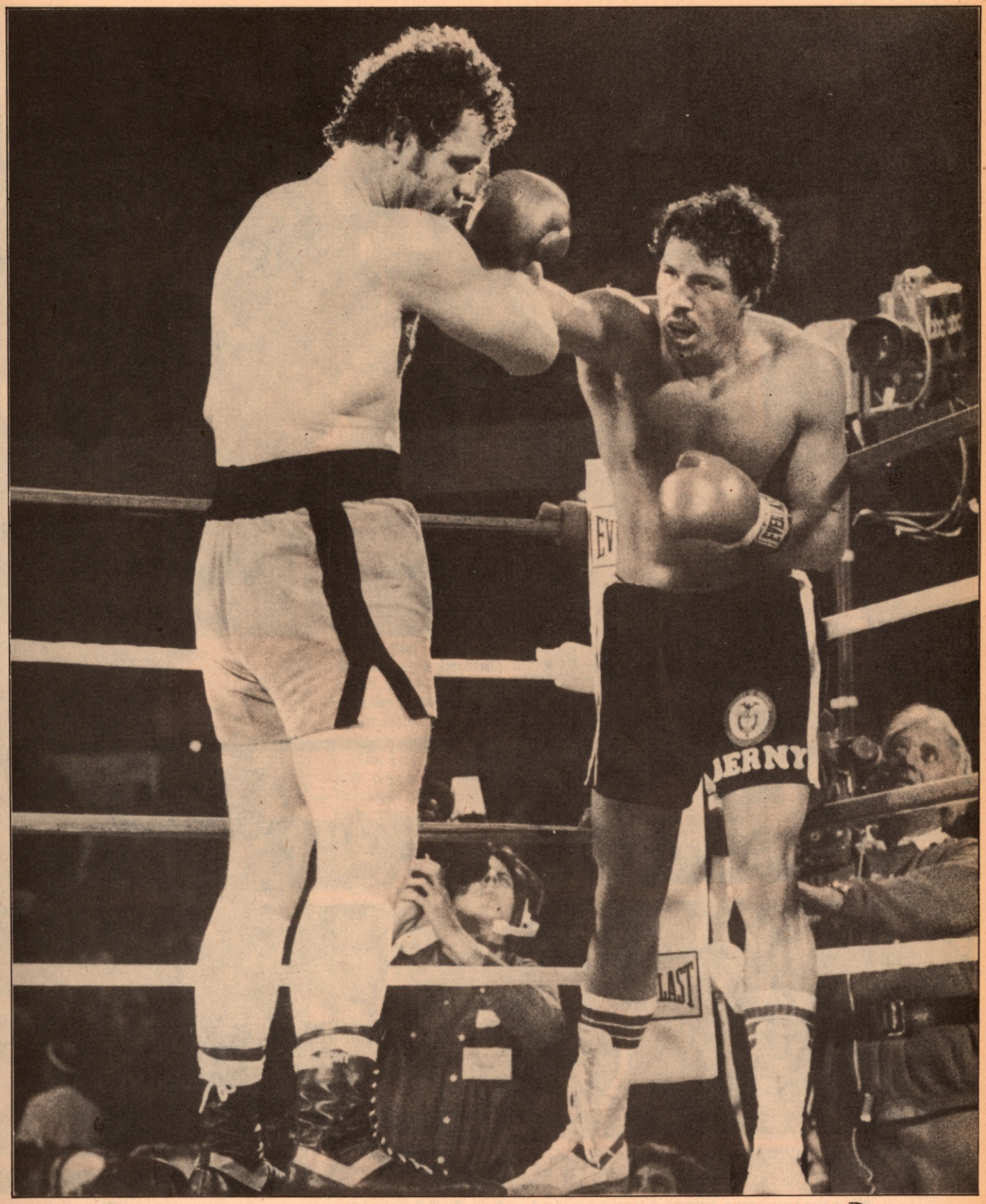
BY NOW you've probably heard all the Texas and Texan jokes you ever care to hear. How it's a place with more cows and less milk, more rivers to and less water, and a place where you can look farther and see less than anyplace on earth. And how its inhabitants, without the bull, would be one-foot-three-inch midgets wearing half-gallon hats. Well, around boxing's inner circles there is now a new joke. Or several of them. The joke is not the teller, Randall "Tex" Cobb, but the many he spews out, with all the frequency of a Waterpik out of control. Although Cobb's are more directed at targets.



when the going gets tough tex gets going

by lewis freedman



THE HUMAN SPONGE TAKES ONE TO DISH ONE OUT AGAINST BERNARDO MERCADO.

["DYNAMITE" DOKES LOOKS FOR A PLACE TO UNLOAD AGAINST EVERPRESENT COBB.]

WHEN HE IS NOT IN TRAINING FOR A fight and hidden away in the wilds of Eagleville, Pa. in the barrack-like atmosphere of the Montgomery County Boys' Club 20 miles outside Philadelphia, you can find heavyweight "Tex" Cobb in a booth at Dr. Watson's Pub in the center of the city. And no, the glass in front of him doesn't contain ginger ale.

The bar is one of the varied type of establishments where Cobb, who recently broke his arm in a barroom battle, used to make a living. For a while he was a doorman, checking IDs to keep underage patrons out.

"Not a single 18-year-old girl got in without her giving me her phone number," said Cobb, a wide grin spreading beneath the cowboy hat he seems to wear at all times except in the ring. Sometimes he tucks rows of toothpicks in the hat's band so he can reach up, pluck one and stick it between his teeth without pausing in his speech.

When he is not absorbing punches to his Rock of Gibralter chin, Cobb's mouth is usually open. He is not exactly of the "aw shucks, m'am" breed of cowboys, eyes cast downward, hat in hand, boots scuffling the floor. No, sir, this ain't no John Wayne, Rooster Cogburn character, although he's got true grit. Cobb is more like an X-rated Henny Youngman.

Once, when asked why he fights, Cobb said, "I like to beat up oppressed minorities. It's a wonderful selling point that I seem to be a racist pig." Before his November 10-round decision over Bernardo Mercardo in Pittsburgh, Cobb, 19-2, was asked how he spent each day in the isolation of the Boy's Club between his early morning runs and late afternoon sparring.

"Oh, I go into town and drink and f--- and take drugs," he replied, matter of factly. Frankly, Cobb would not give a daggone—no, make that a damn—if some naive observer went away believing him; although the truth is, as he later explained, "If I was any more serious they'd make me a national disease."

Cobb, was born in Bridge City, Tex. 26 years ago and raised in Abilene, giving him a country boy flavor with the "down home" wit of broadcaster Don Meredith. They call him Tex, but Abilene doesn't have cattle roaming Main Street. Of course, it doesn't have bumper-to-bumper traffic on the expressway for hours, either. Cobb calls it a city "with two elevators."

Although his birthplace is the reason for his nickname, it was something given to him only after he moved to Philadelphia in the late seventies, by George Benton, who had taken over his tutoring.

"Georgie Benton just can't remember white boys' names," said Cobb, easily adding yet another pelt to his list of insultees.

As one of the few white heavyweights to make an impact in the ratings lately, Cobb seems well aware of the financial reward that being a "white hope" can bring him.

"I just had the good sense to be born white," he says. "They need some white boy's ass to give to Weaver (Mike Weaver, WBA champ)." In many ways, Cobb—at 6 feet, 3 inches tall and a weight of 225 pounds, or so—is a gentle giant. He's affable and fun to talk to. But with 17 knockouts on his records and a checkered history that implies a certain lack of interest in the preservation of his body, he can also seem pretty menacing. Instead of starting his career the normal way—and "Tex" does nothing the normal way—as an amateur boxer, Cobb began his career by throwing people out of bars, building buildings, playing football with Eagles' halfback Wilbert Montgomery at Abilene Christian, and kick boxing. Hardly the classic beginning for a world-rated fighter.

"I was a professional kick boxer for a while," said Cobb. "I use the term 'professional' very loosely. I think I made $100 once." Before he fights, Cobb usually doesn't shave for days, giving himself the hardened appearance of an inner city bum. And he has one of those faces that in two poses, laughter, or intense concentration, squint his eyes nearly shut, giving him a mildly maniacal look, appropriate to this man who throws punches and punchlines with the same equal abandon.

One ringside observer, studying Cobb's features just before he went out to lose a disputed 10-round decision to Ken Norton, recognized the heavyweight as the actor-fighter who kills hero John Voight in the movie, *The Champ*.

"You know," the man said, "I didn't even know who he was, but I remember thinking: 'that's one mean-looking dude.' "

Indeed, Cobb does all he can to foster such an image. Last June, before he was scheduled to fight fellow Philadelphian Marvin Stinson —a fight which never came off because Cobb hurt his back—Cobb was expounding on the philosophy of pummeling someone he might ordinarily prefer to down a few beers with.

"It never bothers me to hit people I like," said Cobb, as his smile disappeared and his eyes became slits.

"He practices on me," chimed in his girl friend Priscilla Lowe, seated next to him.

If he really didn't like a guy, said Cobb, he might mangle him with a crowbar, probably in a back alley. Subtlety is not one of this strongman's strong points.

In fact, Cobb would make a perfect host for "Saturday Night Live," although his monologue would run the risk of having more expletives deleted than the Watergate tapes.

Once asked if money would stand in the way of a fight between him and Gerry Cooney, Cobb replied, "Hell, I'd fight him for 25 cents and a ---- job."

At a pre-fight luncheon in Pittsburgh, he

COBB SHOWS HIS BEST DEFENSE AGAINST KEN NORTON: BLOCKING PUNCHES WITH HIS BODY

enraged Renaldo Snipes, who was about to be stopped by Larry Holmes in a WBC title fight, by referring to Snipes—and the other heavyweights at the same table as "the baddest bunch of Niggers I know of."

There's no telling what kind of mood Snipes was in, but it was obvious he did not know Cobb. Cobb talks like that all the time. Throwaway lines, that's all they are. He's got a childlike attitude of "Gee, nobody could really take me seriously, could they?" But with his build, his ring record and his "one mean dude" look, he can also afford to have the attitude of "And if they do, so what?"

It is only in the ring that Cobb's thick, wavy hair is on public view. The rest of the time he's got it covered with a black cowboy hat. And even though he played the Villian in *The Champ*, it wasn't because he's a bad guy.

"I just can't keep a white hat clean," he said. "I just like a black hat. In Texas, it's a real common thing."

One would think Cobb would make a fine intimadator, but somehow the message of how precious the hat is hasn't penetrated the heads of many of the locals who frequent the same bars as he does.

"In Texas, if you touch a guy's hat," said Cobb, "he'll try to break your legs. If someone does that, or steps on his boots and doesn't apologize real quick, it's an open invitation to break his head.

"They (Philadelphians) call me 'Cowboy' and do a few other things typical of youngsters in their twenties or thirties. They're not mature enough to realize their danger. It gets difficult to bring manners to these people."

If they did the same thing in Texas?

"They wouldn't live."

His career began in Texas and sometimes he takes fights there against nobodies for the sake of his co-manager Paul Cinite, the man who sent him to Philadelphia.

One time Cobb didn't even know who he's going to fight.

"It doesn't make any difference to me," he said. "Some washwoman . . . Some SOB in shorts and gloves."

Cobb readily acknowledges that his brawling, take-all-they-can-dish-out-and-give-it-back-in-kind type of fighting isn't stylish, although it *is* crowd pleasing.

Still, he feels he has a lot to learn about the "Sweet Science." He will often say life is just a big game and he doesn't take boxing seriously. But he wants to win. And, more importantly, wants to be the heavyweight champion.

Words tumbled out of Cobb's mouth at a rate approximately the same as water over Niagara Falls when he won a decision over Mercado after losing decisions to Norton and Michael Dokes.

Completely straight-faced he said the reason Mercado was able to come back after being nearly knocked out was "amphetamines." Writers didn't know whether to laugh or go blind. They laughed.

"I asked what they gave Mercado and if they had any left."

But within seconds Cobb became compassionate, a different side of Cobb, unseen by many. He spoke of the whispered prefight "book" on Mercado: that he had no heart, that he had no stomach for infighting, and that he couldn't come back if things didn't go his way.

"On other occasions, he has not shown an attitude of death before dishonor," said Cobb. "Tonight, that sucker was willing to die, and it damn near killed me."

Cobb's attributes are his tongue, his size, his skin pigmentation, the toughness of his chin and the toughness of his attitude. He has stamina, but after three straight 10-round decisions with quality fighters, his punch might be suspect.

Experience is what Cobb doesn't have. Without an amateur career he's like someone going right into an area of higher learning without benefit of any previous education.

"He's got time," said co-manager Joe Gramby. "He is not at his peak yet."

"He's learning and improving every fight," said trainer Benton.

But the winner over Mercado didn't gush about his greatness.

"I wasn't pleased at all with my performance," Cobb said. "I made a lot of mistakes."

Although Cobb's sense of humor is his most evident trait, he seems also to have a realistic view of himself. "I have the ability to absorb punishment. I have the ability to hit hard. I have good reflex action. I'm not uncoordinated. I don't have trouble moving."

But can he be champion?

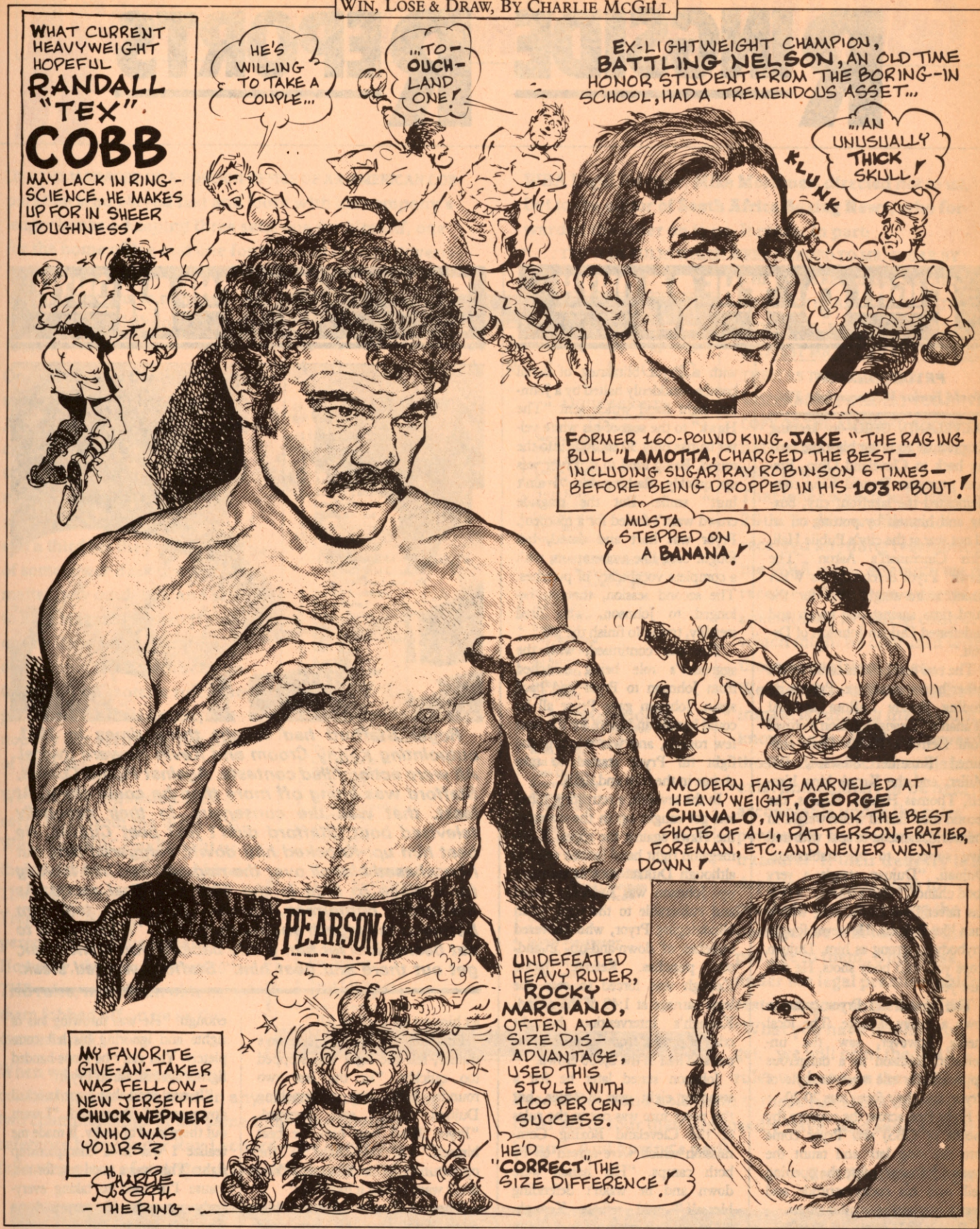
"I train my ass off," he said. But also, after a near-$100,000 payday for fighting Norton, he said, "I'm going to get drunk for a month. Somebody gives me a pocketful of money and I won't come back until I've spent it."

How true that is we cannot tell—it might be more of Cobb's tongue-in-cheek. But who's tongue in whose cheek we'll never know.

What is known about Cobb, however, is that he is free-wheeling and he isn't going to change *that*.

Many would say Cobb is cultivating an image. He would undoubtedly introduce them to his overhand right if he heard them. He is probably one of the least self-conscious people in the world. The words come naturally. He doesn't give a damn about people, like Renaldo Snipes, who say he should only talk with his fists or that he should scowl more than Sonny Liston.

"I'm not going to fight the rest of my life," said Cobb. "But I sure am going to laugh the rest of my life. I guarantee you, I will have a good time the rest of my life." He probably will.


WHAT CURRENT HEAVYWEIGHT HOPEFUL RANDALL "TEX" COBB MAY LACK IN RING-SCIENCE, HE MAKES UP FOR IN SHEER TOUGHNESS!
HE'S WILLING TO TAKE A COUPLE...
...TO-OUCH-LAND ONE!
EX-LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION, BATTLING NELSON, AN OLD TIME HONOR STUDENT FROM THE BORING-IN SCHOOL, HAD A TREMENDOUS ASSET...
...AN UNUSUALLY THICK SKULL!
KLUNK
FORMER 160-POUND KING, JAKE "THE RAGING BULL" LAMOTTA, CHARGED THE BEST—INCLUDING SUGAR RAY ROBINSON 6 TIMES—BEFORE BEING DROPPED IN HIS 103RD BOUT!
MUSTA STEPPED ON A BANANA!
MODERN FANS MARVELED AT HEAVYWEIGHT, GEORGE CHUVALO, WHO TOOK THE BEST SHOTS OF ALI, PATTERSON, FRAZIER, FOREMAN, ETC. AND NEVER WENT DOWN!
PEARSON
UNDEFEATED HEAVY RULER, ROCKY MARCIANO, OFTEN AT A SIZE DISADVANTAGE, USED THIS STYLE WITH 100 PER CENT SUCCESS.
HE'D "CORRECT" THE SIZE DIFFERENCE!
MY FAVORITE GIVE-AN'-TAKER WAS FELLOW-NEW JERSEYITE CHUCK WEPNER. WHO WAS YOURS?
CHARLIE McGILL
-THE RING-

RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHT OF THE MONTH

PRYOR-JOHNSON
World Junior Welterweight Title

CLEVELAND, OHIO—In keeping his promise to bring big time boxing back to Cleveland Ohio, Premier promoter Donald King complemented the lakefront city, boxing and himself by putting on an all out war at the city's Public Hall, with Cincinnati's Aaron "The Hawk" Pryor defending his WBA junior welterweight title for the third time against one tough and undefeated Dujuan Johnson of Detroit.

The two combatants came with a rather heavy entourage, Pryor's including Buddy LaRosa and Al "Panama" Lewis. Johnson's crowd from Detroit's Kronk Gym contained Emanuel Steward, Bill Miller, and the Kronk king himself, Thomas Hearns. Hearns, the second most feared welterweight in the world, came in to spar with and give support to his stablemate, Dujuan. "Dujuan stands a very good chance," said Hearns, "Pryor has never been in the ring with a man like Dujuan. He never fought anybody as strong as him. Dujuan stops you with body shots. He will hurt you."

The 26-year-old Pryor came to town a heavy favorite. The local media however, saw the undefeated Johnson as a dangerous opponent for the wade-in style of Pryor, and their focus was 20-20.

Fight fans across the country (by means of CBS) saw Pryor come into the ring late and taunt the passive Johnson before the opening bell with his cocky attitude and nearly connecting combinations.

The initial battle was opened with a Pryor blitzkrieg of aerial bombs—suddenly halted by a Johnson right hand which sent "The Hawk" to the seat of his white velvet trunks only 30 seconds into the round. Being used to it, Pryor was up quickly, flashing his "I ain't hurt" smile. But the ringside crowd wasn't fooled for a moment. Pryor was hurt and dazed, but fought back like a champion, with a complete vocabulary of punches. The second session, though, belonged to Johnson, who fired steadily, trying to finish the job.

The war continued, with the aggressor's role being switched from Johnson to Pryor and back again. Johnson gave Pryor all he could handle and more for the next few rounds, and was winning the fight till Pryor started to take charge in the fifth and sixth.

In the seventh, a retreating Johnson got caught up in the claws of the Hawk against the ropes. A 10-megaton right hand landed solidly, although Dujuan took it standing up. Johnson was suddenly dazed and vulnerable to the once again blitzkrieging Pryor, who delivered bunches of down-and-up, in-and-out punches. Referee Jackie Keough was forced to stop the legal carnage at 1:49 of the round. Keough's intervention brought cries of protest from Johnson's corner and half of the 2,000 crowd.

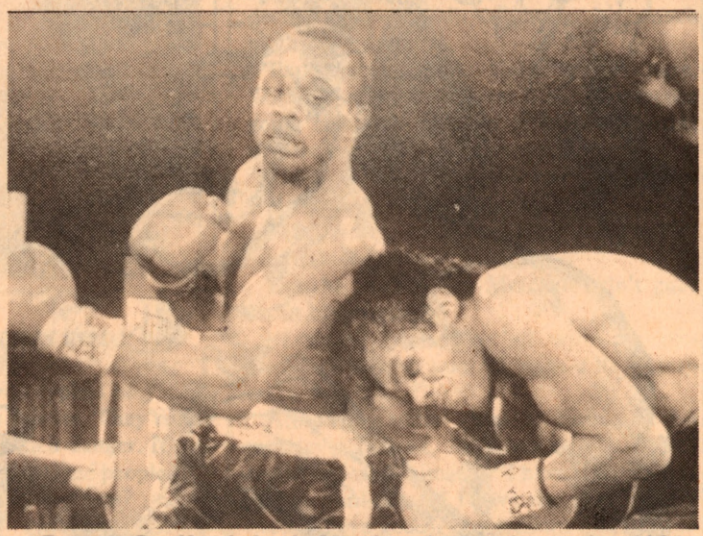
Johnson stated later he felt a standing eight was in order, but this procedure was not in the rules of the Cleveland Boxing Commission which were agreed on by both camps. "His hands were down and he wasn't defending himself," said referee Keough. "The only alternative I had was to let him get hit until he fell."

Emanuel Steward, Johnson's trainer, felt the fight was stopped too quickly. "In the last two rounds, Pryor was outpunching Dujuan 20-1," said Steward. "Pryor didn't beat him, he beat himself." A title fight is the opportunity of a lifetime. "You don't want to lose it like that."

Thomas Hearns felt his stablemate didn't use his left hand enough. "He was throwing lots of rights and ignoring his left completely. You can't be a one-handed fighter against Aaron Pryor."

"It was good that I got knocked down early," Pryor said. "I went out there kind of cocky. It made me realize I was in a championship fight. This was a good test for me, 'cause I'm used to taking everybody out early. He surprised me with his strength."

FIGHTER OF THE MONTH



Roger Stafford had fought three times in 1981, outpointing Kenny Croom and Kevin Howard (twice). All were action-filled contests. Against Pipino Cuevas, Stafford was biting off more than he could chew. At least, that was the consensus. In their nationally televised bout, Stafford didn't just beat Cuevas. He beat him up. Knocked him down, staggered him, cut him, chased him all over the ring and had him looking for a place to hide in the 10th and final round. As Staffords' cornerman, Jimmy Montoya, told him between the eighth and ninth rounds, "If you want to eat beans, just let him come back. If you want steak, get out there and beat him." Stafford wanted steak.

RING'S INTERNATIONAL RATINGS

LIKE THE MANAGER OF A FOREIGN OFFICE OF AN AMERICAN CORporation who played fast and loose with his company's ledger books—keeping three sets: one for himself, one for the home office and one for the local foreign government for tax purposes—the WBA also seems to maintain three sets of rule books. If not four.

One set of rules the WBA keeps, unseen by the light of day. Another they send, when the occasion and the whim strikes them, to promoters and managers who ask for—no, make that demand—them; And still a third set they dredge out of some lower desk drawer, no matter how outdated, and send to **Ring** Magazine when it requests them for publication. No doubt there is a fourth set, containing those esoteric rules they pass to cover their tracks; but nobody has seen hide nor hair of them yet.

We recently requested such a set of rules from the WBA and WBC. The WBC finally sent us their rules in a registered letter. The WBA, through their Treasurer, Nick Kerasiotis, personally gave us a set of rules. However, they don't seem to be THE rules, merely an olde set of them fobbed off on us as the current ones.

When we cited these rules as containing no prohibition on any champion possessing two championships at the same time—the obvious reference being Sugar Ray Leonard—we begat the following piece of strange correspondence from the WBA Legal Adviser, Mike Mortimer, directed not to us, but to the editor of **South Africa Boxing News**, who forwarded the letter on to us. It reads, in part:

"... THE WBA RULES WHICH WERE HANDED TO MR. SUGAR BY THE WBA TREASURER, MR. NICK KERASIOTIS, ARE OUT OF DATE AND I WOULD URGE YOU PLEASE TO REQUEST MR. SUGAR NOT TO PUBLISH THEM AS THIS WOULD BE MISLEADING. I WILL LET YOU HAVE A COPY OF THE AMENDED AND UP TO DATE RULES BY THE WBA WITHIN THE NEXT FEW DAYS."

That letter was dated October 29th. To date we have not received anything resembling the WBA rules, although we did receive a flyer from a company specializing in rodent control which might be confused with those nonexistent rules.

We therefore call on whichever inmate is running the asylum known as the WBA to forward those rules which they claim exist immediately or be held accountable under the rules personally handed us by their treasurer. If their treasury is so depleted of funds so as to preclude their spending the postage, we will forward the postage to them. Otherwise, under the legal premise which, restated, goes something like "What you have is what you get," we will print the WBA rules we have, in the 1982 Ring Record Book and hold them to those rules. Not one of the other set of four they supposedly have. And send at their leisure. And boxing's peril.

Bert Randolph Sugar

RING RATINGS 40 YEARS AGO

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Joe Louis

1. Billy Conn
2. Bob Pastor
3. Lem Franklin
4. Buddy Baer
5. Abe Simon
6. Turkey Thompson
7. Lou Nova
8. Melio Bettina
9. Arturo Godoy
10. Roscoe Toles

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champion
Lew Jenkins

1. Sammy Angott
2. Bob Montgomery
3. Jackie Wilson
4. Lenny Mancini
5. Dave Castillonx
6. Harry Hurst
7. Aldo Spoldi
8. George Latka
9. Ray Lunny
10. Nick Castiglione

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Gus Lesnevich

1. Booker Beckwith
2. Mose Brown
3. Jimmy Bivins
4. Tami Mauriello
5. Anton Christoforidis
6. Billy Soose
7. Ken Overlin
8. Tommy Tucker
9. Joey Maxim
10. Erv Sarlen

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Chalky Wright

1. Ritchie Lemos
2. Harry Jeffra
3. Lou Transparenti
4. Bobby Ivy
5. Joey Archibald
6. Pedro Hernandez
7. Sal Bartola
8. Mike Raffa
9. Jackie Callura
10. Bill Speary

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champion
Title Vacant

1. Tony Zale
2. Georgie Abrams
3. Ceferino Garcia
4. Coley Welch
5. Steve Belloise
6. Antonio Fernandez
7. Shorty Hogue
8. Fred Apostoli
9. Ron Richards
10. Ossie Stewart

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champion
Lou Salica

1. Rush Dalma
2. Kui Kong Young
3. Tony Olivera
4. Kenny Lindsay
5. Manuel Ortiz
6. Tommy Forte
7. Jim Brady
8. Freddy Pope
9. Horace Mann
10. Lupe Cordoza

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Freddie Cochrane

1. Ray Robinson
2. Fritzie Zivic
3. Mike Kaplan
4. Charley Burley
5. Holman Williams
6. Izzy Jannazzo
7. Cocoa Kid
8. Young Kid McCoy
9. Ernie Roderick
10. Sammy Secreet

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Title Vacant

1. Jackie Paterson
2. Little Dado
3. Little Pancho
4. Johnny Shaughnessy
5. Warren Kendall
6. Jimmy Stubbs
7. Luis Castillo
8. Jimmy Stewart
9. Small Montana
10. Joe Curran

From the January, 1942 issue of The Ring.

GENUINE

Budweiser Presents The Ring International Ratings

THE WORLD'S MOST RENOWNED

BUDWEISER LAGER BEER

HEAVYWEIGHTS
(over 175 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

LARRY HOLMES** . . . . . Easton, Pa.
1 **Mike Weaver*** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
2 **Gerry Cooney** . . . . . Huntington, N.Y.
3 **Michael Dokes** . . . . . Akron, Ohio
4 **Greg Page** . . . . . Louisville, Ky.
5 **Gerrie Coetzee** . . . . . South Africa
6 **Leon Spinks** . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
7 **Trevor Berbick** . . . . . Halifax, Canada
8 **James (Quick) Tillis** . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
9 **Randall (Tex) Cobb** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
10 **Renaldo Snipes** . . . . . Yonkers, N.Y.

11. John Tate, 12. Jimmy Young, 13. Tim Witherspoon, 14. Bernardo Mercado, 15. Marty Monroe, 16. Pinklon Thomas, 17. Lynn Ball, 18. Stan Ward, 19. Larry Frazier, 20. John Denis

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
(not over 175 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

MATTHEW SAAD MUHAMMAD** . . . . Phila., Pa.
1 **Michael Spinks*** . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
2 **Eddie Mustafa Muhammad** . . . Brooklyn, N.Y.
3 **Dwight Braxton** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
4 **Jerry Martin** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
5 **James Scott** . . . . . Rahway, N.J.
6 **Carlos DeLeon** . . . . . Puerto Rico
7 **Marvin Camel** . . . . . Missoula, Mont.
8 **Murray Sutherland** . . . . . Bay City, Mich.
9 **Marvin Johnson** . . . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
10 **Jerry Celestine** . . . . . New Orleans, La.

11. Mustapha Wasajja, 12. Lotte Mwale, 13. S.T. Gordon, 14. Vonzell Johnson, 15. Yaqui Lopez, 16. Bashiru Ali, 17. Young Joe Louis, 18. Tony Mundine, 19. Jim McNally

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 160 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

MARVIN HAGLER . . . . . Brockton, Mass.
1 **Dwight Davison** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
2 **Mustafa Hamsho** . . . . . Syria
3 **Wilford Scypion** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
4 **Frank Fletcher** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
5 **Tony Sibson** . . . . . England
6 **Fulgencio Obelmejias** . . . . . Venezuela
7 **Curtis Parker** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
8 **Ray Seales** . . . . . Tacoma, Wash.
9 **Robbie Epps** . . . . . Clovis, N. Mex.
10 **Vinnie Curto** . . . . . Boston, Mass.

11. Ronnie Harris, 12. Alan Minter, 13. Bernard Mays, 14. William "Caveman" Lee, 15. Alex Ramos, 16. Marcos Geraldo, 17. Ernie Singletary, 18. Bobby Czyz, 19. Norberto Sabater, 20. Juan Roldan 21. Robbie Sims, 22. Mickey Goodwin 23. Jose Macias, 24. Jacinto Fernandez

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 154 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

RAY LEONARD . . . . . Palmer Park, Md.
1 **Wilfred Benitez**** . . . . . Puerto Rico
2 **Ayub Kalule** . . . . . Uganda
3 **Maurice Hope** . . . . . England
4 **Tony Ayala, Jr.** . . . . . San Antonio, Tex.
5 **Carlos Herrera** . . . . . Argentina
6 **Charlie Weir** . . . . . South Africa
7 **Roberto Duran** . . . . . Panama
8 **Walter Gomez** . . . . . Argentina
9 **Gary Guiden** . . . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
10 **Tidashi Mihara*** . . . . . Japan

11. Nino Gonzalez, 12. Herol Graham 13. Kenny Bristol, 14. Clint Jackson, 15. Rocky Fratto, 16. Carlos Santos, 17. Bruce Johnson, 18. Tony Braxton, 19. Luigi Minchillo, 20. Clemente Tshinza, 21. James Green, 22. Mario Maldonado,

WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 147 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

RAY LEONARD . . . . . Palmer Park, Md.
1 **Thomas Hearns** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
2 **Roger Stafford** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
3 **Pipino Cuevas** . . . . . Mexico
4 **Roberto Duran** . . . . . Panama
5 **Randy Shields** . . . . . N. Hollywood, Calif.
6 **Bruce Finch** . . . . . Milwaukee, Wisc.
7 **Milton McCrory** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
8 **Adolfo Viruet** . . . . . Hoboken, N.J.
9 **Colin Jones** . . . . . England
10 **Pete Ranzany** . . . . . Sacramento, Calif.

11. Bobby Joe Young, 12. Luis Primera, 13. Pepe Dominguez, 14. Marlon Starling, 15. Davey Moore, 16. Carlos Santos, 17. Babs McCarthy, 18. Greg Stephens, 19. Harold Volbrecht, 20. Chung-Jae Hwang, 21. Pat Hallacy

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 140 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

AARON PRYOR** . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
1 **Saoul Mamby*** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
2 **Jo Kimpuani** . . . . . France
3 **Dujuan Johnson** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
4 **Miguel Montilla** . . . . . Dominican Rep.
5 **Monroe Brooks** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
6 **Johnny Bumphus** . . . . . Nashville, Tenn.
7 **Lennox Blackmoore** . . . . . Guyana
8 **Willie Rodriguez** . . . . . Allentown, Pa.
9 **Leroy Haley** . . . . . Las Vegas, Nevada
10 **Steve Hearon** . . . . . Houston, Texas

11. Obisia Nwankpa, 12. Billy Costello, 13. Cristobal Torres, 14. Juan Jose Gimenez, 15. Jorge Morales, 16. Clint McKenzie, 17. Domingo Ayala, 18. Sal Lopez, 19. Mark Ibanez, 20. Roberto Alfaro, 21. Hugo Luero, 22. Steve Early, 23. Thomas Americo, 24. Antonio Guinaldo, 25. Hugo Quartapelle

How **The Ring** International Ratings Panel works: Boxing authorities from all six major continents have submitted their ballots—marked from one to ten to indicate their rankings under **The Ring**'s champion—to reflect their evaluation of the relative challengers' positions as of December 1, 1981. Their ballots were then weighted with scores of from ten (for a first-place vote) to one (for a tenth-place vote) and totaled up to provide the final standings. After the top ten were tabulated, those other fighters receiving votes were then listed in order, according to the number of votes received, from 11th on.

(AS OF DECEMBER 1, 1981)

The names following each division received votes (in order of their listing)

***WBA champion** **WBC champion

LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 135 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

ALEXIS ARGUELLO** . . . . . Nicaragua
1 **Aaron Pryor** . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
2 **Andrew Ganigan** . . . . . Honolulu, Ha.
3 **Hilmer Kenty** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
4 **Claude Noel*** . . . . . Trinidad, W.I.
5 **Howard Davis, Jr.** . . . . . Glen Cove, N.Y.
6 **Sean O'Grady** . . . . . Oklahoma City, Ok.
7 **Rodolfo (Gato) Gonzalez** . . . . . Mexico
8 **Roberto Elizondo** . . . . . Corpus Christi, Texas
9 **Gonzallo Montellano** . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
10 **Ray Mancini** . . . . . Youngstown, Ohio

11. Curtis Harris, 12. Ernesto Espana, 13. Edwin Viruet, 14. James Busceme, 15. Herman Montes, 16. Jorge Morales, 17. Art Frias 18. Barry Michael, 19. Jose Luis Ramirez, 20. Rolando Navarette, 21. Joey Gibilisco

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 130 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

SAMUEL SERRANO* . . . . . Puerto Rico
1 **Rolando Navarette**** . . . . . Honolulu, Ha.
2 **Cornelius Boza-Edwards** . . . . . England
3 **Rafael (Bazooka) Limon** . . . . . Mexico
4 **Edwin Rosario** . . . . . Puerto Rico
5 **Bobby Chacon** . . . . . Pacoima, Calif.
6 **Yasutsune Uehara** . . . . . Japan
7 **Ildelfonso Bethelmy** . . . . . Venezuela
8 **Johnny Sato** . . . . . Stockton, Calif.
9 **John Verderosa** . . . . . Staten Island, N.Y.
10 **Carlos Pinango** . . . . . Venezuela

11. Greg Coverson, 12. Chung-Il Choi, 13. Hector Cortez, 14. Patrick Ford, 15. Jorge Alvarado, 16. Frankie Baltazar, 17. Enrique Maxwell, 18. Mario Vizcaya, 19. Tony Santana, 20. Johnny Aba, 21. Leonardo Moreno, 22. Alfredo Paiva, 23. Il-Bok Lee, 24. Armando Perez

FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 126 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

SALVADOR SANCHEZ** . . . . . Mexico
1 **Eusebio Pedroza*** . . . . . Panama
2 **Wilfredo Gomez** . . . . . Puerto Rico
3 **Juan LaPorte** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
4 **Rocky Lockridge** . . . . . Paterson, N.J.
5 **Edwin Rosario** . . . . . Puerto Rico
6 **Ruben Castillo** . . . . . Bakersfield, Calif.
7 **Patrick Ford** . . . . . Guyana
8 **Mario Miranda** . . . . . Colombia
9 **Pat Cowdell** . . . . . England
10 **Roberto Rubaldino** . . . . . Mexico

11. Paul Ferrari, 12. Guillermo Vallejo, 13. Gustavo Salgado, 14. Roberto Castanon, 15. Juan Malvarez, 16. Augustin Martinez, 17. Alcibiades Blandon, 18. Freddie Roach, 19. Nicky Perez, 20. Royal Kobayashi, 21. Bernard Taylor, 22. Carlos Pinango, 23. Reyes Gonzalez, 24. Kelvin Lampkin, 25. Jorge Lujan, 26. Justo Garcia, 27. Noel Arriesgado

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 122 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

WILFREDO GOMEZ** . . . . . Puerto Rico
1 **Sergio Palma*** . . . . . Argentina
2 **Mike Ayala** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
3 **Leo Cruz** . . . . . Dominican Republic
4 **Ricardo Cardona** . . . . . Colombia
5 **Jaime Garza** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
6 **Juan (Kid) Meza** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
7 **Lupe Pintor** . . . . . Mexico
8 **Nicky Perez** . . . . . Tucson, Ariz.
9 **Soon-Hyun Chung** . . . . . Korea
8 **Carmelo Negron** . . . . . New York, N.Y.

11. Jose Caba, 12. Roberto Rubaldino, 13. Derrik Holmes, 14. Joaquin Acuna, 15. Jorge Lujan, 16. Oscar Muniz, 17. Vilchit Muangroi-Et, 18. Carlos Mendoza, 19. Juan Antonio Lopez, 20. Bernabe Montanez, 21. Julio Saba, 22. Salvatore Melluzo

BANTAMWEIGHTS
(not over 118 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

JEFF CHANDLER* . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
1 **Lupe Pintor**** . . . . . Mexico
2 **Julian Solis** . . . . . Puerto Rico
3 **Chul-Ho Kim** . . . . . Korea
4 **Albert Davila** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
5 **Oscar Muniz** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
6 **Eijiro Murata** . . . . . Japan
7 **Johnny Carter** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
8 **Jose R. Narvez** . . . . . Argentina
9 **Rafael Orono** . . . . . Venezuela
10 **Hurricane Teru** . . . . . Japan

11. Carlos Bejarano, 12. Jaime Garza, 13. Miguel Iriarte, 14. Weilie Nkosinkula, 15. Jovito Rengifo, 16. Jorge Ramirez, 17. Diego Rosario, 18. Fred Jackson, 19. Francisco Bejines, 20. Ramon Soria, 21. Seung-Hoon Lee, 22. Willie Jensen, 23. Artemio Ramirez, 24. Enrique Sanchez

FLYWEIGHTS
(not over 112 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

ANTONIO AVELAR** . . . . . Mexico
1 **Hilario Zapata** . . . . . Panama
2 **Hwan Jin Kim** . . . . . Korea
3 **Betulio Gonzalez** . . . . . Venezuela
4 **Juan Herrera*** . . . . . Mexico
5 **Gustavo Ballas** . . . . . Argentina
6 **Candido Tellez** . . . . . Mexico
7 **Luis Ibarra** . . . . . Panama
8 **Santos Laciar** . . . . . Argentina
9 **Willie Jensen** . . . . . Las Vegas, Nev.
10 **German Torres** . . . . . Mexico

11. Charlie Magri, 12. Juan Diaz, 13. Pedro Flores, 14. Peter Mathebula, 15. Reinaldo Becerra, 16. Joey Olivo, 17. Shoji Oguma, 18. Gabriel Bernal, 19. Eleoncio Mercedes, 20. Stephen Muchoki, 21. Prudencio Cardona, 22. Ray Perez

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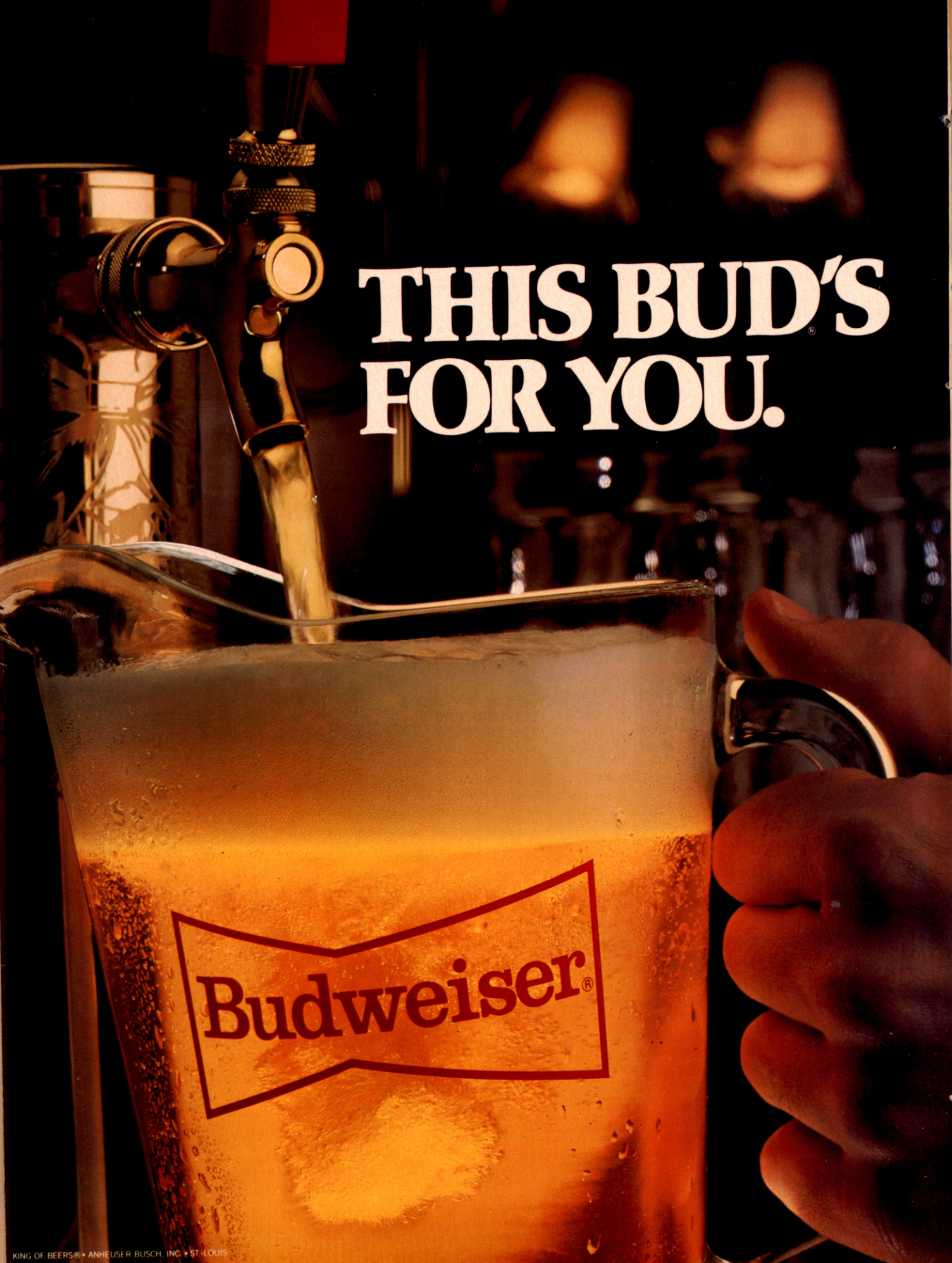

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"The referee did an excellent job of calling the fight. He should have stopped it. We're not in this business to hurt people," said Don King, who has a five-year promotional contract with Pryor.

The successful defense made Pryor 29-0, with 27 kayoes, and $200,000 richer. Dujuan Johnson is now 17-1 with 13 stoppages. He made $50,000 by fighting Pryor.

Ringside cleared slowly, having witnessed, once again, the dynamic arsenal and ready reserves of a "get off the floor and win" champ, Aaron Pryor. They also got a look at the horizon, which assures more from the Kronk Gym, Emanuel Steward, and a passive 20-year-old gentleman, Dujuan Johnson.

Dwight Davison, 162¼, Detroit, TKO'd Lamont Lovelady, also 162¼, Des Moines, in the eighth session.

Leroy Haley, 141, Las Vegas, TKO'd Bo Moody, also 141, Columbus, in round three.

Ralph Moncrief, 160¾, Cleveland, won a unanimous decision over Jamie Thomas, also 160¾, Cincinnati.

Sterling McPhearson, 138, knocked out Calvin Straughter, 131, Columbus, in the first round.

Darrell Chambers, 146, Detroit, kayoed Billy Hodge, 151½, Columbus, in round one.

Jocko Johnson, 200, Orwell, TKO'd Darnell Hayes, 178, Columbus, in the third.

Tommy Ayers, 138, Cincinnati, kayoed Benito Goff, 141, Columbus, in the first. (11-14-81)

DON MYERS

HOLMES-SNIPES
World Heavyweight Title

PITTSBURGH, PA.—You can call him Renaldo Snipes, but you should add "Mister", a name he has affected because he liked the way it sounded and the respect it bestowed on him. It was the only respect this Rodney Dangerfield of boxing seemed to get.

You can call his record 22-0 with 11 kayoes, but you should add an asterisk for his recent "win" against Gerrie Coetzee, a win given to Snipes by two myopic judges in as bad a judicial mugging as has been seen since Judge Crater was hauled into the backseat of a limo lo those fifty years ago.

And you could call his fight with Larry Holmes "Imminent Danger," if you believed Don King's build-up that this tune-up fight for Cooney was to be a contest. But, then again, if you did, you'd probably call a myth a female moth. And that's what the entire bout and build-up sounded like: a myth.

Snipes' chances were so discounted that one paper sent its outdoor editor to Pittsburgh to cover

MANAGERS' CORNER MANAGERS' CORNER MANAGERS' CORNER MANAGERS' CORNER

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it, or so it was rumored, on the grounds that he was about to witness a snipe hunt. Another story which went more rounds than the fight was expected to go, was of the editor who told everyone within earshot: "If Snipes wins, I won't call my office, I'll call the police." And, if possible, he was given even less of a chance by the bookies, who made him the 1-10 and out "dog."

But the challenger turned out to be a wolf in Snipes' clothing. Gone was the style local White Plains fans had come to know and loathe: the cringing not only when he took a punch, but also when he threw one; the vacant stare in his pupilless eyes as he sized up an opponent and a ceiling at one and the same time; and the constant moving as if he were stepping on a circle of eggs. In its place was a confident challenger, awkward, yet powerful, who, like the Little Train That Could, steamed into the champion and almost steamed out with his title.

It being boxing's inexorable law of compensation, the man we expect the least from can sometimes perform miracles. Renaldo Snipes did, with one punch, changing his image forever from a mere "Mister"—one whose name could be included in crossword puzzle clues along with Mr. Magoo, Mr. Ed, and Mr. Roberts—to that of one of boxing's more famous almost-wases who, along with Yvonne Durelle and Luis Firpo, almost won the championship with one punch. Almost, but not quite. But no matter what the end result was, Renaldo Snipes need never ask, as he did several days later when he called NBC's Sports Department, "Were you embarrassed?" He wasn't. Only his detractors, who never gave him a chance, were.

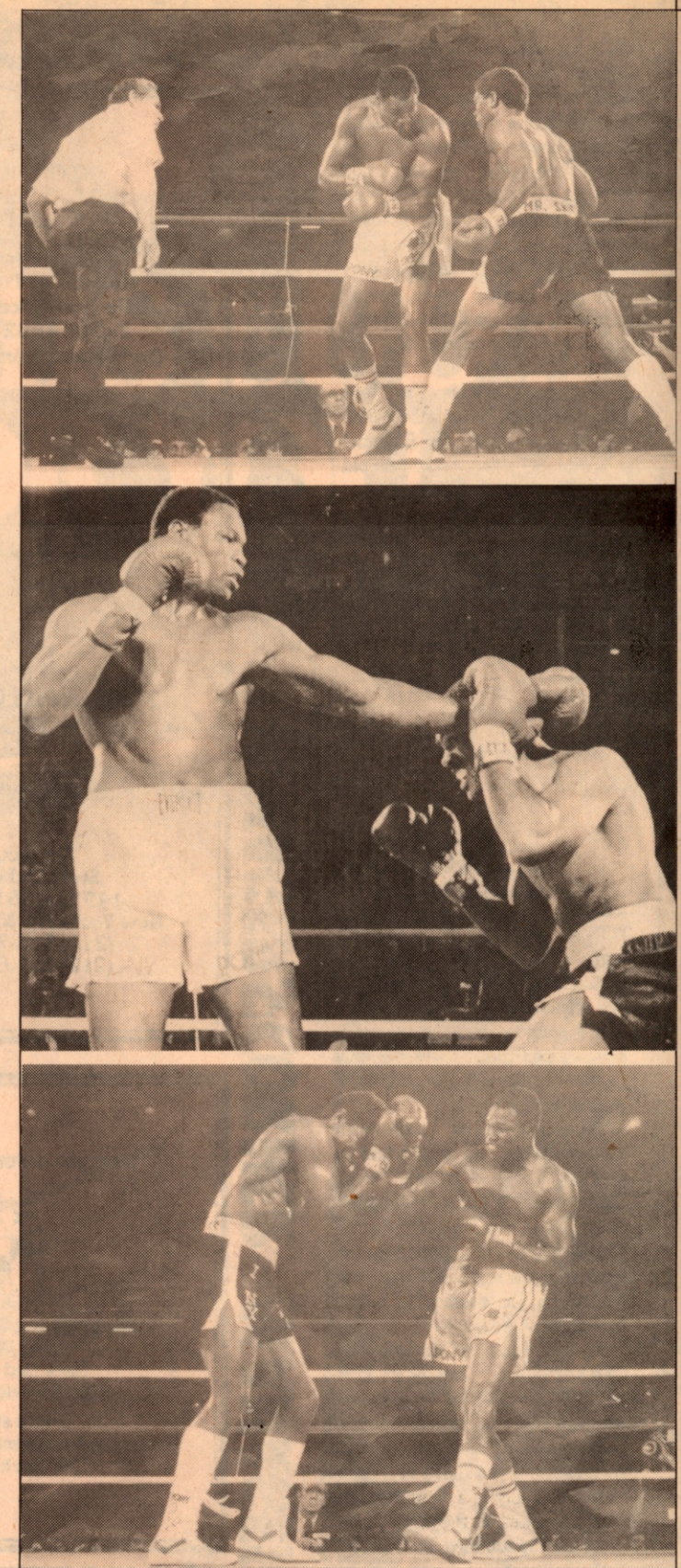
After the opening bell—when, after a brief period of pussyfooting around like a vestal virgin and moving away from 12 unanswered punches—the normally ambulatory Snipes went to Plan B and began crowding Holmes. More importantly, he began to throw punches. And land. Round two saw a more emboldened Snipes land a good left hook, even though it was still Holmes' round. And Holmes' fight.

Round three was more of the same, with Holmes catching Snipes with several flurries and a right and left combination which hurt Renaldo. And yet, a certain animus was creeping into Snipes's makeup, and a certain bearing. It was almost as if he had taken a between-rounds course in auto-suggestion and was strenuously exhorting himself with those magic words, "Every round in every way I grow more and more confident." So confident, in fact, that he began talking to Holmes. Even in the face of a good old-fashioned "whupping". "I'm gonna get you, chump," he muttered, and paid for it with a flurry of punches. But at the bell for the end of the round three, Snipes was still there, still muttering. And still punching.

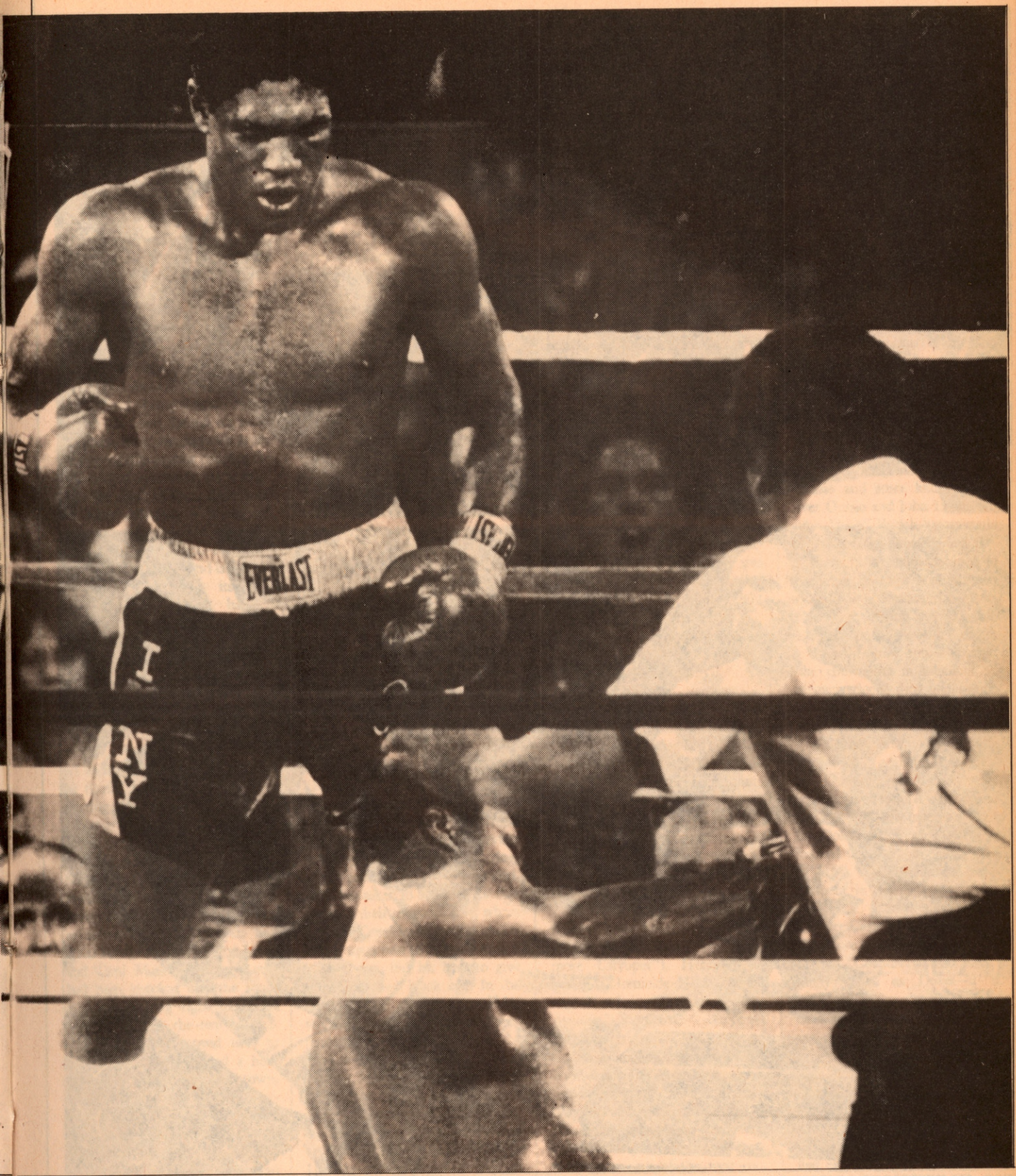
Round four saw Snipes, miraculously, go on the attack, taking as good as he gave, and on two scorecards winning the round, only the fifth round Larry Holmes had ever lost in a championship defense. By round five, the action had reverted to form, with Holmes snapping right hands off the momentarily unprotected head of Snipes. But Snipes, more confident now than ever, landed one of his own and broke into an uncontrolable smile, one quickly wiped off his lips by a Holmes left and right uppercut. Another right by Holmes and suddenly there was blood on Snipes' eye and blood in Holmes' as he whipped home nine straight rights. But, at the bell, there was Snipes, landing the last punch of the round. And over another hurdle.

Snipes' left eye looked puffed and bloody as he came out to do battle for round six, looking better in defeat than he ever had in winning. Holmes began loading up with rights and landed 14 throughout the round. Snipes stood his ground and got in his left. But nary a right.

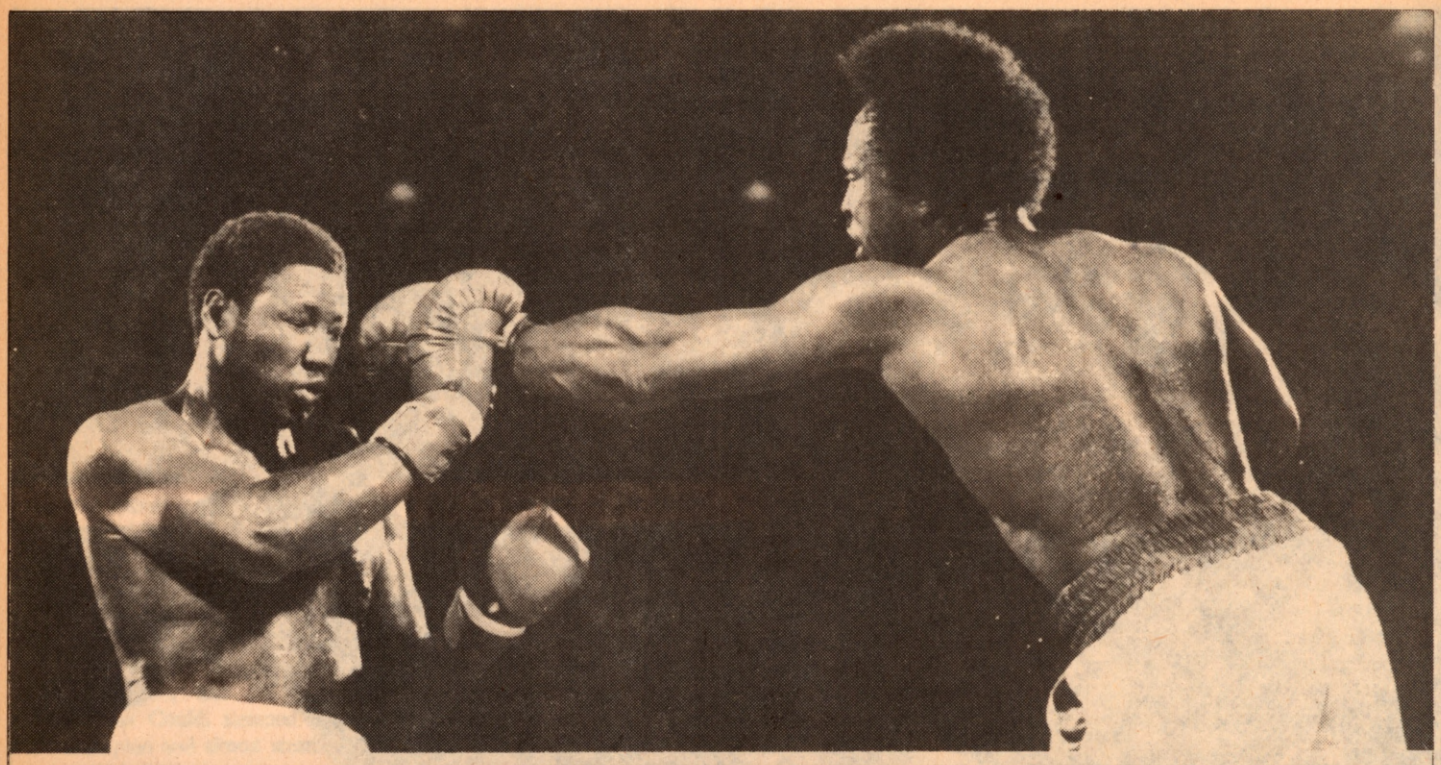
That was all to change in round seven, as Snipes was to throw one deep-dished beauty of a right that almost changed the course of boxing history. Throwing two pitty-pat lefts in the general direction of dancing Holmes, Snipes' two sighting shots were ignored by the champ, who easily brushed the low punches even lower. It was as if Snipes had thrown a snowball high into the air to distract his victim-to-be, who followed their flight rather than took notice of what came

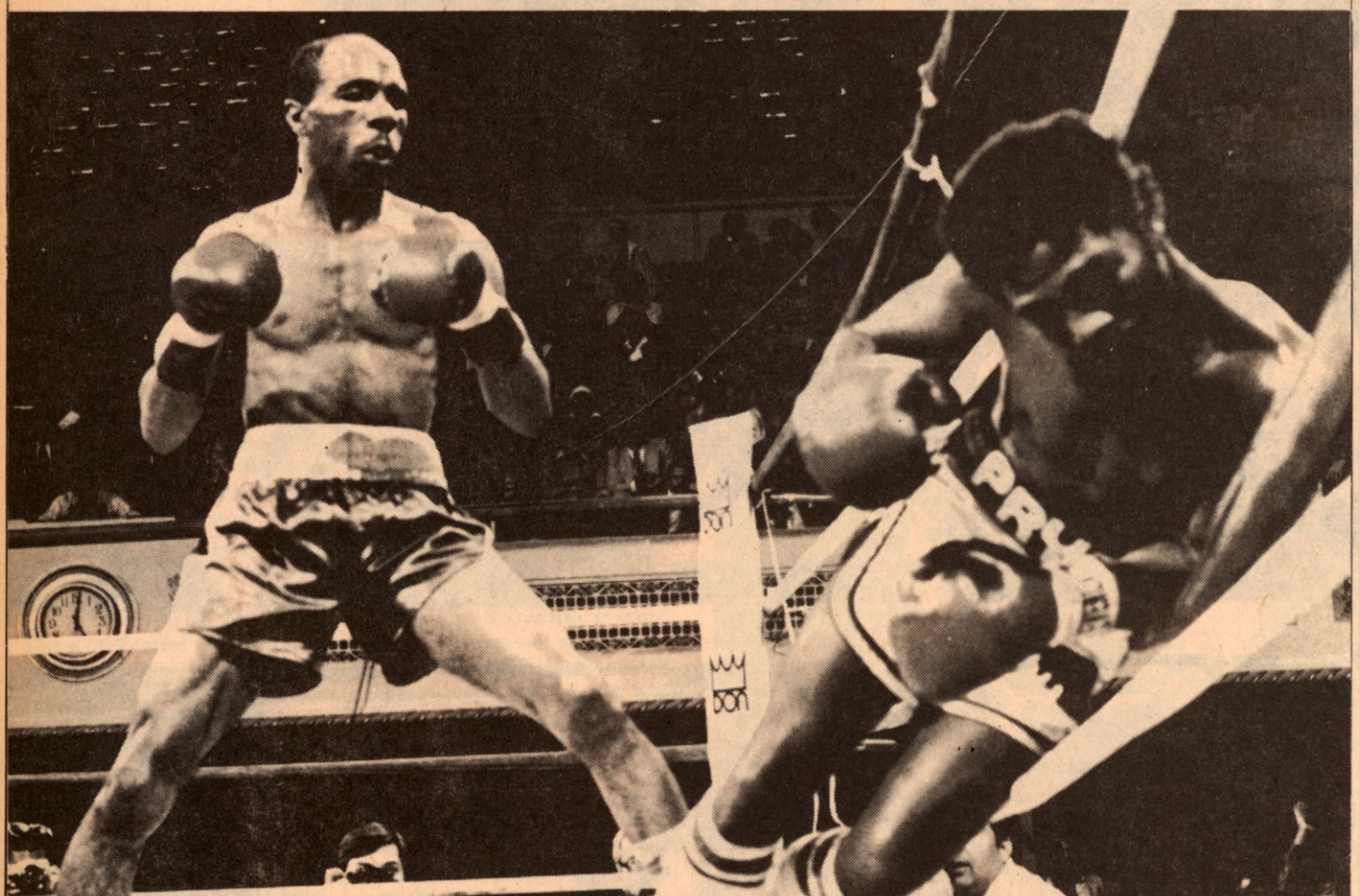


WBC HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION LARRY HOLMES TRIES TO SOLVE THE "MISTER-EE" OF THE AWKWARD RENALDO "MR." SNIPES (TOP



TWO PHOTOS); HOLMES "TEES" OFF IN THE 11th ROUND (BOTTOM). ABOVE: THE PUNCH OF THE YEAR: RENALDO SNIPES STANDS OVER A FALLEN LARRY HOLMES AND ALMOST ATOP THE BOXING WORLD, COURTESY OF A WELL-PLACED RIGHT RIGHT "ON THE BUTTON."





TOP: HEAVYWEIGHT "DYNAMITE" MICHAEL DOKES THROWING HIS LEFT CONTINUOUSLY AND FURIOUSLY IN ONE-HANDED COMBINATIONS VS. GEORGE CHAPLIN. BOTTOM: CHALLENGER DUJUAN JOHNSON STANDS OVER A FALLING—AND FALLEN—JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPION, AARON PRYOR, IN THE FIRST ROUND OF THEIR TITLE FIGHT.

behind it. For Snipes went off like a touched spring, coming over with a cross, straight from the shoulder and down on the momentarily unguarded chin of the champ.

Being heavyweight champion is like living in a warehouse full of explosives. And the most furious combustible known to the boxing world is the straight right or the left hook, both of which have separated more heads from crowns than guillotines. Thirty years before, Jersey Joe Walcott had delivered a short, efficient left hook to the jaw of Ezzard Charles and separated his crown, if not his head, in the seventh round of the last championship fight to take place in Pittsburgh. Now it seemed that history was about to repeat itself, as the current heavyweight champ was on the floor, his left leg buckled under him, the particles in the heavyweight hourglass running the other way at a speed of one to ten.

At the count of four, shaking off the dazed sensation of mental collapse—something akin to that which comes to a man who steps on the teeth of a rake and is smitten on the forehead by its handle—Holmes half-rose, half-tottered in the general direction of the turnbuckle as referee Rudy Ortega tried to herd the triumphant boxer with arms raised and "Mr. Snipes" on the back of his trunks in the general direction of a neutral corner. Heavily blundering into a cornerpost, Holmes held on for dear life as the count reached eight and he turned towards the middle of the ring. And his tormentor.

Just as Ortega released his wiped-off gloves, Holmes, still dazed, made an inexplicable turn towards Snipes' corner and began walking towards it. Ortega momentarily interrupted Snipes' advance, much as referee Arthur Donavan had stood between a stricken Joe Louis and Tami Mauriello—after Louis had been knocked into the ropes with an opening right hand—by moving between the two combatants. Quickly, he moved away to let Snipes, who now had a half-nelson on the heavyweight crown, at Holmes. But Snipes, in his overeagerness, could only get off two wild haymakers, both catching the quasi-conscious champ on the shoulders before Holmes began fighting out of his fog. By the end of the round, it was Holmes landing right hands to the head as Snipes tried to position himself for yet another shot that would again wake up the thunder. He landed it, a potent left hook, at the bell, causing Holmes to weave back to his corner in his best Leon Erroll impersonation.

But that was it. One moment —no, make that second—of immortality that almost gave Renaldo Snipes another title besides "Mister." The audience, agitated by the belief that every heavyweight championship fight in Pittsburgh is accompanied by the changing of the guard, began to root for the underdog. It was *Rocky* come to life. Only it wasn't to be. And the 11th round finally ended the dream, as Holmes landed right after right against the grimmacing face of Snipes in a nightmare eternity of punches, loading up with every shot. Finally, referee Ortega, peering into the white-on-white optics of Snipes to see their expression—much as one peers into the eyes of a fish to tell its freshness —saw the hurt in the challenger's prominent eyes and called an end to the fight at 1:05 of the 11th round.

It was a humane act that would have gone without question had but not the challenger knocked down the champion. However, the audience, which had confused the unlikely with the impossible, wanted that *Rocky* scenario to be played out to the bittersweet end and began chanting, in unison, "Bull-bleep." It was not called for.

Another element to the fight that was not called for was the postfight interview. Rather than interview the two participants inside the ring, where protection can be provided, ABC has taken to bringing the two down to their ringside table, where Howard Cosell, who has the ability to stir up a nest of hornets with a microphone, did his best to give boxing another black eye. In the time-honored tradition of a wrestling interview, with all the attendant burlesque that can be crammed into it, the two were placed cheek-by-jowl next to "The Great Man." That was too much for Snipes' manager, Nick Rattini, who, suffering through the black abyss of despair at having had his Utopian dream shattered, devoted his misguided energies to first needling Holmes' entourage about the stoppage. Someone said something of sinister malice and Rattini lashed out in a purely amateur spirit to take vengeance. And then all hell broke loose as the crowd, already fomenting at the decision to stop the fight, pushed against the newly-formed combatants. Snipes, then having his bandages cut off to rid himself of his vestiges of battle—much as someone yearns to get out of tight shoes, found the scissors his handler was using embedded in his forearm. And Howard Cosell? He was under the table bemoaning something or other about the state of boxing, unmoved by the fact that the close proximity he had placed everyone in had led to this chaos.

But the evening still belonged to Renaldo Snipes. Fortune had handed him something on a plate with watercress around it, that something being the heavyweight championship, and he had savored it. Unfortunately, it turned out to be more watercress than main course, and he also lost it.

But what he also lost were his detractors. And what he gained was respect. And the right to be called "Mister" as long as heavyweight championships are remembered.

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR

DOKES-CHAPLIN

PITTSBURGH, PENN.—Nicknames are a sometime thing. And a boxing thing. Boxing has had more than its share of menacing names, names like K.O., Rocky and Battling. The list is also laden with numerous other warlike references to the potential damage destined to be inflicted upon the opponents of such as Rocky Marciano ("The Brockton Blockbuster"), Jack Dempsey ("The Manassa Mauler"), Joe Louis ("The Brown Bomber"), Max Baer ("The Livermore Larruper"), Henry Armstrong ("Homicide Hank"), Stanley Ketchel ("The Michigan Assassin"), Curtis Sheppard ("Hachet Man") and Lenny and Ray Mancini ("Boom Boom"). But nowhere on that long and colorful list of nicknames can the name "Dynamite" be found—with the possible exception of the cartoon character "Dynamite" Dunn.

But now, out of the west—no, make that midwest—comes boxing's very first "Dynamite": Michael "Dynamite" Dokes, the unbeaten heavyweight out of Akron, Ohio, by way of Carl King's horse and boxing farm.

"Dynamite" came to Pittsburgh with the announced record of 21 wins in 22 fights, 11 by knockout and one draw—a 10-round disputed decision against Osvaldo "Ossie" Ocasio, which he more than made up for with a one-round knockout two months later—to do battle with one George Chaplin, a "spoiler" who lost twice to Greg Page and made Page look bad both times in winning.

Most of Dynamite's knockouts came against the likes of Charlie "Tuna" Jordan, Earl Tripp, Tom "Roughhouse" Fisher, Greg Sorrentino, Willie McIntyre, George Holden, Harry Terrell and Al Byrd. His only previous national TV exposure had seen him go the route against the never-dangerous Lucien Rodriguez and the same Ocasio and score knockout wins over Ocasio and John L. Gardner, who, like all British heavyweights, finished horizontally. For this, and for his theoretically exciting nickname, ABC selected the Dokes-Chaplin fight as their second primetime contest on "The Night of the Heavyweights."

What they got was a workmanlike effort from a big, fast and menacing-looking heavyweight who, despite saying in his prefight orations that he "was no Greg Page," looked to all the world like the spoilee in a fight made for—and by—Chaplin. Throwing his left continuously and furiously in one-handed combinations, the 216¼-lb. Dokes alternately jabbed and hooked Chaplin, also weighing in at 216¾. But aside from a brief moment in the first round when Chaplin half-slipped, half-staggered, never really had the Baltimore spoiler in much trouble. In fact, Chaplin was to land as many rights as Dokes—if not more—as Dokes depended almost entirely on his left hand, his normal combination being a left hook to the body and left to the head with nary a right to be found in a carload. But the televised fight was hardly a barnburner, as witnessed by the oftheard jeers emanating from a still-filing-in audience who had expected more from someone called "Dynamite."

And, even as the weariest river

winds somewhere safe to sea, the Dokes-Chaplin battle wound up much as it started, with Dokes' faster hand-speed and one-handed combinations giving him a one-sided and seemingly easy 10-round victory. But it did nothing to increase his stock. Nor to further his nickname.

If the truth be known, whoever hung the pretentious moniker "Dynamite" on him did Dokes a disservice, the nickname serving only to build the same false expectations it does for Wayne Newton who is called "Mr. Excitement"—and anyone ever seeing Newton knows he cannot acquit the promise held out by his nickname. Dokes would be wise to lose his; and, while he's at it, find his right. Then he could get back to the work at hand.

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR

COBB-MERCADO

PITTSBURGH, PENN.—It was less Marquis of Queensberry than Marquis de Sade, two men banging on each other for 30 minutes in the best barroom brawl seen since Rock Hudson and James Dean went at it for ten minutes in the movie *Giant*.

First it was Bernardo Mercado and then "Tex" Cobb who took turns at fungo practice in that classic tradition of knock-down-drag-out street encounters. Only this was a strange encounter with no knockdowns, just drag-outs, as these two twin towers of leather-tossing went at it in a take-no-prisoners battle.

The first round saw Mercado take it to Cobb, the human sponge, who absorbed more punches than Dean Martin at the wassail bowl. The Columbian contender, who had a 27-3 record with 23 KO's, looked as if he meant to add pelt number 24 to his holdings as he raked Cobb with furious head and body shots. They might have dissuaded a man made of less stern stuff, and yet Cobb kept coming on. Round two was more of the same, but this time Mercado's blows came in pitty-pat fashion, as he wound down, his moves looking like they were filmed in slo-mo.

Cobb, who had taken Mercado's attack in stride like a hurdle and gone galloping on, took over in the third round, landing the first eight punches to get Mercado's undivided attention. He did. The end of the round had the 218½-lb. contender with "Berny" emblazoned on his trunks sagging heavily on the ropes vainly trying to block Cobb's anvils.

The chorus continued for the next five rounds, and Cobb might have gotten the message that Mercado couldn't be shifted with blasting powder, as he powered him into the ropes, helpless and defenseless. Towards the end of the round Cobb caught the barely ambulatory Mercado with no less than 17 straight bone-crushing punches. But still Mercado stood up under the attack and wearily made his way back to his corner.

Round nine saw Mercado, who may have had more than a disquieting feeling that he was fighting in the last ditch available to him, take the fight back to Cobb, landing the first nine punches of the round. All haymakers. Now it was Cobb's turn to catch. And so it went, like two bullmoose locked in heat battling for their turf. Only their turf in this case was a 20'x20' ring. In the end it was to belong to Randall "Tex" Cobb, who won a unanimous decision—48-45, 47-44, 46-45. But the moment also belonged to Bernardo Mercado, who proved to one and all that it had that something he had heretofore been denied in whispers—"balls." It would have been one helluva fight to show on national television instead of the Dokes-Chaplin fight.

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR

YOUNG-THOMAS

PITTSBURGH, PENN.—If, and when, Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks ever turn their 2,000-year-old man's attention to boxing, one of their first subjects will undoubtedly be Jimmy Young. For Young has been around the game for about that long. Or so it seems.

Starting his career in 1969, Young has plied his trade for longer than several champions and longer still than any and all world-class boxers on the horizon today. And for all his efforts, and all his 40-odd fights, all Young has to show for them are a flirtation with the Top Ten Ratings and two brief flings at the heavyweight championship—one against Muhammad Ali in 1976 and another, albeit unknown then, against Ken Norton in 1977 for the soon-to-be vacated WBC championship. The rest of his career has been that of a journeyman supreme, one whose enormous talents are encased in an equally enormous frame.

Who can ever forget Young embarrassing Ron Lyle—not once, but twice—as his finesse and movements kept the heavy-hitting heavyweight off-guard, and off-balance as well? Or humbling the gargantuan Foreman? Or, in his fight against Ali in the famous Landover landgrab, who could forget his Tippy Larkin-like maneuvers, timing his hooks to meet the circling Ali in the midst of an Ali Shuffle or ducking outside the ring ropes to effectively put a halt to Ali's attack? This was the Jimmy Young of old.

Now there is only an older Jimmy Young. Not "old," mind you. Merely older. And heavier. And whereas once he was the up-and-comer, now he serves as the "opponent" for the up-and-comer to beat—as he was against Dokes, Ocasio and Cooney.

Others have been fed him in hopes that they, too, can get through the tollgate marked "Young" on their way to the top. But some have come up short. One who did was Tommy "Franco" Thomas, the local Clarksburg, W. Va. favorite, who came into the Pittsburgh ring with a 24-2 record, including 15 KO's and went out with his third loss.

The fight saw Young, who, at 221 looked trimmer than he had in many a moon—having gone from the trim 209 he scaled for his shot at Ali to a balloon-like 232 for his bout with Don Halpin last year when he looked sorely in need of a C-cup—let Thomas come at him. And at him. And at him. Thomas, whose strategy consisted of pointing, like a dog that senses a pheasant, at Young's body and pounding it from afar, gave Young the inside. And Young took it, throwing short, efficient combinations inside, accompanied by barnyard imitations that on closer inspection were merely grunts of exhaled air.

Time and again Thomas, the taller of the two, but at 211¼, the lighter of the two, would take a good left-right combination to the head and shake it in his own combination: one of disbelief mingled with a bit of it-didn't-hurt-me bravado. But enough did and at the end of ten rounds all three judges had Young ahead, 47-43, 49-42 and 48-44.

After the fight, the unmarked and still fresh Young, who by our count is making his umpteenth comeback, called out "We want Weaver." After Weaver's last performance, who doesn't?

Bobby Joe Young, 145, Steubenville, Ohio, knocked out Mike Blunt, 144, Dayton, in 2:17 of round two in their scheduled 10-round bout. Young is now 12-1 with 11 kayoes. Blunt is 22-4.

Tony (Silky) Nelson, 161½, Braddock, Pa., knocked out David Carter, 163½, Columbus, in the third round of a scheduled six.

Bobo Haywood, 150, Braddock, Pa., won a split decision over Ricardo Bryum, also 150, Pittsburgh, four.

David Bey, Orwell, Ohio, TKO'd James Douglas 243½, Columbus, in the first round of their scheduled four. Douglas is the son of former middleweight contender Billy.

Attendance—14,000.

(11-06-81)

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR

SPINKS-JOHNSON
WBA Light Heavyweight Title

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.—Michael Spinks knows exactly why the first defense of his WBA light heavyweight title screeched to such an abrupt halt 1:13 into the seventh round—and so does Vonzell Johnson.

"I made a cardinal sin in boxing," confessed Johnson. "I stepped back with my hands down. That was my fault. I've been taught since I was knee high to a puppy to come out of a clinch low, with my hands up. When all the marbles counted, I blew it."

Vonzell complained that referee Larry Hazzard had just called for a break when Spinks lashed out with such deadly swiftness.

"The referee said, 'Break, gentlemen, step back.' I dropped my hands down and bam—I got blasted."

"They were not in a legal clinch," retorted Hazzard. "I told both fighters to punch their way out. Spinks proceeded to do that while Johnson dropped his hands and stepped back. Vonzell got tagged and he can't blame me for that."

"I didn't cheat," assured Spinks, "but it was a sneaky right hand."

When Johnson forgot his guard, Spinks fired a left to the body and then came over the top with a beautiful right that caught Johnson flush on the side of the face, send-

ing him down on his back. He rolled over at five and managed to struggle to his knees—where he lingered for several mind-clearing seconds—before finally regaining his feet at eight.

"He's not all right!" Michael protested, when he was waved back in to administer more punishment. Johnson wore a bemused look, and, after Spinks nailed him with a left hook, Hazzard stepped between the pair and terminated the fight.

Spinks' controversial move could perhaps be described as a semi-sneak, neither fair nor foul, in the best tradition of the protect-yourself-at-all-times code of the ring. There was little doubt that Mike was going to win sooner or later. He was so much stronger and just as quick as his bean-pole challenger.

Johnson backed away over the first four rounds, matching Spinks jab for jab. The trouble was that Johnson's jab flicked, while Spinks' was of the jarring, hurtful variety. Half a dozen rights took Vonzell's legs in the fourth and it was time for him to try something else. Trainer Angelo Dundee sent him out for the fifth with do-or-die instructions.

"I had to start backing him up," claimed Johnson. "I was giving him too much respect."

He gamely tried to comply, just as he had against Matthew Saad Muhammad. The results were equally disastrous. Vonzell is just not the sort to back anyone up; but try he did.

A series of medium calibre rights forced Spinks to retreat for the first time. Johnson was enjoying his best round. Unfortunately, it didn't last for long, although Michael apparently felt the sting of his adversary's rally.

"He hit me over the eye and I lost my vision," he reported. "But I got it back real quick."

Towards the end of the fifth, Spinks was over his rough spot and starting to take control once more. He opened a cut on the side of Johnson's left eye in the sixth and was coming on in championship style as they swung into the seventh. Then the "Spinks Jinks" connected and that, for all intents and purposes, was all she wrote.

It was a relatively routine defense, with Michael disposing of a man already whacked by Saad. Anything less would have been disappointing.

There is currently a dearth of top-flight contenders in the division. Johnson got his second shot within a year more by default than anything else. Those not already beaten by Muhammad are waiting in line for the next crack at him. This leaves slim pickings for Spinks. Vonzell was a capable, though hardly dangerous opponent, and things went pretty much as expected.

With a million dollar unification fight in the offing, the WBC boss was watching from ringside. Thankfully, he kept the perfunctory heckling to a minimum. It was left for Butch Lewis to cry the blues to the press about Muhammad's reluctance to sign for a match with Spinks. It was all obviously part of the overall hype for a dream match that may, or may not, eventually happen.

The scoring at the end of six rounds was as follows: judge Eva Shain, 58-56; judge Frank Capucino, 59-55; judge Paul Cavaliere, 58-57—all in favor of Spinks.

Spinks, a trim 171, is still unbeaten with 18 straight wins, 12 via the quick route. Johnson, checked in at 174¼, and lost for the third time in 25 pro starts.

In a shabby undercard, "Terrible" Tim Witherspoon, 205, Philadelphia, cleaned up on flabby Curtis Gaskins, 210, Orlando, Florida, for a TKO at 1:59 of the second in a scheduled 10. Gaskins was a late sub and looked the part.

Californian Pete McIntyre, 177½, blasted Bernard McClean, 180, New York, for a TKO at 2:02 of the third. he used powerful overhand rights to deck the southpaw twice before referee Paul Venti called him off.

In scheduled sixes, Marvin "Bones" Schuler, 152¼, Phila., TKO'd Nick Taylor, 152, Washington, D.C., at 1:42 of the second, and James "Black Gold" Schuler, 159, Phila., TKO'd Wyatt Simkins, 151, Phila., at 1:46 of the fourth. Both mismatches.

Rough-and-tumble Mike Fisher, 175, East Orange, entertained the crowd with a brawling TKO over Charles Price, 170, Washington, D.C., at 2:46 of the fourth.

In an upset, previously undefeated Elijah Tillery was outpointed by Quadar Montagim in an eight-round walkout bout. Tillery, 185, clowned around, while Montagim, 177½, worked hard for the unanimous call.

The main event was televised live over CBS-TV from the Playboy Hotel Casino.

Prelim referees—Paul Venti and Vincent Rainone.

Prelim judges—Milo Savage, William Kostrub.

Promoter—Butch Lewis.

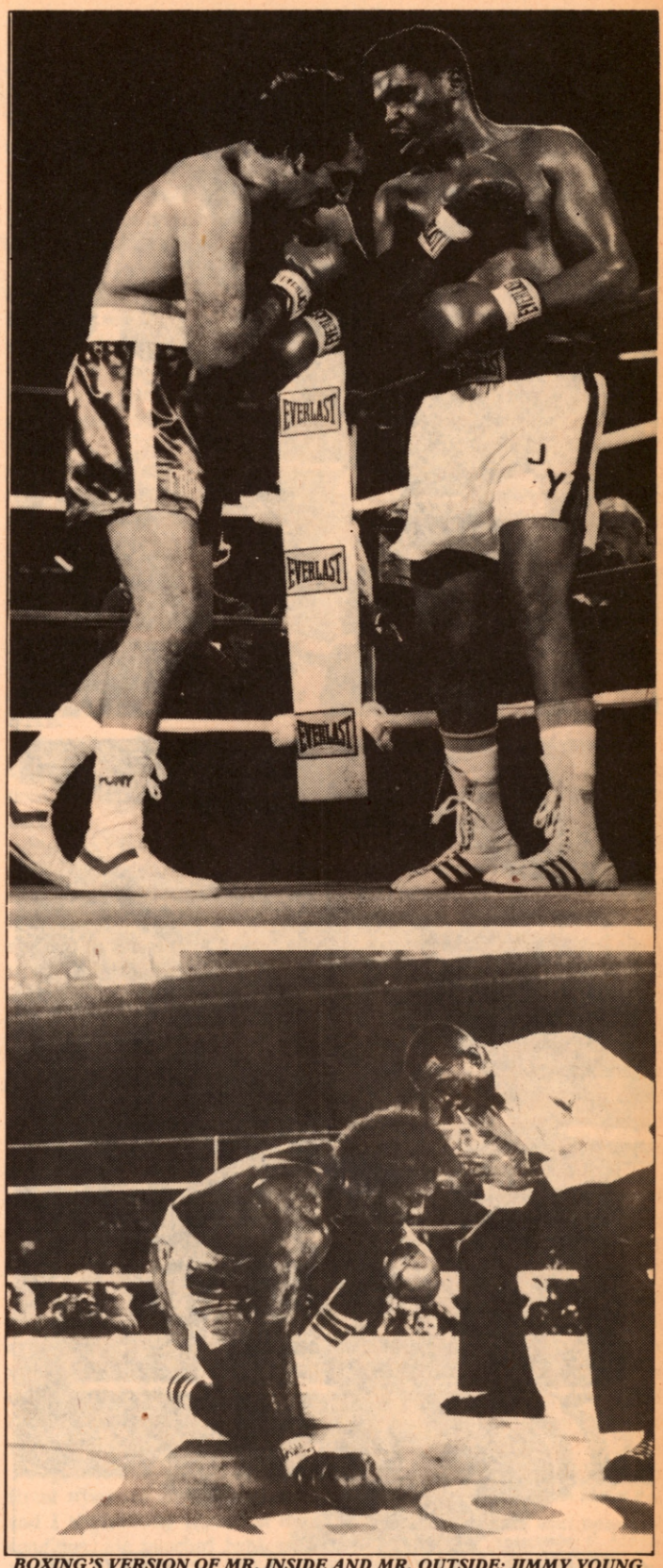
Attendance—1,952 (SRO)

(11-07-81)

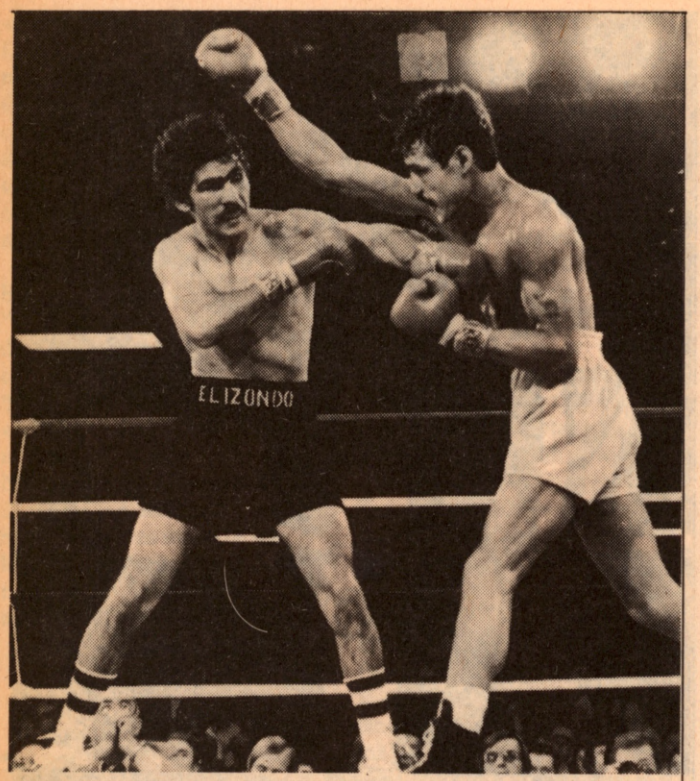
NIGEL COLLINS

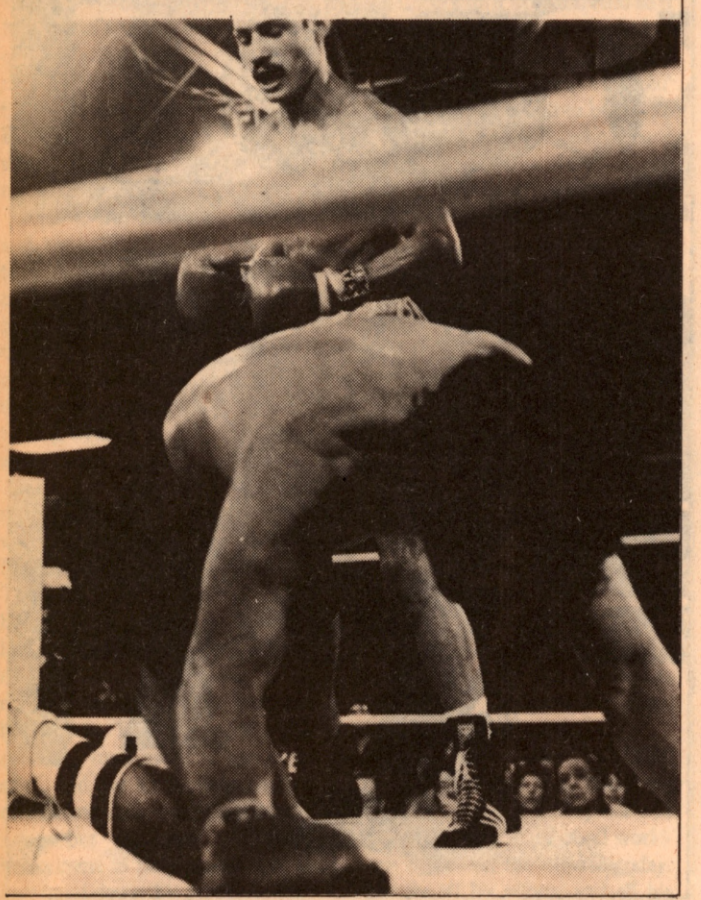
MIHARA-FRATTO
WBA Junior Middleweight Title

ROCHESTER, N.Y.—It was Japan's Tadashi Mihara, 154, the Oriental & Pacific Boxing Federation junior middleweight champ, against local



BOXING'S VERSION OF MR. INSIDE AND MR. OUTSIDE: JIMMY YOUNG TAKES THE INSIDE ROUTE TO VICTORY OVER THE WIDE-SWINGING FRANCO THOMAS. BOTTOM: VONZELL JOHNSON FORGETS BOXING'S CARDINAL RULE, "PROTECT YOURSELF AT ALL TIMES," AGAINST MICHAEL SPINKS, AND FINDS HIMSELF DOWN . . . AND OUT.





ALEXIS ARGUELLO, MAKING HIS SECOND TITLE DEFENSE IN THREE MONTHS, TAKES IT TO ROBERTO ELIZONDO IN THE EARLY GOING AND FINDS ELIZONDO GOING IN THE LATER TAKING.

(GENEVA, NEW YORK) favorite Rocky Fratto, 153¾, the North American title holder, for the vacant WBA junior middleweight crown—vacant since the WBA forced Sugar Ray Leonard to choose between that title and the welter diadem.

Mihara, the Association's number one contender, won via majority decision over Fratto, who was rated second. Both men came into the contest undefeated.

Rocky opened the bout with good left-right combination punching, stinging Tadashi with a left hook in round one. The second frame saw Fratto continue to be the aggressor, doing damage with right hands. Mihara showed good lateral movement in the third and fourth rounds, sticking with left jabs and flooring the Genevan for the mandatory eight-count in the fourth with a straight right. Rocky seemed more shocked than hurt.

Fratto moved inside of Mihara in the middle rounds and he was effective to the body. Tadashi stunned him with a right cross in the sixth, but Rocky rocked Mihara with a left hook in the ninth.

Rocky looked like he was coming on at that point, but Mihara turned the tables in the 10th round. The Japanese came on with quicker combo punching and did most of the attacking. Fratto adopted a cover-up style, taking a couple while hoping to come out with the KO wallop.

Many rounds were close, but Mihara sewed up the victory with his pesty stick-and-move point scoring down the stretch. The scoring was as follows: Roberto Ramirez (Puerto Rico), 144-143; Humberto Figueroa (Panama), 145-140; Harold Lederman (U.S.A.), 142-142. Arthur Mercante, referee.

Tadashi, 26, is now 15-0. Rocky, 23, is 24-1. Both are gentlemen, in and out of the ring, and, although having been criticized as "not title material" by many boxing writers, proved their worthiness as fighters in this bout.

Tony Salvatore, 125¾, Montreal, TKO'd Levine Williams, 130, Windsor, in a scheduled eight-rounder. Williams could not answer the bell for round five. Salvatore is now 12-0-2.

Frank Minigan, 144½, Rochester, TKO'd Al Fletcher, 146, New York, at 1:39 of round seven in their scheduled eight. Minigan, a tough club fighter, is handled by Rochester veteran Frank Verna.

Jody Nabinger, 136½, Endicott, TKO'd Jim Giambelluca, also 136½, Buffalo, at 1:16 of round two in a scheduled six. Navinger, a 1981 Syracuse Golden Gloves champ, is now 4-0-1 in the pro ranks. He's managed by Jimmy Gallagher.

Tom Bennett, 180, Rochester, TKO'd Joe Britt, 180¼, Syracuse, in their scheduled six. Britt could not answer the bell for round five. He'd hurt his side.

Wesley Shuler, 135¾, Syracuse, and Frank Mackey, 135½, Troy, New York, drew, four. Shuler was making his pro debut.

Charles Britt, 147, Syracuse, knocked out Nordine Bennsullah, 149½, Troy, in 0:51 of round one with a right. Britt, who made his pro debut in this scheduled four-rounder, is handled by Billy Harris. Billy also handles Joe Britt and Shuler.

Lou Vallar, 206, Syracuse, outscored John Flavin, 194½, Troy, in the opening four-rounder. Vallar, now 2-1, is steered by Johnny DeJohn.

Prelim referees—Frank Adams, Tom Holmes.

Promoted by the Canastota Boxing Club in association with Top Rank, Inc.

Attendance—5,167. Gross—$101,500. (11-07-81)

JIM LEO

STAFFORD-CUEVAS

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—Roger Stafford, 147, *The Ring's* 10-ranked welterweight, unleashed a lightning right hand to destroy what remained of the legend of former WBA champion Pipino Cuevas, also 147.

The 10-round bout was the main event at the Matador Arena of the Hacienda Hotel in Las Vegas.

It was a bout that saw one of boxing's upsets, as the formerly unheralded Stafford scored a second round knockdown—and a unanimous decision—over the once-invincible Cuevas.

The knockdown came early in the second round, as Stafford delivered a left hook, followed by a lethal right, to send Cuevas to the canvas for only the second time in his career. (Tommy Hearns had kayoed Cuevas in two rounds a year ago).

The knockdown was the turning point of the fight, as Cuevas fought with such desperation that his timing and power were weakened.

In the opening round, the two fighters traded punches, and Cuevas was in control with his constant hooks to the body.

Early in the second, there was an exchange of stiff rights—until Stafford nailed the unsuspecting Cuevas with a left hook, followed by a stunning right to the jaw. Cuevas went down, and stayed there till the count of eight. With blood dripping from his left nostril, the former champion came roaring back, digging for the body. He landed three solid rights and a left hook before the end of the round.

In the third and fourth rounds, Cuevas unleashed his familiar fury.

Cuevas shook Stafford with a double hook to the head and body early in the third, and it looked as if Stafford might go down at any moment. But the game Philadelphian held on through the onslaught and landed a jarring right, delivered just before the bell.

In the fourth round, Cuevas hammered Stafford into a neutral corner with constant right and left hooks. But Cuevas was unable to put his opponent away, and appeared to have punched himself out during the fourth.

In the middle rounds, Cuevas was swinging with wild punches, many missing, and many totally ineffective.

In the final two rounds, Stafford became the aggressor, working constantly to Cuevas' head and jaw. Cuevas was bleeding heavily from below the eye and the nose, and hung on to Stafford to avoid being knocked out. The 10th round was all Stafford, with little return from Cuevas.

The result was a unanimous decision for Stafford with the scoring as follows: Lou Tabat, 97-91; Duane Ford, 96-93; Charles Minker, 96-93. Referee: Carlos Padilla.

The jubilant Stafford and his camp proclaimed to the press: "I beat the number one contender. Now I'm number one! Now I'm the one that's gonna fight Sugar Ray Leonard!"

Stafford quieted down to explain his strategy. "I was tired in the fourth round. I knew I was hurt, but I had enough experience to keep away from him!

"I wanted to prove he wasn't as strong a puncher as everybody says he is. He hit me low a few times, but I just kept my cool and kept fighting. And I kept my eyes on his left hook all the time.

"My cornerman said, 'Take charge, and hang everything out in the last round.' And that's what I did!"

Stafford concluded by saying he would "fight anybody as long as the money is right." But the opponent that he and manager Sam Ingerman are gunning for is Sugar Ray Leonard in a title bout.

The defeated, dejected Cuevas did not meet the press. But his long-time manager, Lupe Sanchez, said briefly: "After the knockdown in the second round, he couldn't relax. His power and his timing seemed to be gone. The knockdown completely demoralized him. It's too early to say whether we will continue fighting."

In a welterweight prelim, scheduled for 10, Pablo Baez, 145½, knocked out previously unbeaten Clayton Hires, 148¼, in 2:16 of the eighth round. Referee: John Worth.

A middleweight bout, scheduled for 10, ended at 1:02 of the eighth, as Marco Geraldo, 159¾, scored a TKO over previously undefeated Dale Jackson, 159½. Referee: Richard Green.

Roger Mayweather, 132, scored a TKO over Vinne Hines, 131, at 1:56 of the second round in a scheduled four. Referee: Richard Green.

Lupe Aquino, 147, made short work of Willis McGee, 139½, as he kayoed his opponent in 1:15 of the first round in a scheduled six. Referee: John Worth.

In a fourth-round bantamweight bout, Ernie Chavez, 121¼ scored a unanimous decision over Tony Cisneros, 120¾. Judge Ed Brown scored 39-37, while Hal Miller and Jerry Roth both saw it 40-36. Referee: John Worth.

Robert Hines, 144, took only 57 seconds of the first round to score a TKO over Oscar Balboa, 142¾. The middleweight bout was scheduled for 10. Referee: Carlos Padilla.

The seven-bout card was a presentation of the Hacienda Hotel and Top Rank, Inc.

Attendance—1,038 Gross—$33,810
(11-07-81)

SHIRLEY NORMAN

ARGUELLO-ELIZONDO
World Lightweight Title

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—With lightning speed and consummate skill, Alexis Arguello retained his WBC lightweight title with a seventh round knockout over challenger Roberto Elizondo.

The scheduled 15-round title bout was the main event of a six-bout card at Las Vegas' Showboat Hotel.

Arguello, fast becoming a legend in the boxing world, scored his 73rd victory and 17th straight victory in title bouts. (Alexis is one of only six fighters in boxing history to hold a title in three different weights divisions: featherweight, junior lightweight, and lightweight).

The bout saw hard-hitting action from the opening bell, as Elizondo, 133 put up a furious battle against the devasting 135-pound Arguello.

In the first round, Arguello opened his attack, jabbing with straight lefts to to the head and short rights to the body. Elizondo countered with effective combinations, and showed no signs of backing away from his more experienced opponent.

Elizondo came on strong in the second and third rounds, trading punches with Arguello and maneuvering the champion to the ropes—although Arguello proved a master at sliding away from the ropes and pounding Elizondo into center ring.

The third round was Elizondo's finest, and he became the aggressor, working to Arguello's body and matching furious exchanges with the champion. The challenger won this round on the cards of all three judges.

But the fourth round was a different story for the over-matched Elizondo. Arguello's quick flurry sent the challenger to the canvas for the first time in his career. But he got to his feet immediately, and again began trading punches with Arguello.

Although Elizondo later denied that the knockdown had affected his continuing performance, the challenger seemed to move with less speed and punch with less power in the ensuing rounds.

In the fifth, Arguello began his all-out attack, working with a left hook and right cross, masterminded by his trainer, Eddie Futch.

The game Elizondo countered with left jabs and quick combinations throughout the fifth and sixth.

But, in the seventh round, Arguello truly showed the stuff of which a champion is made. He unleashed a straight right to the head that sent Elizondo sprawling across the ring. Elizondo was up immediately and took the mandatory eight-count. At the end of the count, Arguello moved in for the kill and dropped Elizondo with a stinging left to the midsection, followed by a right uppercut to the chin. Elizondo attempted to get up, but slumped back, unable to catch his breath. The challenger was sitting on the lower rope strand as he was counted out at 3:07 of the seventh round.

After the bout, the victorious champion explained his strategy, saying, "His style was made for me. He is a good puncher and very quick. I studied films of his fights, and I knew that speed would be important in this fight."

Arguello continued: "I have different styles for different fighters, and I always keep myself in top condition. He punched hard, but he couldn't hurt me, and I was prepared to match his speed!"

Arguello stated that he did not go for a quick knockout because: "The people deserved to see a fight, and in the end it is the better man who wins"

Arguello's trainer, the venerable Eddie Futch, commented: "After Elizondo started to slow down, I told Alexis to come in with the left hook and right cross; and that's the combination that scored the knockout!"

Futch continued: "Arguello is a consummate ring technician. No matter what style his opponent employs, Alexis can come up with an effective strategy to counter and win".

A disappointed Elizondo stated: "I'm disappointed in myself. I wanted so much to bring the title back to my hometown of Corpus Christi. But he punches like a mule, and I couldn't get away from his right. He started, because he knew I was going to start quick. After the fourth round knockdown, I was hurt for only a few seconds, and I tried to tell myself: 'This man can't beat me.' "

Elizondo admitted he had been too cautious, and had made the mistake of standing up too straight—becoming an easy target for Arguello's lethal punches. He also admitted he could not breathe after the seventh round shot to his solar plexus.

This was Elizondo's first fight in six months, and he admitted that the lay-off had affected his condition. But the game Roberto was not deterred by the loss, his second in 23 fights, and stated he was hoping for another shot at Arguello next year.

A lightweight bout scheduled for 10 ended at 2:45 of the first round, as Cubanito Perez, 139¼, scored a TKO over Raul Morales, 138¼. Morales went down almost immediately after the bell, got to his feet, and was overwhelmed by Perez's constant pounding until referee Carlos Padilla stopped the bout.

A scheduled six-round bantamweight contest saw Henry Contrares, 120, knock out Manuel Cruz, 120½, in 2:02 of the fifth round. Referee: Dave Pearl.

In a six-round middleweight bout, Fred Hutchins, 160¼, won a unanimous decision over Pepe Quiones, 161½. Judge Hal Miller scored the bout 60-54, while Dave Moretti and Jerry Roth both saw it 59-55. Referee: Dave Pearl.

Thomas Perez, 154¾, won a unanimous six-round decision over Jahid Karim, 155½. Scoring: Hal Miller, 60-54, Dave Moretti, 59-55; Jerry Roth, 59-55. Referee: Carlos Padilla.

Glen Kennedy, 174, made an impressive professional debut as he scored a knockout over James Williams, 172¾, in 2:18 of the fourth and final round.

The Arguello-Elizondo WBC lightweight title card was a presentation of Azteca promotions. Don Chargrin, matchmaker.

The bout was broadcast by CBS with Tim Ryan, Gil Clancy, and Sugar Ray Leonard as commentators.

Attendance—1,489. Gate—$34,900.
(11-21-81)

SHIRLEY NORMAN

RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

NORTH AMERICA

UNITED STATES

CALIFORNIA

▲ **SACRAMENTO**—His critics have claimed that, after nine years of hard fighting, the man is doing a steady fade. Don't believe it. Pete Ranzany, when the mood strikes him, is as good as ever. Following his fifth round TKO of tough Greg Stephans, many were saying the hometown welterweight has never looked better.

Greg Stephans, from San Diego, put up a strong fight, and, despite a beating from the first round on, stayed on his feet. He took heavy punishment to the head and body in every round. After a fierce drumming in the fifth, referee Terry Smith, under advice from Stephans' corner, halted the fight.

Ranzany has been the most successful active fighter in Northern California for the past 10 years. His pro record is 56-5-2, and, except for an early points loss and one due to a cut, Ranzany has beaten every man thrown in with him except Cuevas, Leonard, and Benitez. All world champions. Other than that, all Ranzany has done is stay in the top 10 for seven straight years, knocking out Randy Shields, Bruce Finch, Clyde Gray, and Sal Lopez, and outpointing Babs McCarthy, Adolph Viruet, and Rafael Rodriquez. On top of that, his aggressive, kick-ass style has earned him a loyal following at the box office.

Stephans, 152½, came in with a 20-5 record, including a decision over Hector Thompson and a knockout win over once feared Bruce Curry. Muscular and rugged, Stephans tried slugging in the opening rounds, then changed to boxing and jabbing. In the fourth round, he went back to attacking, but could not match Ranzany's firepower. He tried counterpunching, but, the more Stephans got hit, the more confused he became. Towards the end, he kept throwing left hooks to the head, as if that was all he had to offer.

Despite his fine jab, Ranzany, from the opening round, showed no interest in sticking his foe from a distance. He went right to the ropes. Lean and nervous, 150, and with shaggy hair, Ranzany allowed Stephans to get in close. And every time Stephans did so, Ranzany unleashed six-punch combinations. Stephans was getting hit to the stomach, below the ribs, the jaw, and under the heart.

In the third, Ranzany cut Stephans in the corner of his right eye. In the next round, he bloodied his nose.

In the fifth, Ranzany landed almost at will. His punches connected to his opponent's body and head, and when the bell finally rang, Stephans stumbled to his corner. He was a picture of a beaten man.

After the fight, Ranzany said, "I've been lazy in the past. I had so many fights, that, unless I had heard about the guy, I had trouble getting up for the fight. I guess I have a lazy streak in me. But tonight, I felt in good shape, and I wanted to get to business right away."

After dropping a 10-round decision to Wilfred Benitez last year, Ranzany's career had been in limbo. There was talk of bouts against Duran and Aaron Pryor, but neither came off. Perhaps, if Ranzany leaves the welterweight division, he could challenge new WBA junior middleweight champion Tidashi Mihara. At 29, Ranzany isn't going to be sticking around much longer. The kid isn't washed up. He's got a lot left.

The show was promoted by Babe Griffith. An off night crowd of 1,955 fans paid $17,068, to watch Ranzany score his 34th knockout in 63 fights.

Mario Savala, 114, Sacramento, iced Joe Magic, 118, Stockton, with a left hook in the third round of a scheduled six. Roland Harmon, 126, Sacramento, finished off Jose Perez, 129, Los Anageles, in the first round. George Savala, 132½, Sacramento, won a unanimous decision over Isidro Armenta, 135, Mexicali, Mexico, six.
(11-03-81)

▲ **OAKLAND**—Nobody ever called Henry Walker a knockout hitter before. A solid, journeyman junior middleweight, Walker had only stopped four opponents in 31 previous bouts. But, with just a single punch, Walker knocked Erwin Williams cold in the fourth of a scheduled 10-rounder at the Oakland Auditorium.

For the first three rounds, the comebacking Williams, 160, Oakland, appeared to have the upper hand. Though he landed few damaging punches, he pressed the action and frequently scored with jabs and follow up hooks. Walker, 158, from Los Angeles, crouched low and offered little offense, only an occasional punch while sliding from side to side. Two minutes into the fourth round, Williams connected with two sharp blows flush on Walker's face. The force from the punches bent Walker in half.

Few in the vast auditorium expected Walker to last much longer. The pitifully small crowd of 325 watched as Erwin Williams stepped in with a follow up left and, just then, Walker straightened up and slammed Williams in the mouth with a short right. Williams went down in the same way that a mouse trap suddenly snaps shut.

Referee Vern Bybee pulled the mouthpiece out of the comatose Williams while his victor looked on, surprised at the flash ending. It was another five minutes before Williams came to.

It was an inglorious evening for Williams, a fighter with considerable talent, who seemed cursed by lousy management, and too often found himself in the wrong place at the wrong time. A former three time Golden Gloves champion, Williams was undefeated in 14 pro starts and seemed headed for the big time. Then, in April, 1978, he was knocked out by 13-year veteran George Cooper. In his next fight, eight months later, Williams was knocked out by Gary Guiden. Five months later, he fought a draw with James Waire. Inactive for almost two years, Williams recently tried a comeback, winning three before falling to Walker.

Walker, who previously split two fights with Robbie Epps, upped his record to 19-10-2. He began his pro career in 1968, but, following an accident at work in 1972, was forced to take a five-year respite from boxing. Williams, now 16-3-1, may be soured on the business of fighting.

"I wasn't worried about coming into his hometown," Walker said after the bout. "I was just waiting for him to make a mistake. For sure, it surprised me how quickly it was over with. But I'm slick and I got him with a good shot."

In another scheduled 10-rounder, Bash Ali, 188, Oakland, beat up Junior Albers for four rounds before referee Jack Scheberies stopped the fight. Ali, coming off a decision lose to Marvin Camel, was outpointed in his pro debut by Albers in June, 1978.

Raised in Nigeria, Ali began pro boxing with no amateur experience, and, after a spotty early record, learned how to fight and put together a 15-7 record. Albers, 184, Eureka, dropped to 8-9, and probably the highlight of his career came in September, 1977, when, after just six pro fights, he was sent to Rome, Italy, to fight WBA world ranked Aldo Traversaro. Albers had been pro just seven months, while Traversaro, after 41 pro fights, had been a professional for eight years. Some matchmaking! Albers dropped the decision, but got to see Rome.

In the undercard, Greg Harris, 155, Los Angeles, and Ray Galvan, 156, Bakersfield, drew after six rounds. In another six rounder, Jesse Island, 177, San Diego, knocked out Tony Stone, 174, Sacramento, in the first.
(11-12-81)

CHRISTOPHER COATS

FLORIDA

▲ **FT. LAUDERDALE—War Memorial Auditorium**—Bill Medei, 161, Miami, TKO's Buck Robinson, 164, Ft. Lauderdale, in a battle of unbeaten middleweights.

This was a close toe-to-toe affair until the fourth, when Buck began to tire. Referee Bernie Soto stopped the bout at 1:15 of the seventh with Robinson helpless against the ropes and Medei relentlessly pounding away.

Tony Green, 179, Miami, halted Rennard Roberts, 170, Lakeland, at 1:20 of the second.

Reiner Hartman, 224, Germany, outpointed Leroy Braders, 218, Miami, six.

Ray Dennis, 132, Ft. Lauderdale, TKO'd Eddie Davis, 134, Miami, referee Eddie Eckhardt stopping the contest at 0:43 of the third.

Remigio Carrillo, 145, Miami, outscored Larry Byrd, 149, Miami, in a pier-six four-round bout.

Juan Arrayo, 133½, Puerto Rico, TKO'd Tom Barretta, 135, Miami, at 2:10 of the first. Barretta was dropped by a right and stood defenseless on arising.

Miguel Jimenez, 153, Miami, kayoed Danny Richard, 151, Milwaukee, in 0:26 of the first round in their scheduled four.

It was a great night for nostalgic fight fans. Old-timers introduced included Tom Heeney, Kid Gavilan, and Petey Scalzo.

Promoters—Hank Kaplan, Ramiro Ortiz.

Attendance—1,050.
(10-30-81)

LOUIS ZIPKIN

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

▲ **HONOLULU, OAHU—Blaisdell Center Arena**—Daniel (Chino) Cruz, 127¾, Mexico (now fighting out of Los Angeles), won a unanimous decision over Dominador (Ador) Seguin, 125¼, the Philippines' top ranked featherweight contender, 10. All the cards read 48-42.

The journeyman Cruz, now 13-7, surprised the highly touted Seguin, now 16-3-2, by dropping him in the first session. Chino punched out a decisive win with solid shots.

Michael (Wildman) Carrere, 156, Honolulu, TKO'd Tony Cerda, Jr., 158, Pomona, Calif., at 0:21 of the fourth round in a scheduled six-round contest.

Tony Cisneros, 119, Phoenix, Arizona, won a unanimous decision over Ben Carino, 117¼, Ewa Beach, Hawaii, six.

Manuel Mendoza, 142, Kailua, Hawaii, won a unanimous duke over Jim Vozar, 141¾, Pomona, six.

Sonny Westbrook, 182¼, Waianae, Hawaii, won a unanimous decision over Laupe (Tommy) Halalilo, 177½, Tonga, four.

Lynard Dixon, 147¼, Wahiawa, Hawaii, halted Rocky Caraballo, 147¾, after three rounds of their scheduled four. The doctor stopped it due to a cut under the eye.

Andrew Ganigan, Waipahu, Hawaii, and Mark Ibanez, Waianae, fought a three-round exhibition with action galore. There were no punches pulled in a great teaser for what would be the fight of the decade in Hawaii.

Kenneth Ganigan, 126½, Waipahu, Andrew's younger brother, made his pro debut by halting Richard Shin, 123½, Honolulu, at 2:12 of the first session in their scheduled four.

Referees—Abraham Pacheco (three bouts, including the main), Paul Kelly (the remaining five).

Judges—Herbert Minn, Louis Race.

Timekeepers—Clarence Senarighi, Ah-Chew Goo.

Physicians—Dr. Robert Maehara, Dr. Herbert Nam.

Boxing Enterprises, Ltd.

Attendance—1,618. Gross—$11,581.
(10-14-81)

INDIANA

▲ **MERRILLVILLE—Holiday Star Theatre**—Ric (The Lion) Enis, 193, Union City, Indiana, TKO'd inept Billy Joe Thomas, 212, Osceola, Arkansas, at 1:22 of round two in the scheduled eight-session main event.

Enis, who floored Thomas twice in each of the two rounds, is relatively inexperienced. He only had five amateur bouts, and is now 11-1 in the pro ranks. Ric trains hard and is showing signs of progress.

Kenny Baron, 128, Kendallville, Indiana, won a unanimous decision over game Jerry Coolidge, 128, Omaha, four.

Tough Carlos Tite, 163, Hammond, Indiana, pounded out a unanimous decision over Burgess Scruggs, 158, Indianapolis, four.

Bruce (The Mouse) Strauss, 157, Neola, Iowa, TKO'd "Sweet" Charlie Peterson, 154, Muncie, Indiana, at 0:49 of round four.

Gary Gamble, 138, Indianapolis, TKO'd Roland Johnson, 142, Des Moines, Iowa, at 2:00 of the fourth. Gamble was down once and Johnson three times in that stanza.

"Irish" John Collins, 160, Chicago, knocked out Billy Doyle, 161, Des Moines, in 0:47 of round two.

Promoter—Fred Berns.

Matchmaker—Pete Susens.

Attendance—650 (rainy).
(11-05-81)

GARY L. MERRITT

ILLINOIS

▲ **CHICAGO—McCormick Inn**—Roosevelt Green, 147½, Chicago, TKO'd Larry Tyson, 154½, Cincinnati, at 2:15 of the second in the scheduled 10-round main event.

Six-rounders: William Hosea, 204, Chicago, knocked out Raleigh Searcey, 201, Indianapolis, in 1:22 of the second. John Collins, 160, Chicago, kayoed Vincent Heard, 166, Cincinnati, in 2:55 of the second. Mike Brothers, 177, Chicago, won a unanimous decision over Francis Sargent, 176, Peoria. Steffen Tangstad, 209, Chicago, knocked out Jerry Brown, 185¼, Cincinnati, in 1:55 of the first.

Ali Kariem Muhammad, 139½, Chicago, won a unanimous decision over Wayne Ingram, 135, North Chicago, four.

Referees—Stanley Berg, Nate Morgan.

Judges—James DiVito, Mike Glienna, Jerry Hults, Harold Marovitz.

Timekeeper—Al Tremari.

Announcer—Art Manzy.

Promoter—Ernest Terrell.

Attendance—955.
(11-20-81)

LOUISIANA

▲ **NEW ORLEANS—Municipal Auditorium—**Waleed Abdul-Rahman (formerly known as Warren Matthews), 126½, New Orleans, used speed, superior ring generalship, and a potent left hook to post a sudden TKO win over able Walter Smith, 127½, Nashville, at 1:45 of the eighth round in a scheduled 10.

It was a crisp, busy fight all the way. Smith, a native of Guyana, had his best rounds in the sixth and seventh when he managed to stay on top of Abdul-Rahman in lightning exchanges along the ropes. But, at medium range, Abdul-Rahman's long hook, the controlling factor, was on target throughout. Near midpoint in the eighth, as if from nowhere, the left flashed over once more, this time crashing flush on Smith's jaw in a shower of sweat. Knees locked, Smith tottered back against a turnbuckle, and Abdul-Rahman went after him with a flurry of scoring punches. Referee Ernie Cojoe leaped between them to protect Smith from serious harm.

For Abdul-Rahman, it was an impressive homecoming after a three-year absence. Trainer Vince Arnona had him in top shape, and the two are pointing toward a return to the world ratings. Abdul-Rahman is now 31-5, with eight wins in his last nine fights.

Smith (18-4) was also in excellent condition, and the pace of the abbreviated eighth round was as swift as the first.

In a standout eight-rounder, durable Larry Rayford, 158, New Orleans, took a razor close unanimous decision from Happy Hightower, 157½, Nashville. Rayford survived a staggering overhand right in the first round and a knockdown in the third, then came on to punish Hightower in close as the fight drew to a well-applauded close. It could have been a draw.

Don Powers, 161, Nashville, won a unanimous decision over Holly Shaw, 162, New Orleans, as Shaw took a beating over the eight-round distance. The ever-pressing Powers punched harder than Shaw and landed often, knocking his taller opponent through the ropes at the end of the first round and closing his eye later in the fight. Shaw earned Powers' and the crowd's respect by fighting back with grit all the way.

In the opener, a scheduled six, Jerome Clouden, 170, Harahan, scored three knockdowns over Ike Jones, 170½, Sewanee, Tenn., each time with a very clean right cross, to earn a TKO in 1:30 of the first round.

Unfortunately, scheduling problems locked the evening's card into competition with the last game of the World Series, and attendance was poor.

Officials—Ernie Cojoe, Maxie Docusen, Herman Dutreix, Charley Joseph, Lucien Joubert.

Promoter—Vic Miorana.

(10-28-81)

▲ **NEW ORLEANS—Municipal Auditorium—**Melvin Paul, 133, New Orleans, ran his record to 11-0 when he was awarded a TKO over Tony Tamez, 132, Port Arthur, Texas, in the eighth round in a scheduled 10.

Tamez, a southpaw, proved a difficult opponent. In the early going, he winged a wicked left from outside, then grabbed and held whenever Paul could work his way in close. Wasting few punches, Paul showed patience and floored Tamez in the second with a countering right. As he wilted under Paul's body attack in the middle rounds, Tamez became even more the octopus. But Paul turned fiercely to the brawling tactics necessary to end it, scoring two more knockdowns in the sixth and seventh. Cut and exhausted, Tamez was unable to answer the bell for the eighth. It was his first loss (10-1-2).

In registering his ninth knockout in his first 10-round fight, Paul gave reason to expect there will be many more. He holds amateur wins over Ray Mancini, John Verderosa, and Davey Armstrong.

Steve Schwan, 167, Dallas, surprised the local crowd with a second round TKO over highly-regarded Bruce Calloway, 163, New Orleans, in a scheduled eight. Schwan had Calloway down twice from stiff left hooks and was pounding him in a neutral corner when referee Charley Joseph stopped it at 2:50 of the round. Schwan's record is now 8-2. Calloway is 10-2.

Gene "The Rock" McComb, 158½, Lake Charles, La., was a TKO winner over Joe Lewis, 155¼, Gulfport, Miss., in 1:42 of the first round in a scheduled six. A successful veteran of karate and toughman competitions, McComb (10-1) demonstrated one-punch knockdown power in either hand.

Fours: Tommy Johnson, 142½, New Orleans, TKO'd Tom Pinner, 142½, Dallas, in 1:59 of the third round in a bout in which Pinner continued on gamely after being knocked out of the ring. Calvin Prejean, 138, Lafayette, LA, drew with Clarence Chambers, 139, New Orleans, in the opener, Chambers' pro debut.

Before the main event, friends of Victor Galindez's family made a presentation of gratitude to New Orleans' Judge Eddie Sapir, who helped stage the late ex-champ's three sizzling title fights in the Superdome.

Young promoter Mikel Bronano put together a first-rate show—including popular prices, notable round girls, and a school band to enliven the gloom high in the balcony.

Officials—Ernie Cojoe, Maxie Docusen, Herman Dutreix, Charley Joseph, Lucien Joubert.

Attendance—1,684. Gross—$10,280.

(11-10-81)

RANDOLPH BATES

MASSACHUSETTS

▲ **REVERE—Wonderland Ballroom—**"Gentleman" Jim McNally, 175, Wilmington, Mass., won a unanimous decision over Don Bester, also 175, Chicago, in the eight-round main event.

Tony Campbell, 176, Buffalo, knocked out Dornell Wigfall, 176, Brockton, Mass., in 1:13 of the third round in the eight-round semi-final.

Don Halpin, 196, Wilmington, Mass., kayoed Andy Russell, 198, Bahamas, in round two of a scheduled four-round contest.

Jamie Rodriguez, 128, Lawrence, Mass., and Julio DeJesus, 125, Holyoke, Mass., drew, four. Scoring: referee Jordan Picot, 40-36, Rodriguez; judge Barbara Roach, 39-38, DeJesus; judge G. Edward Bradley, 39-39.

Danny Cronin, 162, Medford, Mass., TKO'd David Ortiz, 160, Lowell, Mass. Referee Bill Connelly stopped the bout at 1:05 of the third session with Ortiz's right eye completely closed.

Bobby Brown, 144, Providence, kayoed Brian Porreca, 146, Medford, Mass., in the third with a right to the jaw. Porreca was making his pro debut.

Glenn Burnett, 147, Lynn, Mass., knocked out Jimmy Smith, 150, Lowell, Mass., in the first round. Burnett, quick and classy, is still undefeated.

Celebrity Boxing (John Gagliardi).

Attendance—1,500. Gross—$10,500.

(11-05-81)

RICHARD MAGED

MICHIGAN

▲ **DETROIT—Northwest Activities Center—**The Detroit Professional Boxing Club put on a five-bout show featuring the latest Detroit prospect, light heavyweight Willie (Sand Man) Edwards, fresh from his knockout victory over Willie Monroe. This time, the Sand Man, 178, made a believer out of Toledo, Ohio's Frank Draper, 178.

Edwards' punching ability soon overcame Draper's early agressiveness and stopped him after two knockdowns at 1:56 of the third round. The Sand Man's record is now 9-0, with his last eight straight coming by the way of knockout.

In two heavyweight bouts, Ohio's 42-year-old veteran, Billy Joiner, won a 10-round upset victory over Young Louis, 212, Detroit. Joiner, 191, who looked badly out of shape, showed good handspeed to drop Louis's record to 12-3 and seriously hinder his future.

Fellow Detroiter Tony Anthony, 208, the Fighting Schoolteacher, turned in an outstanding performance that shocked everyone in stopping Larry Givens, 197, Cincinnati, at 2:51 of the third in an automatic TKO after three knockdowns in the round. Anthony raised his record to 8-1 and, if he fights like this in the future, will be one to keep an eye on.

Detroit welterweight Khaliq Muhammad, 147, got back on the winning track, now 5-2, with an impressive one round knockout over David Wells, 147, Covington, Kentucky, in 2:14 of the first.

Terry Holyfield, 137, Detroit, won a four-round unanimous decision over Jerry Strictland, 137, Cincinnati, in the opener.

(11-13-81)

▲ **MANISTEE—National Guard Armory—**The Manistee Boxing Club presented their first ever Fall Amateur Boxing Show and showed just how popular amateur boxing is in the northwest Michigan area. More than a thousand fans crowded into the Armory to watch their team perform.

Trainers Richard and Lali Guillen looked on as their less experienced fighters struggled, but their veterans looked excellent in some brilliant bouts to close out the night. Richard, who has been selected to train our Michigan representatives in the nationals, is well known as an excellent trainer, but, how many remember that, in the late fifties, he was featured as a prospect of the month himself in *The Ring* magazine?

The fighter of the night award went to Todd Vickers, who with only 14 fights, easily decisioned a veteran of over 60 fights, Tony Cantu, Owosso, in the 138-pound class. In the 130 class, Adrian Guzman, Manistee, looked very good and used the ropes like a pro in winning every round in a decision over John Grove, White Lake. Kirk Vickers, Manistee, TKO'd James Magmuson, White Lake, in one, 156 lbs. Richard Guileen, son of Richard & Lali, won a split decision over Joe Cantu, Owosso, 142.

Other winners in a very exciting night of boxing were: Steve Metcalf, Baldwin, 165 lbs.; Jim Engstrom, Manistee, 145; Robert Miller, Manistee, 156; Mike Hicks, Benzie, 145; Scott Halton, White Lake, 145; Lamont Moody, Baldwin (Visiting fighter of the night), 140; Juan Ruiz, White Lake, 95; Larry Mauerr, Owosso, 115; Trever Martin, Benzie, 90; Frank Foreman, Owosso, 78; Timmy Malethe, White Lake, 65; Mike Nefsinger, Benzie, 60; and John Rasho, Bay Area Boxing Club, 93.

(11-14-81)

▲ **DETROIT—Cobo Hall—**The Kronk Boxing Team returned to Detroit's Cobo Hall for the first time since May and did it with clear superiority, as they whitewashed the opposition before 2,000 fans. It was a triple headliner showcasing the talents of Mickey (Sneaky Pea) Goodwin, Milton (The Iceman) McCrory, and William (Caveman) Lee.

The first of the three to do battle was a slim and trim Mickey Goodwin, 163¾, Melvindale, fresh from a trip to a Calif. fat farm with a new outlook on his weight problem and convinced he can get down to jr. middle in the future. Goodwin didn't seem to have the power in his punches that he had before, but he still had enough to stop Jeff Maddison, 167, St. Louis, at 1:38 of the ninth.

The Iceman stepped in next and had his opponent at bay immediately. A left hook by Milton McCrory, 147¼, Detroit, caught Arcadio Garcia, 149, Puerto Rico, as he was coming in and put him out in 0:31 of the third round. For McCrory, it was his first appearance since injuring his hand earlier this year. He is now 16-0 with 16 knockouts.

William (Caveman) Lee, 161¼, Detroit, had no trouble as he stopped Ray Escalera, 160¼, Puerto Rico, at 0:50 of the fifth. Lee dropped Escalera in the second, third, and fifth rounds. In the second, a solid left uppercut lifted Escalera off his feet and onto his back. A right followed by a left hook put him down in the third, and a roundhouse right bounced him off the canvas like a rubber ball to stop it.

Also on the card, Kronk lightweight Lionel Johnson, 133¼, Detroit, stopped LeVant Williams at 1:23 of the sixth and final round. Dropping down to the lightweight class, Jimmy Paul, 136½, Detroit, put Chico Rodrigues, 134, Columbus, Ohio, down three times for an automatic technical knockout at 2:58 of the first. Bill (Show Business) Lee, 163¾, Detroit (and no relation to Caveman), won a four-rounder over a tired William Sargent, 159, Muskegon, on decision. Lee is now 2-0 and this was the pro debut for the scrappy Sargent.

Perhaps the most exciting bout on the card had Jackie Beard, 126½, Detroit, winning a close but unanimous decision over Sylvester (The Red Bomber) Kennon in eight. Kennon came back from being knocked down twice in the second to make it a real battle. This was the first loss for Kennon, 6-1. Beard improves to 6-0.

All-Star Boxing. Promoter—John Yopp.

(11-19-81)

DAVE HARTOON

NEVADA

▲ **LAS VEGAS—**Reinaldo Rogue, 153, San Diego, calls himself "The Animal." But the animal was quickly tamed in a scheduled 10-round main event at the Silver Slipper's Strip Fight of the Week. Las Vegas' Graylan Curry, 154, dealt Rogue a vicious left hook and a K.O. in 1:36 of the first. Referee: Joey Curtis.

Roger Mayweather, 134, and Juan Hernandez, 135, beat on each other for six rounds. However, the judges felt that Mayweather had done most of the punching and awarded him a unanimous decision. Larry Clark carded 60-53; while Paul Smith and Hal Miller each scored 60-54. Referee: Ferd Hernandez.

In a junior welterweight prelim, scheduled for 6, Moses Jiminez, 138, scored a TKO over Rueben Guerrerro, 133, at 2:39 of the fourth round. Jiminez took control of the fight from the opening bell and, in the fourth, maneuvered his opponent to a corner and pounded him unmercifully, until referee Ferd Hernandez stopped the bout.

A four-round heavyweight prelim resulted in a split decision for Don Farmer, 208, over Tim Lampkin, 199. Lampkin was down in the first round, but came back to take the second. Farmer was again in control in the third and fourth rounds, and emerged with the win. Scoring was: Larry Clark, 38-37, Lampkin; Paul Smith and Hal Miller, both 38-37, Farmer. Referee: Ferd Hernandez.

The card opener, scheduled for four, saw an impressive pro debut by Alvin Jackson, 178, San Diego, Calif. Jackson kayoed Charles (Cowboy) Roye in 2:12 of the first. Roye hit the canvas twice before the third and final time. Referee: Joey Curtis.

▲ **LAS VEGAS—**It was one-sided action in the scheduled 10-round main event at the Silver Slipper's Strip Fight of the Week.

Irving Mitchell, 132, swarmed all over Pablo Gomez, 135, for most of four rounds before scoring a K.O. at 2:31 of the fourth. Referee: Dave Pearl.

In a six-round semi-main, Andres Montoya, 140, won a unanimous decision over Victor Hernandez, also 140. The action was dull and predictable, with Montoya landing the greatest number of punches. It was scored 60-54 on the cards of all three judges. Referee: Joey Curtis.

In a lightweight prelim, scheduled for six, Guillermo Villaneuva, 128, scored a K.O. over Luis Palma, 131 in 0:43 of the second round. Palma went down in the first round but survived, only to meet his opponent's strong right hook and a K.O. barely into the second round. Referee: Joey Curtis.

A welterweight bout, scheduled for four, ended at 2:12 of the second round. Al Mack 145, was dealing so much punishment to opponent Eddie Walker, 143, that Walker's corner stopped the bout. Referee: Joey Curtis.

The card opener, scheduled for four, ended at 2:11 of the first round, as James Green, 148, kayoed Richard Wambold,

UNITED STATES RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Greg Page (Kentucky)
1. Gerry Cooney (New York)
2. Michael Dokes (Ohio)
3. Tim Witherspoon (Pennsylvania)
4. Randall (Tex) Cobb (Texas)
5. Renaldo Snipes (New York)
6. James Tillis (Illinois)
7. Jimmy Young (Pennsylvania)
8. Leon Spinks (Missouri)
9. John Tate (Tennessee)
10. Marty Monroe (California)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Jerry Martin (Pennsylvania)
1. Eddie Mustafa Muhammad (New York)
2. Dwight Braxton (Pennsylvania)
3. James Scott (New Jersey)
4. Carlos DeLeon (Puerto Rico)
5. Marvin Camel (Montana)
6. Murray Sutherland (Michigan)
7. Jerry Celestine (Louisiana)
8. Marvin Johnson (Indiana)
9. Bashiru Ali (California)
10. Vonzell Johnson (Indiana)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Dwight Davison (Michigan)
1. Wilford Scypion (New York)
2. Frank Fletcher (Pennsylvania)
3. Ray Seales (Washington)
4. Robbie Epps (New Mexico)
5. Curtis Parker (Pennsylvania)
6. Vinnie Curto (Massachusetts)
7. Ronnie Harris (Ohio)
8. William "Caveman" Lee (Michigan)
9. Bernard Mays (Michigan)
10. Alex Ramos (New York)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Rocky Fratto (New York)
1. Tony Ayala, Jr. (Texas)
2. Nino Gonzalez (New Jersey)
3. Gary Guiden (Indiana)
4. Clint Jackson (Tennessee)
5. Bruce Johnson (Florida)
6. Tony Braxton (New Jersey)
7. Carlos Santos (Puerto Rico)
8. James Green (New Jersey)
9. Kevin Morgan (Nevada)
10. Pete Ranzany (California)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Title Vacant
1. Thomas Hearns (Michigan)
2. Roger Stafford (Pennsylvania)
3. Randy Shields (California)
4. Bruce Finch (Nevada)
5. Milton McCrory (Michigan)
6. Bobby Joe Young (Ohio)
7. Adolfo Viruet (New Jersey)
8. Marlon Starling (Connecticut)
9. Donald Curry (Texas)
10. Davey Moore (New York)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Johnny Bumphus (Tennessee)
1. Monroe Brooks (California)
2. Dujuan Johnson (Michigan)
3. Willie Rodriguez (Pennsylvania)
4. Steve Hearon (Texas)
5. Billy Costello (New York)
6. Sal Lopez (California)
7. Mark Ibanez (Hawaii)
8. Leroy Haley (Nevada)
9. Jorge Morales (California)
10. Domingo Ayala (Puerto Rico)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Howard Davis, Jr. (New York)
1. Andy Ganigan (Hawaii)
2. Ray Mancini (Ohio)
3. Hilmer Kenty (Michigan)
4. Edwin Viruet (Puerto Rico)
5. Curtis Harris (New Jersey)
6. Gonzallo Montellano (California)
7. Roberto Elizondo (Texas)
8. Sean O'Grady (Oklahoma)
9. Frank Newton (Oklahoma)
10. James Busceme (Texas)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
John Verderosa (New York)
1. Edwin Rosario (Puerto Rico)
2. Frankie Baltazar (California)
3. Bobby Chacon (California)
4. Johnny Sato (California)
5. Greg Coverson (Michigan)
6. Ralph Aviles (Hawaii)
7. Hector Cortez (California)
8. Tony Santana (New York)
9. Hector Camacho (New York)
10. Gerald Hayes (New Jersey)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Ruben Castillo (California)
1. Juan LaPorte (New York)
2. Edwin Rosario (Puerto Rico)
3. Rocky Lockridge (New Jersey)
4. Juan (Kid) Meza (California)
5. Bernard Taylor (Tennessee)
6. Freddie Roach (Arizona)
7. Mark Davis (California)
8. Rocky Garcia (California)
9. Alberto Collazo (Pennsylvania)
10. Jose Caba (California)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Mike Ayala (New York)
1. Jaime Garza (California)
2. Carmelo Negron (New York)
3. Derrik Holmes (Maryland)
4. Nicky Perez (Arizona)
5. Diego Rosario (New Jersey)
6. Richard Savala (California)
7. Sergio Castro (California)
8. Alberto Mercado (Puerto Rico)
9. Jose Canizales (Texas)
10. Jose Parilla (Puerto Rico)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Johnny Carter (Pennsylvania)
1. Albert Davila (California)
2. Oscar Muniz (California)
3. Julian Solis (Puerto Rico)
4. Richard Sandoval (California)
5. Andres Hernandez (Puerto Rico)
6. Freddie Jackson (Texas)
7. Mario Chavez (California)
8. Ricardo Varela (California)
9. Ruben Solario (Puerto Rico)
10. George Garcia (California)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Willie Jensen (Nevada)
1. Joey Olivo (California)
2. Felix Castillo (Texas)
3. Orlando Maldonado (Puerto Rico)
4. Norberto Castellanos (Texas)
5. Julio Rodriquez (Hawaii)
6. Alonso Gonzales (California)
7. Jerome Coffee (Tennessee)
8. Ron Cisneros (Colorado)
9. Jose Torres (Arizona)
10. Steve Whetstone (Florida)

The United States Ratings were compiled by the Editors of *Ring*, along with the tabulated ballots of the American panelists on *Ring*'s International Ratings Panel.

also 148. Referee: Dave Pearl.

▲ **LAS VEGAS**—Horace Shufford, 143, North Las Vegas, pounded out a 10-round unanimous decision over Pablo Gomez, 145, South Gate, Calif. The welterweight bout was the main event at the Silver Slipper's Strip Fight of the Week.

There was intense action throughout the bout, but Shufford gave the more impressive performance and piled up a 100-90 scored on the cards of all three judges. Referee: Richard Green.

An eight-round semi-main resulted in a draw between Ricky (Machine Gun) Wallace, 128, and Poncho Solario, 127. Referee Richard Green deducted a point from Wallace in the last round for butting, and this obviously cost Wallace the decision. Scoring was: Larry Clark, 77-75, Wallace, Alan Adler, Solario; Duane Ford, 76-76.

In a dull heavyweight six-rounder, "Cowboy" Mike Creel, 205, won a unanimous decision over Dee Jay, 206. Scoring was: Duane Ford, 59-55; Larry Clark, 59-55; Alan Adler, 58-56. Referee: Glen Powell.

The six-round card opener was a rematch between Perry (Scoolboy) McLemore, 141½, and Barretas Hernandez, also 141½. The first fight between the two junior welterweights had ended in a draw, but McLemore emerged this time with a unanimous decision. Judge Alan Adler scored 59-56, while Paul Smith and Duane Ford both saw it 59-55. Referee: Glenn Powell.

▲ **LAS VEGAS**—Las Vegan Leroy Caldwell, whose career has been as erratic as a see-saw, became the Nevada State heavyweight champion with a 12-round unanimous decision over unknown Rocky Young.

The bout was the main event of a five-bout card at the Showboat Hotel, a card so dull that it was later dubbed "Boredom at the Boat."

Caldwell, 202½, was far from impressive in his win over the 213½-pound Young. Young spent most of the early rounds dancing away from his opponent, and threw only a few token jabs.

In the later rounds, Caldwell manipulated Young to the ropes and the corners, Young became a mere punching bag, and Caldwell scored nearly at will.

Scoring was: Hal Miller, 98-92; Charles Minker, 99-91; Lou Tabat, 99-91. Referee: Joey Curtis.

In the semi-main, Ricky Weigel, 155, scored a TKO over ineffective Abraham Lora, 155¼. Lora struggled through the first round, then went down twice in the second and staggered back to his corner as the bell rang. He lasted until 1:46 of the third round, when referee Dave Pearl stopped the bout. It was scheduled for 10.

Another scheduled 10-rounder lasted only four rounds, and Refugio Rojas, 134, scored a TKO over Leoncio Meza, 133½. The bout was completely onesided, and Meza's corner informed referee Richard Green that their fighter could not come out for the fifth round.

A scheduled six-rounder lasted only 2:35 into the first round, as Tomas Perez, 154¼, was heaping punishment on defenseless Rigoberto Lopez, 153. Referee Dave Pearl stopped the bout.

The card opener, scheduled for six, lasted until the end of the third round, when Joe Cervantes, 164, scored a TKO over Charlie Bryant, 159½. The bout was stopped just before the bell by referee Joey Curtis.

▲ **LAS VEGAS**—It was a short night at the Silver Slipper's Strip Fight of the Week. All five bouts ended in early round TKOs.

The main event, scheduled for 10, lasted until 2:05 of the sixth when Abalardo Ramos, 175, scored a TKO over James Williams, 177. Williams threw a few combinations in the first round and then became a totally defensive fighter. By the sixth round, he was unable to ward off any of Ramos' blows, and the bout was stopped by referee Ferd Hernandez.

In the semi-main, scheduled for six, Juan Rodriguez, 133, scored a TKO over Aurelio Martinez, 130 at 1:23 of the third. Martinez went down and through the ropes in the second round, but survived until referee Carlos Padilla stopped the bout in the third.

In a scheduled four-rounder, Tony Fulilangi, 206, scored a TKO over Brady Wills, 204, at 0:53 of the second.

Wills was knocked completely through the ropes in the second round, and barely climbed back into the ring when referee Carlos Padilla stopped the bout.

A scheduled four-rounder ended at 1:50 of the second round as Raul Morales, 143, pounded on Alex Castille, 142½. The bout was stopped by referee Ferd Hernandez.

The card opener, scheduled for four, ended at 2:02 of the first, as Ernesto Hererra, 132 was awarded a TKO over Earl Day, 138. Day went down early in the first round, and was barely able to get to his feet as referee Carlos Padilla stopped the bout.

SHIRLEY NORMAN

NEW JERSEY

▲ **ATLANTIC CITY—Sands Hotel Casino**—Promoter J. Russell Peltz was sweating bullets at ringside as Sergio Castro dug hooks deep into Johnny Carter's belly and then came upstairs with equal potency. Peltz had penciled in a future title fight between Carter and fellow Philadelphia Jeff Chandler, the current WBA bantamweight boss. All that was necessary was for Chandler to successfully defend his belt against Eijiro Murata next month and for Carter to win this fight with Castro. Going into the eighth round, the proposed Chandler-Carter bout looked shaky, to say the least.

Castro, 118½, had been the only man to beat Carter in the pro ranks (although many felt Johnny was given a gift over Diego Rosario in his last outing) and he seemed well on his way to a repeat performance. Then, with the eighth about half way over, Carter exploded with a rapid-fire salvo of punches that prompted referee Joe Cortez to call a somewhat premature halt 2:41 into the round.

Castro was cut around his right eye and taking stick, but the scores after seven proved that it was still anybody's fight. Cortez had Carter in front, 5-2; while judge William Carrozza favored Castro, 4-2-1. Judge Richard Murry had it a stalemate, 3-3-1, the same tally as *The Ring*.

There was little or no protest from Castro's camp, so we will keep the belly-aching here to a minimum. It's on the bigger things for Carter and back to Los Angeles for Castro with another loss on his 12-5 record.

Carter, 119¾, does not seem strong enough to beat Chandler, but his 23-1 record (12 kayoes) speaks for itself. The "Baby Dancing Machine," as Johnny likes to be called, is no chump and a local fight with Chandler would be a natural.

It was controversy time again in the semi-final when Philadelphian Johnny Cooper was declared a TKO victor at 2:25 of the fourth round, only to end up the loser of a split decision to Upper Darby's Mike Picciotti after 10 see-saw rounds.

Don't adjust your eye glasses, you read it right. New Jersey commissioner Jersey Joe Walcott overruled referee Joe O'Neil and Dr. Michael Sabia and ordered the bout continued after O'Neil had stopped the fight (on Sabia's advice) and raised Cooper's hand. It was hard to believe the sequence of events, but here, in the order that they took place, is what happened.

Following a fairly even first two rounds, Cooper, 149½, opened a cut under Picciotti's right eye in the third. The blood seemed to spur Cooper on and he worked the wound over pretty good for the remainder of the third and went right back to jabbing away at the cut in the fourth. Things were starting to get a bit messy when O'Neil stopped the action and walked Picciotti over to his corner and asked Dr. Sabia to inspect the injury. Then, after a brief consultation with the doctor, O'Neil called a halt and awarded Cooper the victory.

The fans responded with a chorus of boos and threw debris into the ring as a token of their disapproval. Walcott then jumped up and demanded that the boxers fight on. Cooper's handlers had already removed his gloves and one of his hand wraps.

Coopers's manager, Ralph Citro, argued with Walcott to no avail.

"Walcott said to shut up, put the gloves on and go back in there," said Citro. "What was I gonna do? Argue with him and lose my license?"

The explanation from Walcott and his deputy, Bob Lee, was almost as bizarre as their actions.

"The only time a doctor can enter the ring is between rounds. (Sabia did not enter, he leaned over the ropes) Sabia is not the chief physician in this part of the state," Lee said. "That's Dr. Frank Doggett. He is the only one who can recommend to a referee that a fight be stopped in this part of the state."

In that case, one can only wonder exactly what Dr. Sabia's role is, and since when did a referee need anybody's recommendation to stop a fight. Isn't he, as the ring announcer says, "The man in charge"?

Walcott chipped in with this gem of logic: "It was only fair to *both* fighters. The chief physician should be consulted." Was it *fair* to Cooper?

Action finally resumed after an interruption of over 10 minutes. Cooper kept jabbing at the eye, while Picciotti, 147½, rallied well to drop Cooper with a combo to the head in the seventh.

Referee O'Neil voted for Cooper, 5-4-1, but he was overruled, once again, by the two judges who scored it for Picciotti, 5-4-1 from Carrozza and a crazy 7-2-1 from Murry. *The Ring* had it even in rounds, 4-4-2, but gave Picciotti a one-point margin because of the knockdown. All-in-all a fight to remember.

Anthony Fletcher, 134½, continued his fine run with a unanimous eight-round decision over Ernest Bing, 135½, Atlantic City. The Philly lefthander had Bing in trouble a number of times and only Ernest's edge in experience enabled him to last.

Undefeated Myron Taylor, 126½, Phila., polished off Terry Kemp, 125, Ft. Myers, Fla., with a potent body attack at 2:37 of the second. Taylor is now 11-0, with eight stoppages to his credit.

Philly bomber Charlie (Cho Cho) Brown, 136¼, destroyed Quentin (Kid Newt) Blackman, 138¼, for a TKO at 0:50 of the first. Brown is now 14-2-1 with 12 kayoes. Blackman dropped to 5-14, three kayoes. Both from Philly.

Al Ferro, 149½, Upper Darby, decisioned William "Little Kendall" Kennedy, 150, Phila., over four good rounds.

Vincent (The Blade) Christian, 124, Phila., TKO'd Jose Espada, 124¾. Reading, Pa., at 0:55 of the second.

The excellent card was carried live over the PRISM cable.

Promoter—Peltz Boxing Promotions, Inc.
Attendance—650 (estimate).
(11-10-81)

NIGEL COLLINS

▲ **PLAINFIELD—Plainfield High School—**Promoter Marc Roberts and matchmaker Dave Taub staged their third successful club show, though they failed to match the exceptional calibre of their first two offerings.

Albert (Steel) Mills, 153, Plainfield, knocked out Ra'Sean Parker, 157, Philadelphia, in 1:41 of the second with a left hook under the ribs in the main event.

Former amateur star Jackie Beard, 126¾, Jackson, Tenn. (now fighting out of Detroit with Emanuel Steward), halted Jeff Long, 127, Philly, at 2:49 of the first. Long quit, and the commission has held up his purse.

Teddy White, 147, Newark, won a majority decision over Felix Nance, 146, Norwich, Conn., six. Scoring: referee Joe Cortez, 5-1; judge Thomas Kaczmarek, 2-2-2; judge Frances Moore, 3-2-1.

Dwight (Tiger) Walker, 159, Newark, won a unanimous decision over Jamal Arbubakarr, 161, Newark, six. A flash knockdown in the second and some sharper punching made the difference.

Former Jersey amateur champ Victor (Flash) Gordon, 142, Hillside, made his pro debut by stopping Kenny Johnson, 135, Philly, at 1:50 of the first.

Roberto Munoz, 141, Plainfield, TKO'd "Piggy" Hunt, 135, Philadelphia, at 2:08 of the first round.

Stan Tull, 170, Trenton, halted out-of-shape Ronald Anderson, 174, Philadelphia, at 0:58 of the second.

Referees—Joe Cortez, Larry Hazzard.
Attendance—1,200. Gross—$9,000.
(10-29-81)

▲ **TRENTON—Catholic Youth Center—**This promotion underwent a restructuring, as John Milligan withdrew and matchmaker Ted Larve enlisted Philadelphia-based Impact Promotions, under Claude Bremmer, and went ahead with the show. The resultant patchwork bouts were surprisingly good.

Williard (Pop) Nance, 175, Trenton, stopped "Tee" Carpenter, 176, Trenton, who failed to come out for round four of the scheduled six-round main event.

Terry (Slim) McCoy, 140, Trenton, halted Wally (Tom Tom) Thomas, also 140, Trenton, at 0:55 of the first round. Thomas was unable to defend himself, claiming he'd caught a thumb in the eye.

Tim Daniels, 128, stopped Wayne Bingham, 125, in another all-Trenton pairing. Bingham failed to come out for the fourth round.

John (Big Smoke) Lindsey, 175, Philly, and Walter Saxton, 170, Newark, mauled to a four-round majority draw.

Herman Ingram, 125, Newark, won a unanimous decision over debuting Darnell Green, 122, Rahway, four. Green was dropped in the last round.

Referees—Tony Perez, Milo Savage.
Judges—Frank Brunette, Richard F. Murry.
Attendance—600. Gross—$4,500.
(10-30-81)

J.R. JOWETT

NEW YORK

▲ **NEW YORK CITY—Felt Forum—**Angel Cruz, 137½, Bethlehem, Pa., won a split decision over Pete Padilla, 136½, New York, in the 10-round main event.

There were no knockdowns, and the scoring was as follows: referee Joe Santarpia, 6-4, Padilla; judges Bernie Friedkin and Al Reid, 6-4 and 7-3, respectively, for Cruz. Cruz is now 11-2-1 with five kayoes. Padilla is 13-3-1 with one knockout.

The 10-round co-feature saw Spanish Harlem's popular Hector (Macho) Camacho, 134, pound out a lopsided unanimous decision over Anthony Murray, 136, Nashville, Tenn. Murray was expected to make a quit exit, but he came to fight and made things difficult for Hector on a couple of occasions. Scoring: referee Billy Graham, 9-0-1; judge Friedkin, 9-1; judge Reid, 10-0. Camacho, a southpaw, is now 11-0 with six knockouts. Murray, who was brought in as a sub for Fernando Rivera, is 14-2 with eight kayoes.

Another 10-round bout saw Freddie (Pebble) Jackson, 118, Houston, win a unanimous decision over Julio Soto Solano, 116½, Dominican Republic. Scoring: referee Vinnie Ferguson, 9-0-1; judge Friedkin, 7-3; judge Reid, 9-1. Jackson is now 18-2 with 13 kayoes. Solano is 17-4-1 with seven knockouts.

Mark Medal, 155, Jersey City, N.J., knocked Lee Saxby, 158, New York, down with a left in round two and decked him again with a right in the third that forced referee Santarpia to call a halt at 0:58 of that session. Medal dedicated this fight to his father, who had recently passed on. It was scheduled for eight.

Michael de la Rue, 147, Kew Gardens, Queens, New York, TKO'd Angel Ortiz, also 147, Bridgeport, Conn., at 1:44 of round one in a scheduled six refereed by Billy Graham.

John Picart, 118½, New York, won a unanimous decision over Andy Bautista, 118, Brooklyn, four. Joe Santarpia, referee.

Pablo Rivera, 141, New York, TKO'd Kenny Willis 138½, Bridgeport, at 2:01 of round three in the scheduled four-round opener. Vinnie Ferguson, referee.

Timekeeper—Fred Abbatiello.
(11-05-81)

HERBERT G. GOLDMAN

▲ **HAUPPAUGE, SUFFOLK—Colonie Hill Complex—**Larry Stanton, 142, Merrick, New York, the former lightweight contender with the sometimes troubled personal life, scored the second one-round knockout in a row on his comeback trail when he stopped Garland Wright, 137½, Scranton, Pa., at the end of the first round. Johnny LoBianco, referee.

Stanton had flunked a New York State commission physical two weeks earlier, but the commission tested him again and pronounced him fit.

Allen Braswell, 143½, Brooklyn, TKO'd knockout specialist Tommy Amato, 145, Huntington, New York, at 2:05 of round three in their scheduled six-rounder. Charley Norkus, referee.

Ricky Holden, 155, Kankakee, Illinois, TKO'd Joe Martino, 160, New Hyde Park, in round two of a scheduled four. Joe Crotez, referee.

Bernard Taylor, 155½, Roosevelt, New York, and Johnny Davis, 152, New York, drew, six.

Sam Carter, 135, Brooklyn, outpointed Ron Perkins, 136, Hartford, Conn., four.

Charles Vander Hall, 194, Hempstead, New York, won a hard fought decision over John Flavin, 190, Troy, New York, in the four-round opener.
(11-21-81)

CHARLES D. BROWN

OREGON

▲ **PORTLAND—Marriott Hotel—**Curtis (Razor) Ramsey, 150, Portland, stopped Joe Maldonado, 149, Fresno, Calif., at the end of the sixth session in the evening's main event. Ramsey, who has been making major strides since training with Ed Milberger, is now 17-9-4. Maldonado is 16-5.

Steve Chase, 145, and Larry Smith, 147, Tacoma, drew. Chase is now 11-3-4. Smith, coming back after a three-year layoff, is 13-6-1.

Roy Hernandez, 132, Fresno, outscored Brian Tinker, 129, Portland.

Renee Garcia, 141, Caldwell, Idaho, outpointed Sam (Too Sweet) Wilson, Portland, six.

Delbert Williams 161, Portland, made his pro debut by stopping tough guy grad Greg Goines, 163, Bellingham, Wash., in the third frame.

Referees—Jim Cassidy, Bill Thornberg.
Judges—Ben Laford, Paul Weitzel, Steve Yerkovich.
Ringside Physician—Dr. Jack Battalia.
Promoter—Delores McNally.
Attendance—1,520. Gross—$12,000.
(10-23-81)

KATHERINE DUNN

PENNSYLVANIA

▲ **PHILADELPHIA—Golden Eagle Caterers—**Small-hall boxing continued at this venue with a slam-bang main event that saw local Ricky Whitt, 149, hammer brave Richard Nixon, 155, Wilkes Barre, Pa., for a knockout at 2:10 of the fifth round in a scheduled eight.

Whitt's big edge in power was too much for Nixon to handle. He was down three times, the last for the full count. The loser fought back gamely between trips to the canvas, making for an entertaining affair.

Local SEPTA worker Jimmy Sykes, 160½, pleased his fans with a sixth-round TKO over chubby Leo Martinez, 160¼, also from Philly. Martinez was taking a pounding when he declined to come out for the sixth, claiming charley horses in both legs.

Prospect Larry Barge, 135, Camden, N.J., creamed Kato Ali (Anthony Curry), 139, Germantown, Pa., for a TKO at 1:00 of the second.

William Kennedy, 147, Phila., scored a four-round nod over Henry Wilson, 146, Phila., in a battle of newcomers.

Luis Rivera, 149¾, Camden, kayoed James Crosby, 149, Phila., with a solid right to the noggin at 2:50 of the second.

Ray Evans, 125¾, Phila., scored a majority decision over Fred Pemberton, 129½, Phila., in four. Evans, a Penn. Golden Gloves Champion last year, is off to a shaky start in the pros. This was his first win in two outings, having lost his debut at this same venue.

Judges—Joe Henry and Herb Rhodes.
Referee—Ozzie Sadler.
Promoter—Barry McCall and Joe Verna.
(11-05-81)

NIGEL COLLINS

TEXAS

▲ **HOUSTON—Shamrock Hilton Hotel—**The Grand Ballroom of this landmark Houston hotel saw the first in a series of monthly fight cards to be staged by the newly formed Able-Ten Promotions.

Steve Hearon, 142, Houston, TKO'd journeyman Homer Jackson, 145, Orlando, Florida, at 2:48 of the fifth round. Hearon spilled Jackson twice before referee Mark Tessman halted the proceedings.

It was another good win for Hearon, but Jackson shouldn't have been in the ring. He'd been kayoed by Greg Young in Tampa 29 days earlier. There is no state commission in Florida, and the Texas commission ran into dead ends everywhere they turned in trying to substantiate the abilities, records, etc., of the prospective licensees from Florida brought in for this card.

Billy Watkins, 135, Northshore, stopped one Horace Jenkins, 133, Orlando, at 1:44 of round two. Chris Jordan, referee. Jenkins was a sub for stablemate Alexander Wilcox, who was reportedly injured in a car crash traveling to Houston.

Ronnie Shields, 141½, Port Arthur, stopped bewildered Archie Crews, 144, Orlando, at 1:38 of round one. Mark Tessman, referee. Crews was a sub for Angel Figueroa.

Ezzard Charles Adams, 133, won a majority decision over Pat Duran, 135, eight. This was a real crowd pleaser, the only really competitive matchup on the card.

In absolutely the strangest looking pairing this reporter has ever seen, 6'2" Billy Parkins, Denver, squared off against 5'3" veteran Freddie (The Stepper) Harris, Shreveport, La., in a scheduled eight-round lightweight contest. Parks used his 16" reach advantage to pop Harris with long jabs and heavy right hand crosses until referee Tessman called a halt at 1:32 of the third session. The fight itself was anti-climactic compared with the laughter that came when the two fighters appeared in the ring.

Hard hitting Raymond Gonzales, 158, Houston, stopped Ray Vaxter, 155, Indiana, at 2:55 of the first round in the curtain raiser. Gonzales is now 2-0. Vaxter is 0-1.

Able-Ten Promotions is headed by Robert Turner, with local attorney Ira Chenkin holding the promoter's license. Turner was formerly associated with Don King's promotional group, having the novelty sales rights at many of King's major shows. Local fight figure Tony Gardner made the matches this evening, with long time press agent Booker Griffin, formerly associated with MAPS and now doing advance work for the proposed Berbick-Ali fight, handling the publicity.

Judges—Bob McMillan, William Yeager.
Timekeeper—Tom Ferris.
(10-06-81)

▲ **BEAUMONT—Civic Center—**Local hero James (Bubba) Busceme, apparently closing in on a title shot at WBC kingpin Alexis Arguello, defended his state lightweight crown in an impressive manner by stopping veteran Ernesto Herrara, Corpus Christi, at 2:55 of the 10th round. Bubba is now trained by Joe Barrientes of Fort Worth.

Gene Hatcher, 140⅓, Fort Worth, halted Billy Bob McMillan, 140½, Shreveport, at 2:00 of the fourth. Manny Hernandez, referee.

Harold Petty, 120⅓, St. Louis, pounded veteran trial horse Angel Lira, 121, Laredo, from pillar to post before referee Mark Tessman halted matters at the end of round three.

Jay Strickland, Fort Worth, won a disputed split decision over Charlie Smith, Shreveport, six, light heavies.

Tom Landry, 199, Beaumont, a stablemate of Busceme, won a six-round decision over massive Charlie Wade, 233, San Antonio. Both men now have 2-2 pro slates.

Judges—Bob Jacobs, Mark McCartney.
Timekeeper—Fred McWilliams.
Knockdown Timer—Frank Martinez.
Promoter—Lester Bedford.
Matchmaker—Mark Harrison.
Attendance—2,607.
(10-07-81)

▲ **LAREDO—Civic Center Arena—**Roberto Rubaldino won a unanimous decision over Ricardo Avila, Eagle Pass, 10. The world ranked Rubaldino forced the fight throughout.

Local lightweight Victor Gordillo stopped Enrique Vasquez at 1:21 of the second in their scheduled 10-rounder.

Another 10-round bout saw Magdelino (Lobito) Montoya, Mexico, a stablemate of Rubaldino and the kid brother of Texas featherweight champ Roque (Lobo) Montoya, win a unanimous decision over Panterito Rodriguez, Chinhuahua.

Bruce Lino, Laredo, halted Paco Jasso, San Antonio, at 2:47 of the fourth round.

Promoters—Jorge de la Garza, Dr. Luis Mendoza.

Attendance—650. (This was the first card here in some time that did not feature local hero Gaby Canizales, and his absence showed.)
(10-07-81)

▲ **FORT WORTH—Will Rogers Memorial Coliseum—**James (Bubba) Busceme, Beaumont, successfully defended his state lightweight crown with a unanimous decision over trial horse James Martinez, Dallas, 12. Scoring: referee Dick Cole, 118-110; judges A.D. Bynum and Steve Crossen, 119-110 and 118-112, respectively.

Don Curry, 147, Fort Worth, halted overmatched Vernon Lewis, 149, Guyana, at 1:09 of the first round.

Harold Petty, 119⅓, St. Louis, halted Alejandreo Garcia, Chihuahua, Mexico, at 2:30 of round three.

Robin Blake, a rangy, southpaw, stopped Bruce Lino, San Antonio, at 1:31 of the second session, lightweights.

Steve Cruz, Fort Worth, made his pro debut and stopped Pasqual Arande, also making his debut, at 1:50 of the first round. Steve Crossen, referee. Cruz, last year's National Golden Gloves bantamweight champ, will campaign as a feather in the punch-for-pay ranks. He's 17 years old.

Eddie (Cowboy) Martin, 131, Fort Worth, TKO'd Danny Trujillo, San Antonio, at 2:34 of round one. Martin, a big favorite due to his non-stop punching style, is now 8-0. Trujillo is 5-2.

Gene Hatcher, 139, Fort Worth, halted Raul Trujillo, Danny's brother, midway through round two.

A scheduled six-round light heavyweight bout between local Billy Jay Strickland and Ed Collins of Meridian, Mississippi was scratched from the card after Strickland refused to do battle when he found that this bout would not be seen as part of the ESPN telecast.

Promoters—Lester Redford/Sports Associates in association with Top Rank, Inc.
Attendance—2,475.
(10-29-81)

C.A. JACKSON

CANADA

ONTARIO

▲ **NIAGARA FALLS—Arena—**John DeGazio, 148, Welland, Ontario, knocked out Ronald Williams, 151, Cleveland, in the first round of a scheduled 10. Ed Gaudet, referee.

Johnny Summerhays, 137, Brantford, Ontario, kayoed Cedric Barkley, 136, Cleveland, in the first round of their scheduled 10. Chuck Williams, referee.

Bobby Bland, 158½, Toronto, halted Bobby King, 157, Cleveland, in the third frame of a scheduled eight. Rocky Walton, referee.

Bobby Houle, 138, Vineland, Ontario, stopped Duane Orr, 135, in a scheduled six-round bout. Ed Gaudet, referee.

Dean Ferguson, 157½, Windsor, Ontario, won a unanimous decision over Bobby Green, 162, Dunnville, Ontario, four. Chuck Williams, referee.

Rick Fortune, 127½, Niagara Falls, Ontario, won a unanimous duke over Antone White, 129½, Windsor, four. Ed Gaudet, referee.

Timekeepers—Arnold Paris, Frank Shillolo.
Announcer—Tony Unitas.
Ring Physician—Dr. Bruce Stewart.

Promoter—Daniel DeGazio.
(11-07-81)

▲ **TORONTO—Cara Inn**—The card consisted of five six-round contests and one four.

Six-rounders: Paul Stewart, 125½, Toronto, won a unanimous decision over Nedry Simmons, 122, Toronto. Leroy Pink, 144½, Toronto, knocked out Larry Morgan, 141, Ohio, in 1:23 of the first round. Robby Rowe, 145, Toronto, won a shutout unanimous decision over Charles Triplett, 142, Ohio. Reno DeCarlo, 137, Toronto, finished strong in the last two rounds to win a unanimous decision over Jack Jower, 129½, Ohio. Ricky Pappa, 139, Toronto, won a shutout verdict over Levant Williams, 135, Detroit.

Rocky Zoinierczy, 132, St. Catharines, won a unanimous verdict over Sugar Diete, 140, Toronto, four.

Referees—Fern Chieten, Ed Gaydet, Rocky Walton.

Judges—Frank Bullard, Grant MacDonald, Chuck Williams.

Timekeepers—Arnold Paris, Frank Shillolo.

Ringside Physician—Dr. B. Stewart, O.A.C.

Main Event Promotions.
(10-13-81)

▲ **TORONTO—Valhalla Inn**—The first boxing seminar held in the Province of Ontario, sponsored by the Federal Government, was a complete success and was attended by an overflow audience from all parts of Canada. Dr. Stewart, who served as co-chairman, discussed the pathology of knockouts in boxing in great detail with the aid of films.

Ontario Ministry of Consumer and Commercial Relations Boxing Seminar. Clyde Gray, chairman.
(10-24-81)

QUEBEC

▲ **MONTREAL—Paul Sauve Arena**—Former Canadian lightweight champion Gaetan Hart, 141, Quebec, won a unanimous decision over Donnie Poole, 141½, Toronto, 10. The scores were 49-45, 48-44, and 49-46. The fight was close for the first six rounds, but Hart's experience and boxing ability pulled him way ahead in the last four.

Don Lalonde, 169, Winnipeg, stopped Jean LeClair, 182½, Montreal, at 1:05 of the second. LeClair was coming off a two-year lay-off, and it was a fiasco. The Montreal Commission has picked up his license.

Six-rounders: Paul Stewart, 124½, Toronto, stopped Leonard Pinnock, 123½, Montreal, at 2:48 of the fifth round. Clint Harris, 143½, Windsor, won a unanimous decision over Denis Brisson, 145½, Quebec.

Four-rounders: Dave Hilton, Jr., 145⅓, Montreal, stopped Daniel Gagnon, 146, Hull, at 1:15 of the fourth and final session. H. Morisette, 133⅓, Quebec, made his pro debut by winning a unanimous decision over Antone White, 130½, Windsor, in the opener.

Promoter—Henri Spitzer.

Attendance—6,000.
(11-03-81)

FRANK ALLNUTT

EUROPE

AUSTRIA

▲ **VIENNA**—Former European junior middleweight champion Marijan Benes, Yugoslavia, TKO'd Franz Dorfer, Austria, in four. Ferdi Pachler, brother of ex-European welterweight king Tiger, TKO'd fellow Austrian Otto Zinider in five.

Six amateur bouts made up the balance of the program.

Promoter—Willi Zeller.
(11-06-81)

BELGIUM

▲ **BRUGES**—Joey Mack, Great Britain, TKO'd local favorite Frankie Decaestecker, in 10.
(10-02-81)

▲ **ZELE**—Rudi Gauwe, Belgium, outscored Tony Moore, Great Britain, eight rounds, heavies. The ref scored it 79-76.
(10-17-81)

▲ **IZEGEN**—George Butzbach, Germany, TKO'd Robert Desnouck, Belgium, in round eight.
(11-06-81)

DENMARK

▲ **COPENHAGEN**—European welterweight champion Jorgen Hansen retained his crown with a split decision over fellow Dane Hans Henrik Palm, 12. Scoring: referee Marcello Bertini, 117-115, Palm; judges Knud Jensen and Jens Andreasen, 118-116 and 116-115, respectively, Hansen.

EUROPEAN RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Lucien Rodriguez (France)
2. Alfredo Evangelista (Spain)
3. Neville Meade (Great Britain)
4. Gordon Ferris (Great Britain)
5. Terry O'Connor (Great Britain)
6. Sylvain Watbled (France)
7. Felipe Rodriguez (Spain)
8. Billy Aird (Great Britain)
9. Giovanni De Luca (Italy)
10. Maik Krol (Netherlands)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Rudi Koopmans (Netherlands)
1. Bunny Johnson (Great Britain)
2. Fred Serres (Belgium)
3. Hocine Tafer (France)
4. Alex Blanchard (Netherlands)
5. Ennio Cometti (Italy)
6. Avenamar Peralta (Spain)
7. Dennis Andries (Belgium)
8. Tom Collins (Great Britain)
9. Karl Canwell (Great Britain)
10. Shaun Chalcraft (Great Britain)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Tony Sibson (Great Britain)
1. Roy Gumbs (Great Britain)
2. Matteo Salvemini (Italy)
3. Nicola Cirelli (Italy)
4. Adona Amana (Spain)
5. Pierre Joly (France)
6. Frank Wissenbach (Germany)
7. Jose Lozano (Spain)
8. Eddie Burke (Great Britain)
9. Eddie Smith (Great Britain)
10. George Steinherr (Germany)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Luigi Minchillo (Italy)
1. Maurice Hope (Great Britain)
2. Louis Acaries (France)
3. Marijan Benes (Yugoslavia)
4. Herol Graham (Great Britain)
5. Pat Thomas (Great Britain)
6. Steve Hopkin (Great Britain)
7. Jimmy Batten (Great Britain)
8. Claude Martin (France)
9. George Warusfel (France)
10. Jean Andre Emmerich (Germany)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Jorgen Hansen (Denmark)
1. Colin Jones (Great Britain)
2. Hans Hendrik Palm (Denmark)
3. Kirkland Laing (Great Britain)
4. Piero Angelo Piras (Italy)
5. Richard Rodriguez (France)
6. Roger Zenon (France)
7. Alois Carmeliet (Belgium)
8. Fred Coranson (France)
9. Salvatore Cascio (Italy)
10. Claude Lancastre (France)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Clinton McKenzie (Great Britain)
1. Jo Kimpuani (France)
2. Giuseppe Martinese (Italy)
3. Antonio Guinaldo (Spain)
4. Steve Early (Great Britain)
5. Des Morrison (Great Britain)
6. Sylvester Mittee (Great Britain)
7. Christian Gracia (France)
8. Andre Holyk (France)
9. Lucien Navarra (Italy)
10. Giuseppe Martinese (Italy)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Giuseppe Gibilisco (Italy)
1. Charlie Nash (Great Britain)
2. Ray Cattouse (Great Britain)
3. Francisco Leon (Spain)
4. Jose Luis Heredia (Spain)
5. George Feeney (Great Britain)
6. Lucio Cusma (Spain)
7. Dave McCabe (Great Britain)
8. Ricky Beaumont (Great Britain)
9. Dave Williams (Great Britain)
10. Rene Weller (Germany)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Carlos Hernandez (Spain)
1. Jose Luis Vicho (Spain)
2. Rodolfo Sanchez (Spain)
3. Carlos Miguel Rodriguez (Spain)
4. Arisid Pizzo (Italy)
5. Salvatore Liscapade (Italy)
6. Roman Marichal (Spain)
7. Aristide Pizzo (Italy)
8. Natale Vezzoli (Italy)
9. Maurice Apeang (France)
10. Isidoro Cabeza (Spain)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Salvatore Melluzzo (Italy)
1. Roberto Castanon (Spain)
2. Pat Cowdell (Great Britain)
3. Sammy Simms (Great Britain)
4. Manuel Masso (Spain)
5. Esteban Equia (Spain)
6. Cecilio Lastra (Spain)
7. Alfredo Mulas (Italy)
8. Michele Siracuse (Italy)
9. Marco Gallo (Italy)
10. Petito Di Muro (Italy)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Valerio Nati (Italy)
1. John Feeney (Great Britain)
2. Juan Francisco Rodriguez (Spain)
3. Vicente Rodriguez (Spain)
4. Giuseppe Fossati (Italy)
5. Dave Smith (Great Britain)
6. Davy Larmour (Great Britain)
7. Gary Nickels (Great Britain)
8. Luis de la Sagra (Spain)
9. Manuel Barquim (Spain)
10. Giovanni Pasca (Italy)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Charlie Magri (Great Britain)
1. Paolo Castrovilli (Italy)
2. Manuel Carrasco (Spain)
3. Enrique Rodriguez Cal (Spain)
4. Giovanni Camputaro (Italy)
5. Sabatino De Filippo (Italy)
6. Emilio Pireddu (Italy)
7. Mariano Garcia (Spain)
8. Dominique Piedeleu (France)
9. Mario Bitetto (Italy)
10. Kelvin Smart (Great Britain)

T. Andersen, Denmark, outpointed S. Peres, Spain, junior middles. J. Odhjambo, Uganda, outscored Avenamar Peralta, Spain, eight, light heavies. Ayub Kalule, Uganda, outpointed Adon Amana, Spain, 10, junior middleweights. Mustapha Wasajja, Uganda, kayoed E. Garcia, Spain, in five. M. Irungu, Kenya, outpointed G. Oshi, Japan, eight, bantams.
(10- -81)

FRANCE

▲ **MARSEILLES**—Richard Caramanoli, France, knocked out Trevor Cattouse, Great Britain, in the second round, light heavies.
(10-10-81)

▲ **DUNKIRK**—Fred Coranson, France, outpointed Joey Mack, Great Britain, eight, welterweights. Coranson, bleeding from a cut near the left optic, dropped Mack with a right hand in round six.

Jo Kimpuani, France, won by a disqualification over Horace McKenzie, Great Britain, in the third round. Horace was ruled out for butting.
(10-17-81)

▲ **CALAIS**—Darwin Brewster, Great Britain, outpointed Hugo Samo, Africa, eight, junior middles.
(10-24-81)

GERMANY

▲ **COLOGNE**—John Mugabi, Uganda, kayoed Ronnie Ford, U.S.A., in the first round, junior middles. Agamil Yildrim, the Berlin based Turk, and George Walker, Great Britain, drew, eight, middleweights. Manfred Jassmann TKO'd fellow German Charley Schulz in three rounds, junior welters. Erwin Heiber, Germany, won a disputed decision over Jose Hernandez, Spain, eight, junior middles. Rene Weller won the German lightweight crown by knocking out defending champion Dieter Schantz in the fourth round. Eckhard Dagge, Germany, outpointed Bruce Strauss, U.S.A., eight, middleweights. Chisanda Mutti, Zambia, kayoed Alvin Dominy, U.S.A., in the second round, light heavies.
(09-25-81)

Promoter—Wilfried Sauerland.

Attendance—3,000.

▲ **FRANKFURT**—Manfred Jassmann, Germany, knocked out Vernon Scott in the fifth round, light heavies.

Rene Weller, Germany, TKO'd Jackie Turner, Great Britain, in three, lightweights.

Frank Wissenbach, Germany, outpointed Jose Lozano, Spain, eight, middleweights.
(10-22-81)

NETHERLANDS

▲ **ROTTERDAM**—European light heavyweight champion Rudi Koopmans, Holland, retained his crown by knocking out Fred Serres, Belgium, in the first round.

Roy Somer, Holland, kayoed French featherweight champion Jean Jacques Souris, three. Cor Everstejn, Holland, leading on points over French southpaw Jean Marie Touati, was taken out of the bout in round six due to a nose injury, lightweights. Alex Blanchard, Holland, brought his score to 19-0 by stopping Andre Mongelema, Zaire, in five. Maik Krol, Holland, TKO'd Ira Veta, Spain, in six.
(10-05-81)

SPAIN

▲ **VALLADOLID**—European junior lightweight champion Carlos Hernandez, Spain, retained his crown, outscoring Alain LeFol, France, 12 rounds. LeFol bled from the nose by the seventh and his right eyebrow was cut in the next frame. Roberto Castanon, who lost the crown when he could not defend because of a shoulder injury, must feel very confident about regaining his title when a meeting with Hernandez is arranged.
(09-05-81)

▲ **VIGO**—Carlos Hernandez, Spain, retained his European junior lightweight crown by knocking out Carlos Miguel, Spain, in the ninth round.

▲ **MADRID**—Former European heavyweight champion Alfredo Evangelista, Spain, and Terry O'Connor, Great Britain, drew, eight. To share points with a Spaniard in his own back yard is as good as a win in anyone's language.

Joey Gibilisco, Italy, retained his European lightweight crown by stopping local matador Luis Heredia in nine. It was Joey's first defense.
(10-24-81)

JACK A. TREE

UNITED KINGDOM

▲ **LONDON—York Hall**—The situation does not often arise where the same man manages both contestants in a British title fight, but Dennie Mancini looks after John Feeney and Dave Smith, who met for the vacant British bantamweight title.

The result was a win for Feeney, Hartlepool, 117½, the bout being stopped in round eight with Smith, Eltham, 116¼, taking punishment on the ropes.

The crown had been left vacant since the sad death of Johnny Owen.

Feeney punched too hard and too often for the plucky Smith, and John's strength proved a little too much for the Eltham boxer.

After only a couple of rounds, Feeney took over, and from then on it was a losing battle for Smith, although he never stopped trying. The difference was that when Feeney landed, he hurt, but when Smith landed, his punches were only of the light variety.

In round three, Feeney's nose bled, and this worsened as time went on. But this was nothing compared to Smith's swollen left eye and a slight cut on the corner of the same optic.

Smith boxed well enough and his ringcraft earned him applause at times, but he was never able to match Feeney for power. As left hooks and right crosses found their way through Smith's guard, the latter got weaker. In the eighth, Smith was defending desperately, still upright, still willing to try and trade punches, but the steam had been knocked out of him by his opponent's incessant attacks.

Referee John Coyle summed up the situation and stopped it. There could have been no argument.

Feeney afterwards paid tribute to his opponent's skill, speed, and courage, and said he had felt great in this bout. Everything had gone according to plan, and he had been punching harder.

Smith confessed that he had never been given time to settle down and try and dictate matters with his accurate left jab. And he in turn paid tribute to the fine performance of Feeney.

Manager Mancini said he thought Feeney was now capable of winning the European title, and that Smith was still Southern Area champion, so there was no reason for him to retire. But the final decision, of course, rested with Smith.

Dave Armstrong, Hackney, 164½, kayoed substitute Romel Ambrose, Leicester, 165, halfway through the eighth and final round. Ambrose went on to one knee from a right to the head, and stayed in that position, bleeding from a cut on the left eyebrow, to be counted out.

Armstrong did well to overcome the handicap of a cut by the left eye in a hard contest.

Substitute Tommy McCallum, Edinburgh, 149, beat Dominic Bergonzi, Hoxton, 146¾, the bout being stopped in round two after the latter had been down. Bergonzi protested strongly at the decision.

Ivor Jones, Holloway, 119, comfortably outscored Carl Cleasby, Pudsey, 120½, over eight by 79½-77½.

R.W. Smith (son of manager Andy Smith), St. Ives, 151¾, made it three pro victories, all inside schedule, when he kayoed Ron Pearce, Newport, 151, in round two with a right in the jaw.
(09-22-81)

▲ **LIVERPOOL—Liver International Sporting Club**—Walter Clayton, Sheffield, 139, outpointed Tony Carroll, Liverpool, 139¾, over eight by 79-77. Carroll started in promising fashion with neat jabs, but Clayton improved after the halfway stage and had a good final round.

Billy Ahearne, 152, outpointed Gary Petty, Hull, 152, over six by 59-58.

Terry Rathburn, Manchester, 135, outscored Vince Griffin, Widnes, 135, by 59½-58 over six. The latter was down twice.

Peter Flanigan, Manchester, 139, beat Peter Philips, Birmingham, 140, the referee intervening in round five after Philips had been decked twice. Flanigan was cut over the left eye.
(09-07-81)

▲ **LONDON—Anglo American Sporting Club**—In a lightweight contest Jackie Turner, Bermondsey, 136, beat Billy O'Grady, 137½, the bout being halted in round two when the latter was cut around the left eye in two places. The injury needed 10 stitches.

Mark West, Newhaven, 120½, defeated Steve Cleak, Porthcawl, 121, the referee intervening in the sixth and final round when Cleak was cut by the left eye.

West was also cut, and Cleak protested at the stoppage, claiming the injury was not bad enough. It was a good scrap, and there could have been little in it.

Alan Tombs, Guildford, 133¼, didn't lose a round, outscoring Steve Henderson, Aylesbury, 133½, over six by 60-57½.

Mick Chmilowskyj, Dagenham, 198, outpointed Hughroy Currie, Catford, 217, over six by 59½-58½. A close one, which reversed a previous decision.
(09-14-81)

▲ **EDGBASTON—Birmingham Anglers Association**—Jim Burns, Rugeley, 198, outscored Steve Gee, Birmingham, 202, over eight by 79½-78. It looked closer than the scoreline suggested.

Burns did well to overcome the handicap of a closed right eye which brought about the referee's inspection at the end of round seven.

Don Aagesen, Edgbaston, 127, was down in the opening round, but got up to outpoint Carl Gaynor, Manchester, 127, over six by 59½-58½. Gaynor was cut by the left eye in round five.

Antonio Harris, Nechells, 175, beat Jerry Golden, Manchester, 176, the bout being halted in round four with the latter under pressure.

Debutant Paddy Finn, Birmingham, 224, got off to a good start in outpointing Rocky Burton, Bedworth, 217, over six by 59½-58½.

Martin McGough, Coventry, 142, stopped Steve Tempro, 143, on the referee's intervention in round four. Tempro had been decked for four.

Neville Wilson, Wolverhampton, 162, beat debutant Hugh Johnson, Small Heath, 161, the bout being stopped halfway through the opening round. Wilson never stopped punching.
(09-11-81)

▲ **GLASGOW—St. Andrews Sporting Club**—Scottish light middleweight champion Charlie Malarkey, 149, outpointed Gary Pearce, Newport, 146½, over eight by 79-78. Malarkey was warned in round four for allegedly hitting his man when he was on the canvas, but Pearce rose immediately, and the Welshman put up a plucky fight, fully extending the Scottish champion.

Ian McLeod, Edinburgh, 129¼, convincingly outscored Don George, Swansea, 126, by 79½-78 over eight.

Eddie Glencross, Glasgow, 113½, beat Dai Williams, Swansea, 115¾, who was disqualified for an alleged low blow. Glencross had been down from a right to the jaw. Then came the second knockdown, from which Williams was ruled out.

Staurt Nicol, Glasgow, 120, defeated Andy King, Maesteg, 118, the referee intervening in round two after King had been down.
(09-14-81)

▲ **MORECAMBE—Central Pier**—Alan Lamb, 141½, kept his unbeaten record by beating substitute Tim Moloney, Brighton, 136, who in round seven turned his back on Lamb and walked to his corner. On examination, his nose was found to be broken.

Nevertheless, Lamb was given a good scrap by Moloney, who was down in round four but got up to fight back pluckily. It was the first time Alan had met a southpaw, and it wasn't until the halfway stage that he found his range.

Lee McKenzie, Croydon, 142, outscored Dave Sullivan, Plymouth, 142, over eight, not losing a round in an 80-76½ points victory.

Craig Walsh, Manchester, 134, beat Terry Parkinson, Brighton, 136, the referee intervening in round five.

Christ Burchell, 160, won a battle of debutants by outpointing Tony Burke, 161, over six by 59½-58.

Jimmy Woods, Doncaster, 140, drew with Sam Omidi, Plymouth, 141, over six.
(09-09-81)

▲ **BURSLEM—Adulte Ballroom**—Dennis Andries, Hackney, 176, defeated substitute Liam Coleman, Leeds, the stoppage coming in round six with the latter under pressure. Three times, the referee called for more positive action.

Coleman was substituting for Tom Collins, who was to have met Andries in a final elimination, for the British light-heavyweight title, but was withdrawn on medical grounds. Liam did his best to keep the fight at long range, but was sometimes too far out of distance and Andries found it difficult to catch him.

Eventually, Andries caught up with his man, punching hard with both hands, and Coleman was weakened, slowing up considerably as the fight progressed. The latter was taking punches without reply on the ropes when the referee intervened.

Cliff Storey, Stoke, 117, outpointed Ray Cunningham, Torquay, 119½, over six by 60-57½, not losing a round. A good crowd pleaser.

Ray Hood, Liverpool, 137½, beat Jeff Smart, West Ham, 130, who retired with an injured left hand at the end of round four.

Debutant Dave Harrison, Stoke, narrowly outpointed Philip O'Hare, Manchester, 144, over four by 49½-49.
(09-16-81)

▲ **SWINDON—The Playhouse**—Cliff Curtis, Bournemouth, 157½, outscored Garry White, 157, over eight by 79½-79. White was decked in round three, and Curtis probably clinched it with his cleaner punching.

Julian Boustead, 141, outpointed Dave Taylor, Liverpool, 144, over eight in an all-action affair. Taylor was down in the opening session, but came back well to contest every issue.

Jimmy Ward, Southampton, 146, was down twice, but got up each time to outscore Roger Ryder, Swindon, 149, over six by a narrow 59½-59.
(09-18-81)

BRITISH COMMONWEALTH RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Trevor Berbick (Canada)
1. Gordon Ferris (No. Ireland)
2. Neville Meade (England)
3. Billy Aird (England)
4. Steve Aczel (Australia)
5. Maile Haumona (Tonga)
6. Conroy Nelson (Canada)
7. Stan McDermott (England)
8. Ken Lagusta (Canada)
9. Gordon Racette (Canada)
10. David Pearce (Wales)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Lotte Mwale (Zambia)
1. Mustapha Wasajja (Uganda)
2. Murray Sutherland (Canada)
3. Chisanda Mutti (Zambia)
4. Gary Summerhays (Canada)
5. Tony Mundine (Australia)
6. Bunny Johnson (England)
7. Stan Bogovic (Australia)
8. John Odehiamba (Uganda)
9. Roddy McDonald (Canada)
10. Dennis Andries (England)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Tony Sibson (England)
1. Alan Minter (England)
2. Ralph Hollett (Canada)
3. Roy Gumbs (St. Kitts)
4. Fernand Marcotte (Canada)
5. Alex Sua (New Zealand)
6. Wally Carr (Australia)
7. Eddie Burke (Scotland)
8. Monty Betham (New Zealand)
9. Mack Truck (Canada)
10. Eddie Smith (England)

LIGHT MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Kenny Bristol (Guyana)
1. Maurice Hope (England)
2. Ayub Kalule (Uganda)
3. Wayne Caplette (Canada)
4. Herol Graham (England)
5. Pat Thomas (St. Kitts)
6. Dave (Boy) Green (England)
7. Steve Dennis (Australia)
8. Elisha Obed (Bahamas)
9. Steve Hopkin (England)
10. Chris Christian (England)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Colin Jones (Wales)
1. Kirkland Laing (England)
2. Frank Ropis (Australia)
3. Sakarai Ve (Fiji)
4. Mark Harris (Guyana)
5. Josef Nsubuga (Uganda)
6. Fitzroy Giuseppe (Belize)
7. Lloyd Hibbert (England)
8. Lachie Austin (Australia)
9. Dave Barago (Australia)
10. Reggie Ford (Guyana)

LIGHT WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Obisia Nwankpa (Nigeria)
1. Lennox Blackmoore (Guyana)
2. Clinton McKenzie (England)
3. Steve Early (England)
4. Des Morrison (England)
5. Sylvester Mittee (St. Lucia)
6. Mike Parsons (Trinidad)
7. Ken Buchanan (Scotland)
8. Peter Berrigan (Australia)
9. Chris Sanigar (England)
10. Nick Furlano (Canada)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Barry Michael (Australia)
1. Claude Noel (Trinidad)
2. Langton Tinago (Zimbabwe)
3. Charlie Nash (No. Ireland)
4. Hogan Jimoh (Nigeria)
5. Ray Cattouse (England)
6. John Summerhays (Canada)
7. George Feeney (England)
8. Dave McCabe (Scotland)
9. Davidson Andeh (Nigeria)
10. Ricky Beaumont (England)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Patrick Ford (Guyana)
1. Pat Cowdell (England)
2. Jimmy Flint (England)
3. Charm Chiteule (Zambia)
4. Brian Roberts (Australia)
5. Jey Nardo (Zimbabwe)
6. Gerry Williams (Australia)
7. Leonard Pinnock (Canada)
8. Thomas Gourley (Canada)
9. Azumah Nelson (Nigeria)
10. Vernon Penprase (England)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Paul Ferreri (Australia)
1. John Feeney (England)
2. Mike Irungu (Kenya)
3. Dave Smith (England)
4. Davy Larmour (No. Ireland)
5. Francis Musankabala (Zambia)
6. Stix Macloud (Zimbabwe)
7. Gary Nickels (England)
8. Young Ali (Nigeria)
9. Jimmy Bowen (Australia)
10. Wayne Mulholland (Australia)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Stephen Muchoki (Kenya)
1. Charlie Magri (England)
2. Steve Bell (Australia)
3. Ray Amoo (Nigeria)
4. Pedro Solo (Australia)
5. John Hipwell (Australia)
6. Kelvin Smart (Wales)
7. Dave George (Wales)
8. Junior Thompson (Australia)
9. Sam Eme (Nigeria)
10. Attah Yeboah (Ghana)

John Aba (Papua) is the junior lightweight champion. Contenders: Kazeem Armah (Nigeria), Tiger Man (Papua), Billy Moeller (Australia), Willi Tarika (Fiji), Big Jim West (Australia).

▲ **NOTTINGHAM—Great International Sporting Club—** Granville Allen, Wednesbury, 140, outscored substitute Eric Wood, Doncaster, 138, by 79-78 over eight. It was Allen's first bout after a long period of inactivity, and after a slow start he found his range to beat his man by sheer aggression.

Joe Frater, Grimsby, 177, outpointed Chris Thorne, Deerham, 171, over six by a narrow 59-58½. A good bout to watch.

Peter Stockdale, Grimsby, 149, outscored Nick Riozzi, Leicester, 146, by 59½-58 over six, jabbing accurately against an opponent who tried hard, but whose timing was off.

Tony Whitmore, Norwich, 128½, outpointed Darren Craven, Nuneaton, 121, over six by 60-58, an impressive scoreline, but a bout spoiled by too much clinching and not enough scoring punches.

Debutant Carl Ainsworth, Chesterfield, 139, outpointed Martin Bolton, Norwich, 130, over six by 59½-57½.
(09-21-81)

▲ **LONDON—National Sporting Club—**A Welsh title fight in a London ring seemed a bit out of place, but the patrons really got worked up about this one. There were jeers and slow handclaps after Bonny McKenzie, Cardiff, 174, had taken the vacant light heavyweight title by outpointing Chris Lawson, Cardigan, 173¼, over 10 by 98½-97½, or, a margin of two rounds.

McKenzie was the aggressor, Lawson the counterpuncher, and there didn't seem a lot in it at any stage.

Nigel Thomas, Swansea, 154, outscored Jimmy Smith, Tottenham, 150¼, by 79-78 over eight. Thomas certainly knew he had been in a fight. He was bleeding from the nose and marked around both eyes, but kept going to earn a deserved decision.

Mick Rowley, Australian-born and Merthyr-based, 137¾, beat Paul Clemitt, Bournemouth, 144½, the bout being stopped in round three with Clemitt taking punishment.

John Joseph, Hayes, 171, didn't lose a round in outpointing Lee White, Morden, 176, by 60-58½ over six, but the latter seemed to do better than the scoreline suggests.
(09-21-81)

▲ **SUNDRELAND—Downhill Club—**Graeme Ahmed, South Shields, 154, gained his seventh successive victory by outscoring Dennis Pryce, Wolverhampton, over eight. Scoreline: 79½-78½.

A good fight to watch, and a few steps up the ratings for Ahmed, previously placed number 19, with Pryce number 15, in the light middles.

Ray Plant, South Shields, 126, did well to overcome a cut on the right eyebrow that needed three stitches and outpoint Steve Farnsworth, Sheffield, 124½, over eight by a narrow 79½-79. The latter was decked in the final round.

The fans gave both men a standing ovation at the end, and there was a human story to this fight when Plant afterwards said he had been determined to win this one, as his grandfather, Fred Plant, who brought him up, had died a few weeks earlier.

Dave Rylance, South Shields, 152, made a successful debut, but only after being down in round five. He got up to beat Gary Tomlinson, Sheffield, 154, the bout being stopped in the same round when the latter was cut by the left eye.

A fine debut for Kevin Howard, Sunderland 18-year-old, 128, who didn't lose a round outpointing Selvin Bell, Manchester, 130, over six by 60-58½.

Deano Wallace, Wolverhampton, 162, won a battle of debutants when he outscored Barry (brother of Graeme) Ahmed, South Shields, 163, by a narrow 59½-59.
(09-15-91)

▲ **MANCHESTER—Anglo American Sporting Club—** Carl Bailey, Manchester, 148½, kayoed Robert Armstrong, Doncaster, 148, with a short left to the jaw in round five.

Brian Anderson, Sheffield, 156, beat Chris Coady, Manchester, 156, who retired in round three with an injured mouth. The latter had been inactive owing to a broken jaw.

Mal Kirk, Ashton-under-Lyme, 177, defeated Nigel Savory, Leeds, 177, the referee intervening in round four after Savory had been down.

Two debutants, both from Manchester, provided an interesting contest, with Kenny Rathburn, 136, outpointing Phil O'Hare, 144, over four by a narrow 39½-39.
(09-21-81)

▲ **WOLVERHAMPTON—Civic Hall—**Lloyd Hibbert, Birmingham, 149, made it 13 in a row by outpointing substitute Tusikoletga (Nkalankete) Zaire, 146½, over eight by 79½-76½. The sub gave Hibbert a hard scrap, and the scoreline didn't do justice to the Zaire boxer.

Roger Guest, Dudley, 149, beat Roy Varden, Nuneaton, 149, the bout being stopped in round two to save the latter from further punishment.

Paddy Finn, 233, outpointed Hughroy Currie, Catford, 217, by 60-58, not losing one of the six rounds.

Paul Murray, Birmingham, 146, drew with Gary Buckle, Wednesbury, 145, over six.

Steve Brannan, Nuneaton, 141½, gained a six-round point victory over Errol Dennis, Wolverhampton, 142, scoreline 59½-58.

Also over six, Sam Boy Burton, Stoke, 143½, outscored Kevin Johnson, Birmingham, 142, by 59½-59.
(09-21-81)

▲ **GLASGOW—Morley's—**Vernon Penprase, Plymouth, 127½, defeated Jim McKeown, Glasgow, 127½, the referee intervening in round seven when McKeown was cut by the left eye.

Jim was substituting for his brother Terry, who was sick. The former is rated number 11, and the latter number 6, but Jim put up a great fight against a man who is the number three contender for the British title.

There seemed little in it when a right cross from Penprase opened the cut, which needed three stitches.

Winston Burnett, Cardiff, 157, drew with Billy Lauder, Bonnyrigg, 160, over eight. A good crowd pleaser, and some thought Burnett might have edged it.

Andy Peden, Paisley, 176, didn't lose a round outscoring Gary Jones, Stirling, over six by 60-58.

Brian Hyslop, Glasgow, 128, was another who didn't lose a round in outpointing Selvin Bell, Manchester, 126, by 60-57½ over six. Bell was down three times.

John Sharkey, Glasgow, 126½, made it eight wins in nine bouts by knocking out George Sutton, Cardiff, 124, in round four. Good win for Sharkey, rated number 26 with Sutton number 15.
(09-21-81)

▲ **LIVERPOOL—Stadium—**Recently, we had a fight for a Welsh title in London, this time it was a contest for the All-Ireland welter crown at Liverpool. Main reason is the large Irish contingent living in this city, and this was quite a hard-punching bill, with only one of the six scheduled bouts going the full distance.

Tony Sinnott, 143½, won the vacant Irish crown by stopping Tommy Davitt, 144, the referee intervening in round six after Davitt had been decked with a peach of a left hook.

The more experienced Davitt had boxed only once in the past 18 months and was cut on the forehead in the first round. He was also conceding height and reach, so it wasn't an easy task.

Nevertheless, he gradually got into the fight, and had made up most of the leeway when he was caught by a left hook after he himself had missed with a similar punch.

Sinnoot had lost only one of his fights, that on a disqualification, and in round five it could well have happened again when his head caught Davitt. This was just one of several instances of untidy work on both sides at close quarters.

Only bout to go the full route was between two Liverpool lads, George Schofield, 133½, gaining a narrow points decision over Brian Snagg, 138, scoreline 78½-78. It was a grand little scrap, with nobbins being tossed in afterwards. Snagg was cut by the left eye in round five.

This should have been an eliminating contest for the Central Area lightweight crown, but Snagg came in overweight.

A peculiar end to the bout between Neil Malpass, South Elmsall, 220, and American Bruce Grandham, 221½, returning after an absence of two years. Malpass went down from a body blow at the end of round one and looked in pain, not happy about going out for the second session.

He was told by the referee that if he didn't come out he would be disqualified, and, when he did so he completely surprised Granham by throwing right hands to the head, the last of which put the American over the ropes.

Grandham went clean out of the ring, and fell heavily. His eye was cut, and he was counted out. All most unsatisfactory.

Debutant Joey Frost, 153½, had a shock when he was decked in the opening round, but got up to floor Kevin Walsh, Manchester, 148, three times. On the last occasion, the referee didn't bother to take up the count in order to allow Walsh's seconds to minister to him. Total time—1:36.

Noel Quarless, Liverpool, 200, beat Phil Clark, Manchester, 184, who was floored by a left to the head after only 22 seconds. He banged his head on the canvas and, again, the referee didn't bother to count, calling in the doctor.

Jimmy Bunclarke, Liverpool, 133¾, got off the floor in the opening round to kayo Gerry Beard, Nottingham, 134, in round five.
(09-24-81)

▲ **BELFAST—Ulster Hall—**It's not often a top-liner gets nobbins, but it happened when Barry McGuigan, Clones, outpointed previously unbeaten Belgian Jean Marc Renard in a featherweight bout. Scoreline: 79-78 after eight. McGuigan was decked without a count in round seven, but got up to take the final round and clinch the verdict.

Local flyweight Jimmy Carson beat Steve Reilly, Newport, the bout being stopped in the sixth and final round after the latter had been shaken by a left hook. This confirmed a previous victory.

Belfast light heavyweight Frank McCullach defeated debutant Dwight Osborne, London, the referee intervening in round two when Osborne had been cut above the nose.

Another debutant, Mike Duddy, Derry, beat Vince Griffin, Liverpool, who retired in round three.

Trevor Kerr, Fivemiletown, defeated Paul Newman, who also retired, with a cut eye, at the end of round three.
(09-22-81)

▲ **NOTTINGHAM—Leisure Centre—**Ricky James, Rugby, 190, won the Midlands Area heavyweight title by outpointing the holder, Terry O'Connor, Birmingham, 220, over 10 by 99-97½.

No knockdowns, but a fast pace throughout, with James starting slowly, but forging ahead after the halfway stage.

Mervyn Bennett, Cardiff, 127, kept his unbeaten record by outscoring Alex Irvine, Leicester, 128, by 60-57½, not losing a round.

Antonio Harris, Birmingham, 175, stopped Joe Jackson, Coventry, 175, the referee intervening in round two with Jackson under pressure, and protesting vigorously at this decision.

Steve Topliss, Melbourne, 129, drew with Stuart Shaw, Nottingham, 127, over six.

Denis Sheehan, Nottingham, 153, halted Gary Petty, Hull, 145, again on the referee's intervention, in round four, with Petty cut by the right eye.

Vince Gajny, Stratford-on-Avon, outpointed Ian Murray, Birmingham, over six by 59½-58½.
(09-25-81)

▲ **LONDON—Lewsham Concert Hall—**Alex Tompkins, West Ham, 175, took a few steps up the light heavyweight ladder by outpointing Shaun Chalcraft, Crawley, 179, over eight by 78½-77½.

Tompkins was rated number 12 and Chalcraft number five.

The verdict was anything but unanimous, and Chalcraft afterwards complained about warnings he had received for misuse of the head, blaming his opponent. Chalcraft was in fact marked around both eyes.

It was their third meeting, Tompkins now leading 2-1.

Tompkins was the aggressor, looking to get inside, southpaw Chalcraft jabbing on the retreat.

Debutant Tony Willis, Liverpool and Penge, 140¼, beat Winston McKenzie, Croydon, 139, the referee intervening in the opening round after McKenzie had been down.

Lee McKenzie, Croydon, 142, outpointed Alan Cooper, Brighton, 140, not losing a round over eight, scoreline 80-76½.

Vernon Vanriel, 139¾, outscored Kevin Docherty, West Ham, 134½, over eight by 79½-77. Dooherty was cut by the right eye and bled from the nose.

Pay Doherty, Croydon, 122½, kayoed Ray Cunningham, Torquay, 120½, in the opening round with a right to the body.

Jackie Sharp, Lewisham, 158, gained a six-round points win over Jimmy Smith, Tottenham, 155, not losing a round. Scoreline: 60-57. Smith was down three times. This reversed a previous defeat.
(09-28-81)

▲ **SHEFFIELD—Top Rank Suite—**Mick Mills, Rotherham, 152, beat Steve Davies, Pembroke, 155, the bout being stopped in round two after Davies had been decked three times and was cut by the left eye.

Walter Clayton, Sheffield, 141, beat Steve MacLeod, Lochaber, 138, the bout being stopped in round four after MacLeod had been down twice.

Glen Crump, Sheffield, 150, beat Paul Goodwin, Liverpool, 151, who was retired by his corner at the end of round two after he had been down and was suffering from a damaged rib.

Dave (brother of Paul) Goodwin, Liverpool, 142, drew with Ronnie Rathbone, Maltby, 145, over six. A hectic affair, in which they kept on punching after the bell ended the fourth.

The fans did not agree with the points decision awarded to Winston Ho'Shing, Sheffield, 132, over Ray Hood, Liverpool, 138. Scoreline: 59-58½ after six.
(09-23-81)

▲ **HARTLEPOOL—Borough Hall—**This was the first co-promotion by John Bewick and George Bowes, the latter being one of the finest bantams and featherweights never to win a British title, and currently the trainer of Britain's new bantam champ, John Feeney.

Top of the bill featured George (brother of John) Feeney, Hartlepool, 138, who outpointed Venezuelan Carlos Foldes, 143, over eight by 79½-77½. The latter was a late substitute.

Feeney outjabbed, outboxed, outpunched, and outwitted the game Foldes, and was good value for his victory.

Neil Fannam, Hartlepool, 161¾, beat Leo Mulhearn, Doncaster, 163, the bout being stopped in round three after the latter had been down twice and was cut by the left eye.

Billy Bryce, Sunderland, 153, stopped Liam Linnen, Coatbridge, 150, the referee intervening in round four after Liane had been down twice.

Debutant Johnny Dori, London, 118, took only 47 seconds to defeat another first-timer, Terry Allen, Hartlepool, 118, the stoppage coming after Allen had been floored three times.

Kevin Howard, Sunderland, 130, easily outscored Eddie Glass, Hartlepool, 133, over six by 60-59, not losing a round.
(09-24-81)

▲ **BRADFORD—Yorkshire Executive Sporting Club—** Joey Frost, Liverpool, 152, beat Jeff Aspell, Swansea, 156, the referee stopping it in the opening round after Aspell had been down from a left hook to the head and was cut by the right eye.

Robbie Robinson, Liverpool, 136, also won inside the distance. His bout with Dai Davies, Swansea, 134, was halted in round three after Davies had been down.

Geoff Pegler, Swansea, 140, was too heavy and punched too hard for substitute Winston Ho-Shing, 133, and won on points over six by 59½-58. The latter bled from the nose throughout.

Steve Babbs, Swansea, 170, gained a narrow 59-58½ points win over Joe Dean, Huddersfield, 168, in their six-rounder.
(09-28-81)

▲ **SOUTHEND—Garon's Number One Banqueting Suite—**Steve Henty, Brighton, 150½, worked like a beaver to outpoint Alan Hardiman, Hemel Hempstead, 152, over eight by 78½-77½. It was latter's first bout in six months, and he often conceded the initiative once he had gained it. A good crowd-pleaser, which brought in nobbins from enthusiastic fans.

Bobby Turner, Brighton, 156, kayoed Joe Cameron, Bournemouth, 155, in 86 seconds with a right to the chin.

Dave Finigan, Balham, 142, drew with Ossie Musa, Battersea, 143½, over six fast rounds.

Tommy Thomas, Tottenham, 142, beat Mark Crouch, Epsom, 144, who had been down in round two, and retired at the end of that frame with an eye injury.
(09-22-81)

RON OLVER

AFRICA

SOUTH AFRICA

TRANSVAAL

▲ **JOHANNESBURG—Ellis Park Tennis Stadium—** Gerrie Coetzee chased Leroy Caldwell for four rounds before catching up with him in the fifth to score a knockout in 2:37 with a right to the head.

"I got caught. That's all I can say," Caldwell said after the footrace that was called a fight.

A capacity crowd of 10,000 were on hand to cheer Coetzee to victory. Coetzee made a fast start and showed some snappy punching and good mobility.

Nobody expected Caldwell to provide much in the way of opposition, but the American heavyweight stood up well to Coetzee's right hands in the early rounds only to succumb to three rights in a row in the fifth.

Bruce McIntyre retained his South African middleweight title with a brutal knockout of Leo Simelane in the second round.
(10-31-81)

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

▲ **CAPETOWN—Good Hope Centre—**Piet Crous became the new South African light heavyweight champion when he beat Doug Lumley on a split decision over 12 rounds.

Lumley fought entirely on the retreat and, though many of the challenger's blows were blocked by arms and gloves, Crous' constant aggression was probably the deciding factor.

Lumley made a good finish, but his swollen face bore testimony to the number of scoring blows Crous had managed to land in the early rounds.
(11-02-81)

NATAL

▲ **DURBAN—West Ridge Park—**Brian Baronet confirmed his potential as a rising star in South African boxing by knocking out Rodney Botha in the second round.

Both men were unbeaten in 10 pro fights but Baronet made sure there would be only one winner when he measured the Cape lightweight with his jab, shook him with a vicious left hook, and floored him with a right.

Only the bell saved Botha from a first round knockout. Baronet had no trouble finishing the fight in the second, draping Botha in a neutral corner with a barrage of blows.

Gregory Clark outpointed Fanie van Staden over eight rounds in an action packed welterweight bout.

Jimmy Abbott overwhelmed Caifas Masondo in the first round, forcing Masondo's corner to throw in the towel.
(11-02-81)

BERT BLEWETT

ORIENT

JAPAN

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall—**This program was made up of East-Japan Zone *Shinjin-o* (Novice King) tournament contests, with the winners advancing to the quarter finals.

Toshiyuki Ando, 133¾, polished off Takenori Kojima, 133¼, in 2:58 of the first session. Masashige Nishimura, 134¼, stopped Hayao Nakahara, 135, at 2:03 of the second round.

Yoshinari Tanaka, 130, demolished Yuki Nakagawa, 127, in 1:24 of the fourth and final round.

Hard hitting Mitsuru Sugiya, 125, brother of former Japanese junior welter champ Minoru, knocked out Chiyomi Fujita, 125½, in 2:30 of the first. It was Sugiya's third straight kayo. Hiromichi Aomatsu, 126, outscored Junichi Shibuya, 125¼, four. Kenichi Fukazawa, 125¼, won a close unanimous decision over Kiyoharu Ihara, 124½, four.

Tsutomu Hasegawa, 121¼, eked out a split decision over Masamitsu Minei, 121½, four.

Soichi Ono, 114¾, stopped Toshio Yoshimoto, 113¾, in 2:05 of the first canto.

Hiroyasu Kato, 111¾, halted Moriaki Niizaki, 110¾, at 0:41 of the second. Yoshiyuki Uchida, 112, stopped Masayuki Nakamura, also 112, in 0:49 of the third round.

Quick Kentoku Nakama, 107, won a shutout (40-36, 40-38, 40-37) unanimous decision over Mitsuyuki Imaizumi, 108, four.

East-Japan Shinjin-o Committee. No telecast.

Attendance—700.
(09-17-81)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall—**Min-Kuen Oh, 125½, Korea, the WBA's sixth ranked junior featherweight, knocked out southpaw Dragon Hayakawa, 123¾, in 3:00 of the fourth round in a scheduled 10-round bout.

Oh, a former amateur star, came into the fight with only a 3-1 pro record. (He'd lost to Willie Lucas in a bid for the OPBF junior featherweight title in the Philippines on July 3.) Hayakawa's manager, Saito, figured the 19-year-old Korean would be easy pickings, but Oh proved a formidable opponent. He was pugnacious, durable, and dirty—with an inclination to throw one more punch after the bell.

They battled toe-to-toe over the first three rounds, and Oh dropped Hayakawa with a wicked right after the bell ended the third session. The Japanese fighter's corner protested to referee Ken Morita, who had already deducted a point from Oh for hitting Hayakawa after the bell ended round two. Oh should have been disqualified before the bell rang for the fourth.

Hayakawa was still wobbly when that fourth round began, and went down three times for an automatic knockout loss. He was knocked unconscious on the last occasion.

Official scores after three: referee Morita and judge Yusaku Yoshida, both 29-29; judge Takeo Ugo, 29-28, Hayakawa. The Korean, of course, had had one point deducted.

JAPANESE RATINGS BY THE JAPANESE BOXING COMMISSION (AS OF NOVEMBER 16, 1981)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Kenji Shibata
1. Caesar Sasaki
2. Keitoku Chirima
3. Kenji Miyata

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Michihiro Horihata
1. Katsuhiro Sawada
2. Yohi Arai
3. Kazuhiko Yasuda
4. Masahide Kitamura
5. Mamoru Taira

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Dynamite Matsuo
1. Junya Kushikino
2. Katsuyoshi Kitsumoto
3. Minoru Sugiya
4. Kazumi Nakao
5. Ikuya Toshinai
6. Koji Sasagawa

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Tatsuya Moriyasu
1. Syogun Hatakeyama
2. Hidekazu Akai
3. Eiichi Fukumoto
4. Katsuhiro Okubo
5. Kazunori Shiratori
6. Nobutaka Kuwata
7. Kiyomasa Kato
8. Ryutaro Otsuki
9. Seitaro Chinen

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Jyoken Narita
1. Battle Hawk Kazama
2. Tadao Ishido
3. Hayao Shiba
4. Tsunehiro Fuchiwaki
5. Kaneatsu Yamamoto
6. Keizo Kurebayashi
7. Takashi Sugimoto
8. Hammer Itoi
9. Fujio Ozaki

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Yoshimitsu Azato
1. Takeshi Hamada
2. Freddie Mensah
3. Ryu Fakida
4. Katsuji Sano
5. Blazer Okubo
6. Masa Ito
7. Yoshitaka Ikehara
8. Ken Sogo
9. Masahiro Takagi

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Spider Nemoto
1. Koichi Matsushima
2. Fusao Imai
3. Gen Tosa
4. Tomio Nakamura
5. Kuniyoshi Kuwabara
6. Yasuhide Takahashi
7. Kosei Kawaguchi
8. Tomoharu Yamamoto
9. Yoshiharu Watanabe
10. Hiroyuki Yatsu

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Hiroyuki Iwamoto
1. Bunji Ando
2. Kenichi Ito
3. Sanji Ito
4. Dragon Hayakawa
5. Satoru Koguchi
6. Yu Kasahara
7. Keiji Kawamura
8. Naoki Kobayashi
9. Condor Yamamoto
10. Eijiro Kuruma

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Syuichi Isogami
1. Hitoshi Ohashi
2. Tsuguyuki Toma
3. Hideharu Mitsui
4. Katsuyuki Ohashi
5. Masaru Yamamoto
6. Hitoshi Ishigaki
7. Jiro Takada
8. Hideyuki Kawai
9. Ryu Takeshi
10. Masayuki Kirisaki

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Tsutomu Itokazu
1. Hiroyuki Kobayashi
2. Kiyoshi Oyama
3. Kazumi Sato
4. Osamu Kazuo
5. Yasuo Azato
6. Kazuhiko Kawahira
7. Hiroyuki Seki
8. Shinji Suga
9. Hiroaki Kato
10. Makoto Taguchi

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Kazumasa Tamaki
1. Koji Kobayashi
2. Koichi Maki
3. Toshihiro Okumoto
4. Yoshiyuki Uchikoshi
5. Mitsuo Imazato
6. Masaru Fuji
7. Shinji Takagi
8. Masahiro Yanagiya

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Tadashi Tomori
1. Hiroyuki Tada
2. Kazuyoshi Funaki
3. Yoshiaki Kanda
4. Phoenix Taniguchi
5. Takashi Nakayama
6. Rikuo Watanabe
7. Puma Koya
8. Katsumi Sato
9. Tetsumi Takeshita
10. Road Mitsuru

Japanese boxers holding world titles: Tadashi Mihara (WBA junior middleweight).

Japanese boxers holding OPBF titles: Eijiro Murata (bantamweight).

Other Japanese boxers rated by world boxing organizations: Akio Kameda (§1 WBA junior welterweight; #4 WBC), Yasutsune Uehara (#8 WBA junior lightweight), Royal Kobayashi (#3 WBA featherweight), Hiroshi Gonohe (#4 WBA junior featherweight), Hurricane Teru (#7 WBA bantamweight), Jackal Maruyama (#9 WBC junior bantamweight), Jiro Watanabe (#6 WBC junior bantamweight; #10 WBA), Shoji Oguma (#4 WBC junior bantamweight; #8 WBA), Nobuyuki Watanabe (#8 WBA flyweight), Syuichi Hozumi (#7 WBA flyweight), Koki Ishii (#2 WBA flyweight; #8 WBC), Masaharu Inami (#8 WBC junior flyweight), Katsuo Tokashiki (#2 WBA junior flyweight; # WBC).

Hayakawa, 20, is now 7-4 with four knockouts. He looked just like a novice.

Korean junior lightweight champion Kyung-Soo Hong, 132¼, won a split decision over southpaw banger Gen Tosa, 130¼, in a companion 10. Official scores: referee Kodai Kumazaki and judge Takeo Ugo, both 97-96, Hong; judge Yusaku Yoshida, 98-95, Tosa.

Hong, 20, is now 12-1 with four kayoes. Tosa, a former kick boxer, is 10-2 with four knockouts.

Lefty Yasuo Azato, 117, climbed off the canvas in the first round, battered Hayato Ishige, 118, and stopped him at the end of the fourth session of a scheduled eight. Referee Yusaku Yoshida declared Azato the winner when Ishige refused to come out for the fifth canto.

Azato, 24, is now 12-4-3 with five kayoes. Ishige, 27, is 6-5 with four knockouts.

Kiyomi Sato, 107½, TKO'd Junichi Ota, 108, at 2:35 of the fourth stanza in their scheduled eight. The JBC physician told Ota not to continue after examining a cut over his left eyebrow.

Masakuni Nakasone, 105, came on in the last three rounds to take a unanimous decision over Koichi Yamamoto, 108, six.

Four-rounders: Mitsuru Hokkai, 129½, won a unanimous duke over Tadashi Sugiyama, 129½. Both were making their pro debuts, with the crouching Hokkai the aggressor. Yoshito Toriumi, 108, stopped Ikuo Watanabe, 107½, at 1:33 of the third. Norio Hasegawa, 118, outpointed Daiji Zenkoji, 116½, in the card opener.

Shin-Nippon Saito Promotions. Fuji TV.

Attendance—1,600.
(09-24-81)

▲ **OSAKA—Prefectural Gymnasium—**Yohi Arai, 153½, the JBC's second ranked bulldozer, won a lopsided unanimous decision over six-foot Keitoku Senrima, also 153½, 10. Senrima fought like an amateur.

Scoring: referee Ryoji Kashiwagi, 100-92; judge Hiroshi Matsumoto, 100-94; judge Hiroyoshi Yasuda, 100-93. Arai is now 22-19-2 with eight kayoes. Senrima is 4-3 with two knockouts.

Lord Mitsuru, 106¾, won a narrow split decision over Osamu Yoshiyama, 107¾, 10. Scoring: referee Teruo Fujita, 97-94, Mitsuru; judge Hiroyoshi Yasuda, 97-96, Mitsuru; judge Ryoji Kashiwagi, 97-95, Yoshiyama.

Sumihiro Suda, 131½, kayoed southpaw Shoji Okishima, 135, in 2:34 of round two in a scheduled six.

Four-rounders: Takaiku Eura, 129, stopped Tomoharu Ogawa, 129¾, at 2:04 of the first round. Katsunori Nagamoto, 117¼, halted lefty Shuichi Yayama, 116¾, at 2:59 of the third, with referee Yasuda calling a halt after a bad knockdown. Southpaw Hiroo Tsuchitani, 106½, and Katsutoshi Horie, 108, drew in the opener.

Kazama Promotions. No telecast.

Attendance—3,500.
(10-02-81)

▲ **TOKYO—Lotte Arena—**Tadao Ishido, 140½, won a majority decision over Korean newcomer Yong-Dae Kim, 140¾, 10. Kim was ranked fifth by the Korean Boxing Commission.

There were no knockdowns, but the contest was marked by fierce exchanges. Official scoring: referee Hiroyuki Tezaki and judge Yusaku Yoshida, both 98-96; judge Ken Morita, 98-98.

Four-rounders: Koji Sengoku, 130, outscored Michio Sasaki, 129¾. Hiroshi Kanemori, 139¾, halted Shoji Nogata, 139½, at 1:14 of the first round. Shunzo Kanehisa, 129, outpointed Takamori Morioka, 129. Masayoshi Kashiwakura, 125½, outscored Yoshinori Nishimura, 124. Mitsuru Nanamegi, 121½, outpointed Mitsuru Kawasaki, 122, in the opener.

This was a dinner boxing show, the first promoted by Royal Kawagami Promotions, and was financially successful.

No telecast.

Attendance—1,200.
(10-03-81)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall—**A Japanese CARNIVAL OF CHAMPIONS was staged with the aid of the Managers' Union (the All-Japan Boxing *Kyokai*). Six title cards, with two championship bouts on each program, were held within 11 days.

The first day's card was the best.

Fast moving southpaw Kazumasa Tamaki, 112, retained his Japanese flyweight crown with a majority, but popular, deci-

sion over Shuichi Hozumi, also 112, the WBA's sixth ranked contender, 10. Tamaki, 27, scored well with right hooks and won almost every one of the last five stanzas. The 5'6" Hozumi, 21, was aggressive from the start, but took too many counters from the clever 5'5" champ.

Official scoring: referee Takeshi Shimakawa, 99-97; judge Kodai Kumazaki, 98-95; judge Hiroyuki Tezaki, 97-97. Tamaki is now 17-7-5 with four knockouts. Hozumi is 16-2 with four kayoes.

Durable lefty Tsutomu Itokazu, 114½, won the vacant national bantamweight champ with a unanimous decision over taller, sharper Satoshi Koguchi, 115, 10.

Koguchi had kayoed Itokazu in July, 1980, but he reportedly had to shed about 20 pounds within a week to make the weight for this bout, and ran out of gas from the fifth on. Itokazu took Koguchi's straight rights and sent back straight left-right hook combos with fine precision.

Official scoring: referee Ken Morita and judges Takeshi Shimakawa and Takeo Ugo—all 98-96.

Four-rounders: Moriro Watanabe, 139¼, dropped Minoru Sato, 138, twice with vicious right uppercuts and stopped him at 1:28 of the first. Norio Ichimura, 112, floored Ryuji Tanimura, 110¾, twice and stopped him at 2:21 of the second. Satoru Gushiken (no relation to the former WBA junior flyweight champ), 133¾, was surprisingly knocked out by Katsumi Motoki, 135, with solid left hooks at 1:14 of the first. Gushiken is a legitimate featherweight. Yasunobu Imataki, 111¾, knocked Akihiko Watanabe, also 111¾, down twice and finished him at 1:29 of the first session. Muneo Taira, 111¾, knocked out Hiroyuki Uchida, 112, with a good one-two in 2:36 of the third canto in the opener.

Championship Carnival Committee.
Fuji TV.
Attendance—2,000.
(10-05-81)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Lanky Yoshimitsu Azato, 130, halted Kenyan Freddie Mason, 128¾, now belonging to a Japanese club, with a beautiful one-two at 1:34 of the 10th and final round to win the vacant national junior lightweight title. The 5'8½" Azato had lost a close decision to Mason last August.

Azato is now 9-1 with six kayoes. Mason, a southpaw, is 14-13 with nine knockouts.

Shuichi Isogami, 117¼, won the vacant Japanese bantamweight crown by stopping Hideharu Mitsui, also 117½, at 1:13 of the sixth round in their scheduled 10. Yusaku Yoshida, referee.

Isogami is now 25-3-4 with 19 kayoes. Mitsui is 5-5-2 with three knockouts.

Former amateur star Toshiaki Nakamoto, 135, won a close unanimous decision over Nobuyuki Chisaka, also 135, elght.

Four-rounders: Junichi Misawa, 130, halted Kazuyuki Kato, also 130, when referee Yoshida stepping in at 1:36 of the fourth canto. Kenji Ono, 107¾, demolished lanky Tamasaburo Yamada, 108, a university boy, at 2:15 of the first round. Katsuhiko Yokoyama, 134¼, knocked out Hiroshi Osuga, 133¾, at 2:05 of the first. Hard hitting Kazutaka Higa, 115, won a onesided unanimous decision over Eiichi Ono, 114½. Higa is now 3-0 with two kayoes. Long Yoshimu Oyama, 118, stayed unbeaten with a shutout unanimous decision over Shizuo Iwamoto, 117¾. Hiroyasu Kato, 111¾, outpointed Junichi Hashimoto, 112, in the opener.

Championship Carnival Committee.
Fuji TV.
Attendance—1,600.
(10-06-81)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Shave headed Joken Narita won the Japanese lightweight title with an upset unanimous decision over Battle Hawk Kazama, 135, 10.

There were no knockdowns in the close, hard fought affair. Narita scored with sharp one-twos to eke out the decision.

Scoring: referee Ken Morita, 99-98; judge Shoji Nakmori, 98-97; judge Yusaku Yoshida, 99-96. This reporter had it 98-98, as Kazama showed better ring generalship. A rematch has been scheduled.

Narita is now 13-13-1 with one knockout. Kazama is 18-7-4 with seven kayoes.

Kenji Shibata, 160, retained his Japanese middleweight crown by halting Caesar Sasaki, also 160, the JBC's top ranked contender, at 1:39 of the first session. Yusaku Yoshida, referee.

Shibata, 28, is now 29-8-4 with 17 kayoes. Sasaki, 24, is 14-3 with eight knockouts. The loser had to lose a lot of weight to make the limit, and that may have weakened him.

Hiroaki Kikuchi, 126½, and Kazuo Nakata, also 126½, drew, six,

Four-rounders: Hideto Osanai, 107¼, halted Hirotake Sasahara, 105½, at the end of the first session. Osanai had to quit because of a sprained ankle. Susumu Arimei, 107¼, stopped Mitsuo Sugawara, 107¾, at 2:46 of the first. Miharu Muto, 134¼, was given a split duke over Toshiyuki Ando, 135. Naka Nakazawa, 125¼, won a unanimous (all 40-38) decision over tricky Susumu Asari, 126. Fast and lanky Shinroku Koita, 107¾, climbed off the canvas to drop Isamu Machida, 106½, and win on points in the card opener.

The first three four-round contests were part of the East-Japan Zone *Shinjin-o* (Novice King) tourney.

Championship Carnival Committee.
TV Asahi.
Attendance—1,800.
(10-08-81)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Rough and speedy Tadashi Tomori, 107¾, won the vacant national junior flyweight crown with a split decision over shorter Hiroyuki Tada, 106¾, a southpaw, 10.

It was a total war, with Tomori's greater experience the deciding factor. Scoring: referee Masakazu Uchida and judge Hiroyuki Tezaki, 98-96 and 98-97, respectively, Tomori; judge Shoji Nakamori, 97-96, Tada.

Tomori, 21, is now 17-2-1 with five kayoes. He's piloted by former Oriental flyweight champion Hiroshi Misako. Tada, also 21, is 10-3 with three knockouts.

Ryuya Moriyasu, 136¼, retained his Japanese junior welter crown with a unanimous decision over former champ Minoru Sugiya, 140, 10. Scoring: referee Hiroyuki Tezaki, 99-95; judge Paul Field, 100-93; judge Shoji Nakamori, 99-97. Moriyasu is ranked fifth by the WBA, but he is *not* a world class fighter.

Ryuya, 28, is now 10-13 with five knockouts. Sugiya, 22, is 16-3-1 with 10 kayoes.

Fleet footed Mitsuo Imazato, 118, kayoed veteran southpaw Takashi Uezu, also 118, in 1:41 of round six in a supporting 10. Paul Field, referee.

Iwazato, piloted by former world champ Fighting Harada, is now 9-4 with four kayoes. Uezu, 27, seven years his senior, is 13-6 with six knockouts.

Four-rounders: Minoru Kamihiro, 121¼, floored Motokazu Kobayashi, 120¾, with a smashing right and stopped him at 2:58 of the first session. Promising Kentoku Nakama, 107¾, ran his record to 5-0 (two kayoes) with a close but unanimous decision over Yoshihito Toriumi, 107½, a southpaw. Hiroki Hosomi, 145¼, climbed off the canvas, dropped Kazuaki Hikichi, 146¼, twice, and halted him at 2:41 of the first. Unbeaten Mitsuru Sugiya, 125½, Minoru's younger brother, won a shutout unanimous decision over Michihiro Aomatsu, 126. Tsutomu Hasegawa, 121¾, stopped Masaji Wada, 121½, at 2:39 of the first round in the opener.

Championship Carnival Committee.
Fuji TV.
Attendance—1,600.
(10-12-81)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Spider Nemoto, 126, successfully defended his national featherweight title for the 12th time with a unanimous decision over Kosei Kawaguchi, also 126, 10. Scoring: referee Yusaku Yoshida and judge Takeo Ugo, both 100-95; judge Hiroyuki Tezaki, 100-93. Nemoto is now 40-8-2 with 12 kayoes. Kosei, 25, is 18-9-1 with four knockouts.

Dynamite Matsuo, 146½, won the vacant Japanese welterweight crown with a close unanimous decision over Mitsuo Kushikino, 145¾, 10. Scoring: referee Takeo Ugo, 98-96; judges Ken Morita and Hiroyuki Tezaki, both 98-97. Matsuo is now 19-10-4 with 16 knockouts. Kushikino, from Osaka, is 14-13 with 10 kayoes.

Four-rounders: Unbeaten Takashi Komori, 120½, TKO'd lefty Keiji Koizumi, 122, at 0:59 of the fourth session. Haruhito Sakamoto, 115, stopped Kazuyoshi Hirai, also 115, at 2:34 of the third. Kazuhiro Matsuda, 116¾, eked out a majority decision over Yutaka Iijima, 117½, Matsuda is 6-1 with two kayoes. Takeshi Mitsuru, 121½, won a unanimous (all 40-38) decision over Hirotaka Ishida, also 121½. Masashige Nishimura, 133¾, won a unanimous decision over Tsunemitsu Nonomura, 135. Daisuke Sakai, 133¼, halted Toru Sato, 135, at 1:30 of the first canto in the opener.

Championship Carnival Committee.
Fuji TV.
Attendance—2,000.
(10-13-81)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Quick punching Hiroyuki Iwamoto, 122, retained his national junior featherweight title by winning a unanimous decision over Bunji Ando, 121½, 10. Scoring: referee Takeshi Shimakawa, 99-96; judge Masakazu Uchida, 99-95; judge Shoichi Kanaya, 100-97.

The bobbing-and-weaving 5'5" champion is now 20-6-3 with four kayoes. Ando, 25, a year his senior, is 14-8-2 with seven knockouts.

Japanese junior middleweight titlist Michihiro Horihata, 154, retained his title against Katsuhiro Sawada, 153, in a dull 10. The heavily favored Horihata was quite slow, and he took too many rights. The majority of those on hand thought that Sawada, who fights out of a crouch, was entitled to the decision, but the official verdict was a draw. Scoring: referee Yusaku Yoshida, 97-97; judge Shoichi Kanaya, 99-99; judge Takeshi Shimakawa, 98-98—a unanimous draw. This reporter had it 99-96, Sawada. It was the only bad decision in the Carnival of Champions.

The 5'10" Horihata is now 20-13-2 with 14 kayoes. Sawada, 25, four years his junior, is 11-5-1 with eight knockouts.

Up-and-coming Tetsumi Takeshita, 108, extended his unbeaten log to 5-0 (three kayoes) with a unanimous decision over Yoshiaki Nojima, 106¼, 10. Nojima ran throughout the contest. Scoring: referee Masakazu Uchida, 99-95; judge Takeshi Shimakawa, 100-96; judge Kazuo Abe, 99-98. Tetsumi, 20, a former All-Japan high school champ, had better take on stronger opposition. Nojima, who was jeered by the crowd, is now 7-4-1 with two kayoes.

Four-rounders: Yoshinari Tanaka, 130, won a majority (40-38, 39-38, 39-39) decision over southpaw Kozaburo Ichihara, also 130. Rusher Kawaguchi, 124½, stopped Kenichi Fukazawa, 125¾, at 2:23 of the fourth round. Toshio Otsuka, 113¾, outpointed Yonemaro Osada, 115. Shinnosuke Nakazawa, 120¾, polished off Masayuki Shibuki, 122, at 1:22 of the first round in the opener.

Championship Carnival Committee.
TV Asahi.
Attendance—1,800.
(10-15-81)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Southpaw Jiro Watanabe, 114½, kayoed glass jawed Ali Baba Looklongton 115, Thailand, in 2:25 of the fifth round in a scheduled 10. Ken Morita, referee.

Watanabe is now 13-1 with nine kayoes. Looklongton is 21-8 with seven knockouts.

Fast rising Hiroyuki Yatsu, 125½, won a unanimous decision over Hirokazu Fukui, also 125½, eight. The official scores were 80-77, 80-78, and 79-75. Teiken's cards usually feature strong "house fighters" against stiffs, but this bout was a rare exception. They fought furiously, and the crowd praised both contestants. Yatsu, 20, is now 9-2-1 with five kayoes. Fukui is 16-6-4 with six knockouts. He'd lost to national featherweight king Spider Nemoto in his last fight.

Satoshi Okuma, 124, demolished shorter Ryuji Hisamatsu, 123½, in 1:53 of the first round in a scheduled eight.

Hiroyuki Seki, 117½, halted Takayuki Shimoda, 117¼, at 0:43 of the second in their scheduled eight.

Fujio Ozaki, 138, knocked out weak chinned Katsuhiro Taguchi, 137¼, in 1:13 of the first round in a scheduled six.

Toshio Katsuma, 112¾, won a unanimous duke over Yuji Katai, 112¼, six.

Four-rounders: Osamu Tokoyoda, 116, made his pro debut by stopping Takao Mochizuki, 118, younger brother of former *Shinjin-o* tourney winner Hirobumi, at 1:13 of the second. Yoshinobu Fukui, 111, outpointed Masaaki Arima, also 111.

Teiken Promotions. Nippon TV.
Attendance—1,600.
(10-10-81)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

KOREA

▲ **SEOUL—Changchung Gymnasium**—Chong-Chul Kim, 124¾, a southpaw, won a unanimous decision over Melching Makilan, 125, Thailand, 10. Kim, the WBA's eighth ranked junior featherweight, compiled a great 125-5 log as an amateur, with 107 stoppages. His last fight was a fifth round kayo over Chong-Ow Baek on November 28, 1980. A hitch in the Korean Army was responsible for Kim's inactivity, with the WBA allowing him to stay in its world ratings.

There were no knockdowns in the Kim-Makilan bout, but Chong-Chul stayed at long range, smashing left hands to the shorter Filipino. Scoring: referee Jin-Kook Kim, 99-96; judges, 100-96 and 99-95. Kim, who won a God Medal in the world amateur championship games at Yugoslavia in 1979, is now 6-2 (five kayoes) as a pro. Makilan is 12-5-2 with nine knockouts.

National welterweight champion Joon-Sok Hwang, 148, won a shutout unanimous decision over Tae-Hun Kim, 147¼, 10. The scores were 100-94 and 100-93 (twice). Hwang is now 12-0 with three knockouts. Kang-Soo Kim, referee.

Byong-In Chang, 156½, the KBC's sixth ranked middleweight, was held to a majority (double 79-79 and 77-76) draw by Bok-Kyu Lim, 155, eight. Chang, 22, is 3-3-5 with three kayoes. Lim is 4-1-1 with two knockouts.

Chong-Kwon Kang, 136¾, won a unanimous (77-76, 78-76, 79-76) decision over formerly unbeaten Young-Jin Kim, 135¼, eight. Kang is now 12-6-4 with four knockouts. Kim, who was knocked down in the fifth session, is 3-1 with three kayoes.

Sung-Ton Yang, 123½, the KBC's 10th ranked junior feather, halted Sun-Jin Kim, 123¼, at 1:46 of the seventh in their scheduled eight-rounder. Yang, 19, is now 5-1 with two kayoes. Kim, 17, is 3-2.

Buk-Soo Suh, 145½, kayoed Kang Song, 144¾, in 2:32 of the first round in a scheduled six. Suh, a former amateur star, is now 2-1 with one kayo in the pro ranks.

Four-rounders: Chung-Un Lee, 109¼, outscored Wan-Kyu Ji, 108. Sun-Jae Lee, 115¾, climbed off the canvas in the first to draw with Young-Ha Chai, 116¾. Kyu-Shik Yang, 109¾, outpointed Won-Kuk Suh, 109¼. Kang-Hwan Kim, 110, outscored Young-Kwan Kang, 109¾, in the opener.

Kang-Po Promotions. The card had 66 scheduled rounds of boxing, so this reporter was at ringside from 6:00 to 10:30 p.m.
(09-07-81)

▲ **SEOUL—Changchung Gymnasium**—OPBF middleweight champion Chong-Pal Park, 159¼, retained his crown for the 10th time by halting Mana Premchai, 158½, Thailand, at 0:12 of round 11 in a scheduled 12-round championship contest.

Park, 21, won every round, and his stinging lefts opened up a cut over Premchai's right eyebrow in the third. The challenger took a standing eight count in the 10th frame, and his chief second, Khunpaen Noipan, refused to let him answer the bell for the 11th. Referee Kang-Soo Kim counted the Thai out as he sat on his stool.

Park is now 22-1-1 with 21 knockouts. Scoring after 10: referee Kim, 100-89; judge Cho-Hee Han, 100-88; judge Jae-Keun Kim, 100-90.

Korean flyweight champion Soon-Yun Ma, 108, retained his crown by drawing with Mun-Jin Choi, also 108, 10.

Former national lightweight champion Deuk-Koo Kim, 139, knocked out Flash Romeo, 138¾, Philippines, in 3:04 of the fourth round in their scheduled 10.

Sou-Haeng Lee, 139, kayoed Jae-Hung Kim, also 139, in 1:35 of the fourth in a scheduled eight.

Four-rounders: Soo-Hi Son, 116, outscored Kyu-Kun Park, also 116. Byong-Kwon Park, 114¾, outpointed Kwang-Bok Yun, also 114¾, in the opener.

Dong-A Promotions.
(09-09-81)

▲ **SEOUL—Changchung Gymnasium**—Hard hitting rookie Kyong-Min Ra, 154, won the vacant Korean junior middleweight title by stopping Seo Sok, also 154, at 2:08 of the fifth round in a scheduled 10-round contest.

Ra is now 3-0—all knockouts. The KBC had stripped Sang-Ho Lee of the crown for his failure to defend within the prescribed limit.

Tong-Soo Cha, 132¼, won a unanimous decision over Min-Soo Lee, also 132¼, 10. Cha was ranked 10th among Korean junior lightweights prior to the contest.

Solid punching In-Chang Kim, 134¼, finished former Filipino national champ Fred Basa, 136½, in 0:51 of the fifth session in a scheduled eight.

Huan-Ro Hwang, 137, outscored Jong-Ki Ra, also 137, eight.

Six-rounders: Ryong-Bum Lee, 131¾, outscored Kyung-Dong Sung 132. Min-Uong Kim, 109¾, halted Sam-Ju Sun, 110¼, at 1:26 of the fourth.

Four-rounders: Nam-Soo Park, 117½, stopped Yung-Ryong Park, 117¼, at 1:16 of the third round. Sang-Nam Ma, 109¼, outscored Ki-Bung Kim, 110. Jung-Tak Lee, 127½, outpointed Sang-Tae Hon, 127. Sung-Il Kim, 119½, outpointed Yung-Ki Lee, 118½, in the opener.

Sam-Uw Promotions.
(09-16-81)

▲ **DAECHAN—Chungmu Gymnasium**—Sa-Wang Kim, 132¼, knocked out former Filipino junior lightweight champion Francis Camatagan, 132½, in 1:03 of the third round in a scheduled 10. A right hand to the jaw sent the southpaw into dreamland.

Sa-Wang, who had lost to Francis months before this, is a one-punch hitter. Eusebio Pedroza flattened him in a WBA title fight on July 20, 1980.

Tae-Kook Park, 129, won a technical decision over Fel Viesca, Jr., also 129, at 2:22 of round six in the semi-final 10. Park is the KBC's eighth ranked featherweight, Viesca the Filipino Board's third ranked junior lightweight.

Tong-Young Kim, 122½, and Tai-Chul Kim, also 122½, drew, 10.

Young-Sup Suh, 150½, won by a disqualification over Kyung-Sun Kim at 0:22 of round three in a scheduled eight.

Six-rounders: Kung-Ok Chan, 117½, outpointed Jong-Kwan Chung, 116¼. Jong-Won Park, 142¾, outscored Dae-Ryong Hong, also 142¾.

Fours: Chun-San Kim, 128¼, outpointed Sung-Ho Kim, 128½.

Sung-Mun Choi, 117¼, and Young-Kun Yuh, 117½, drew, in the curtain raiser.

Il-Hwa Promotions.
(09-19-81)

▲ **INCHON—Inchon Indoor Gymnasium**—Six six-rounders headlined.

In-Bong Bang, 132¼, outpointed Kee-Hak Lee, also 132¼. Kyong-Ryang-Kim, 127¼, outpointed Chai-Uong Lim, 125¾. Song-Hwa Jin, 124½, outscored Jong-Ki Yuh, 124. Ho-Man Kim, 119¾, TKO'd Kun-Shik Yuh, 118¾, at 2:56 of the fifth round. Chul-Youn Hwang, 116¾, outpointed Hyun Joo, 116½. Hi-Won Lee, 109½, and In-Keun Hwang, 110, drew.

Four-rounders: Chung-Kook Ji, 152, outpointed Kang-Soo Lee, 151. Sun-Man Kim, 111½, outscored Hak-Chul Chan, 112¼. Jae-Shik Lee, 111, outpointed Hyo-Myong Yuh, also 111, in the opener.

Inchon Dong-Yang Promotions.
(09-19-81)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium**—Hard hitting Heung-Sok Yuh, 136¾, the KBC's second ranked lightweight, halted veteran Nilo Acido, 135, Philippines, at 0:32 of the ninth session in a scheduled 10-rounder. Yuh is now 9-1-1 with six knockouts.

Sung-Nam Kim, 110¼, the WBA's seventh ranked junior flyweight, climbed off the canvas in the seventh to floor Phoenix Taniguchi, also 110¼, twice in the ninth round and win via unanimous decision, 10. Kim, a southpaw, hadn't trained enough and didn't look impressive. He's now 16-3 with nine kayoes.

Young-Shik Kim, 126¾, the KBC's sixth ranked featherweight, halted Jung-Tae Hou, also 126¾, at 1:27 of the sixth round in a scheduled eight.

Jong-Chul Park, 115¼, and Youn-Hee Kim, 113½, drew, eight.

Young-Hwan Kim, 114, and Yu-Kyoung Hou, 113¾, drew, six.

Four-rounders: Kyung-Han Kim, 125¼, outpointed Chang-Won Chang, 124¾. Jong-Man Park, 114¾, and Ki-Ryong Lee, 113¾, drew. Byoung-Kook Oh, 123¾, halted Do-Sun Park, 123, at 1:15 of the third round. Myoung-Hun Park, 120¼, outpointed Mun-Shik Kim, 121¼. Jung-Won Mun, 149¼, outscored Kye-Man Han, also 149¼. Soo-Kon Chang, 111½, knocked out Jong-Nam Kim, 112½, in 1:59 of round three.

Chungchang Promotions.
(09-20-81)

▲ **SEOUL—Changchung Gymnasium**—Lanky Seung-Hoon Lee, 120¾, the WBC's third ranked bantamweight, knocked out Thai national champ Sakda Saksuree, 121½, a tough southpaw, in 1:53 of round six in a scheduled 10.

Lee, who lost a disputed verdict to Rafael Orono in the first WBC super flyweight title bout, is now 19-3 with five kayoes.

Il Yang, 131½, returned to action after a rather long lay-off and stopped Thai newcomer Kunphollek Sakornphitak, 131½, the TBC's seventh ranked feather, at 0:53 of the sixth round in a scheduled 10.

Four-rounders: Jin-Ho Kim, 133½, outpointed Kyu-Hyung Choi, 132½. Joo-Do Chun, 116½, stopped Byoung-Hee Kang, 118½, at 1:19 of the first round. Kyong-Shik Park, 109½, halted Jong-Hyuk Lee, 110¼, at 1:27 of the second. Yang-Il Shin, 116½, outpointed Byong-Jin Kim, 116¾. Ko-Kang Kim, 123, outscored Dong-Woo Choi, 121½, in the opener.

Kuk-Dong Promotions.
(09-22-81)

THAILAND

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Mongkol Singchaowang, 110, knocked out Haowfire Fairtex, also 110, with a punch to the stomach in the fifth round of a scheduled six.
(09-11-81)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Veteran Morakot (Lookaiyara) Sithtanky, 110, outscored Salakpetch Kiatpetchnoi, also 110, six.
(09-15-81)

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Raknarong Chorsangchan, 110, the TBC's ninth ranked junior flyweight, lost an upset unanimous decision to Chaonennoi Chomkata, also 110, six.

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Santi Kiattar, 124, won an upset verdict over Ekaluk Sinfnakornlong, also 124, the TBC's second ranked junior feather, six. Sinfnakornlong looked sluggish and slow.
(09-18-81)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Sakdisamai Chorsiritat, 118, halted former national junior bantamweight champion Saifah S. Phayathai, 117, in the second round of a scheduled 10.
(09-22-81)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

THAI RATINGS BY THE THAI BOXING COMMISSION (AS OF NOVEMBER 10, 1981)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Satanfa S. Pratip
1. Tongta Kiatvayupak
2. Saensak Muangsurin
3. Thaminthong Singsamang
4. Kiatsayarm Jokker
5. Burirum Suenmisakavan
6. Mana Premchai
7. Jong Sathiragym
8. Kunphol Sakornphitak

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Kongrug Vocharernrat
1. Petchsayarm Petcharern
2. Thom Singthanongsakdi

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Jenrub Muangsurin
1. Downthong Chuvatana
2. Somdej Sakdiphipus
3. Keovanoi Kiatsingnoi
4. Suradej Klongphajorn
5. Nunthaburong Leadbankye
6. Chokchai Kiatsingnoi
7. Chainarong Chutinavy
8. Rakthae Muangsurin
9. Sakad Pornthavee
10. Rakchart Kiatvayuphak

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Dorn Sornsakdisith
2. Phadedsuk Pisnurachun
3. Usopnoi Lukakadyotin
4. Cechayun Senaphitak
5. Kongkiat Sithmanun
6. Sonsakdi Sithlukmuang
7. Ngoohuoleg Lukakadyotin
8. Prichar Nabanmee
9. Sangsakda Kittikasem
10. Monkorndum Muangsurin

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Nugprachun Kiatkumchai
1. Kolnyuth P. Punyuth
2. Dedkad Kiatbunyong
3. Santhi Donjadee
4. Sangthong Chanjeelar
5. Manus Lo-ngerng
6. Nongthom Singthanongsak
7. Kunphollek Sakornphitak
8. Salatan Tarphoothai
9. Kiatborvon Singchevung
10. Sungkad Sakdisuri

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Dejvarin Hollywood
1. Pongpun Sorphayathai
2. Morkasakdi Muangsurin
3. Ekaluk Singnakornlong
4. Arcadej Singjomthong
5. Thournthong Sorphajorn
6. Thanupetch Pet-u-bol
7. Pisvong Sithbungerd
8. Duangprasert Sorsombutr
9. Santhi Kiatpong
10. Pornarai Kiatmana

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Sakda Saksuree
1. Sakdisamai Chorsirirat
2. Kaosai Galassy
3. Charnok U. Yuthanakarn
4. Venice Borkorsor
5. Surija Pratumvadee
6. Prasong Sithkempetch
7. Kom Chartsurat
8. Mongkol Kiatjongrat
9. Khangthongnoi Kiatsingnoi
10. Numraman Sithmuhamad

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Phaktai Osodsapha
1. Brabtorni Luklumpakchee
2. Nasai Charlermchaigym
3. Muns Petchyindee
4. Pharyao Pooltharat
5. Suban Muangsurin
6. Sombutr Chuvatana
7. Ali Baba Luklongtan
8. Suvan Silpaya
9. Tani Singchuevung
10. Saipha Sorphayathai

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Dan Pisalchai
1. Chutmongkol Thairungriang
2. Monsayarm H. Mahachai
3. Wonchai Sorpenpis
4. Phichitsuk Kor-u-sayarm
5. Leg Pairtax
6. Chandang Singchuevung
7. Jimmy Sithphaidang
8. Glar Premchai
9. Den Chuvatana
10. Thongberm Lukmaturee

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Srithuncha Sithsanae
1. Ratanachai Punvit
2. Komleg Sorthanikul
3. Phameechai Sithpornpon
4. Suriya Pratumvadee
5. Luk-odd Phitiporn
6. Jownaeranoi Jomkatha
7. Phutai Lukminburi
8. Borvonmongkol Singchuevung
9. Sakolnakorn Kiatmuangtrang
10. Raknarong Jorsangthong

Thai boxers rated by world boxing organizations: Netrnoi Sor Vorasingh (#3 WBA junior flyweight; #1 WBC).

PAN PACIFIC

AUSTRALIA

NEW SOUTH WALES

▲ **AUBURN—R.S.L. Club**—Roy Hughes, 127¾, won a unanimous decision over Patrick Young, 130, in an action-packed 10-rounder. Hughes, 30, has had 61 fights and has never been stopped. In fact, he has never been floored.

Joe Burruni, 167½, halted Tom Jackson, 165¼, in the fourth round of a scheduled six.

Paul Donnelly, 166½, stopped Col Eckford, 167½, in the first round of a scheduled four.

Three-rounders: Bub Evans, 134½, halted Allan Fuller, 140, in the second. Morris Trent, 134½, outpointed Rick Calloway, 130.
(09-11-81)

▲ **GUILDFORD—Leagues Club**—Dennis Talbot, 131½, scored a comfortable points win over Kirk Blair, 135, in the headline 10.

Four-rounders: Dave Parker, 135½, outpointed George Washington, 146½. John Stracey, 133¼, outscored Bernie Ellis, 132¼.
(09-18-81)

▲ **KINGSFORD—South Sydney Junior Leagues Club**—Three eight-rounders topped the bill.

Former Australian and Commonwealth junior welterweight champion Jeff Malcolm, 150, easily outpointed Dawsie Kelly, 143.

Kirk Blair, 138, outscored Patrick Young, 133.

Con O'Connor, 160, outpointed comebacking Alex Burns, 156.

Tommy Roberts, 150, halted Willie Leslie, 144, in the fourth round of a scheduled six.

Andy Grigor, 152, stopped Vesi Taoi, 153, in round two on an injury. It was scheduled for four.
(09-22-81)

▲ **MT. PRITCHARD—Community Club**—Paul Ferreri, 124½, regained his Australian featherweight title with a split decision over Gary Williams, 125½, 15.

This reporter had Ferreri winning by a three-point margin, and thought Paul had won their first fight by a wider margin.

Ferreri now holds the Australian bantam, feather, and junior lightweight titles, the Commonwealth bantamweight crown, and the Australian (Australiia-New Zealand) junior lightweight.

Six-rounders: Roger Henry, 132, outscored Reg King, 127. Tony Campbell, 141, halted Glen Norman, 142, in the fourth round. Bub Evans, 138½, stopped Nick Conditis, 133, in the second.

▲ **GOSFORD—Central Coast Leagues Club**—Benny Tabua, 154, and Ross Eadie, 153, drew in a hard fought 10-rounder.

Peter Batty, 142, stopped Mark Duffy, 144, in the fifth round of a scheduled eight.

Six-rounders: Peter Thompson, 123, outpointed Sparrow Freeman, 125. Tony Goulay, 132, outscored Lou Williams, 134.
(09-30-81)

▲ **KINGSFORD—South Sydney Junior Leagues Club**—Kelly Thompson, 150, halted Vinnie Edwards, 147, in the fifth round of a scheduled eight.

Kirk Blair, 135, outpointed Wayne O'Donnell, 134, in a very good eight-round contest.

Newcomer Ian Dennis, 159, outscored veteran Buddy Nixon, 156, eight.
(10-06-81)

▲ **BROOKVALE—Manly Warringah Leagues Club**—Sparrow Freeman, 128, outpointed Patrick Young, also 128, in an all-action eight-round slugfest.

Ross Eadie, 148, and Jamie Lewis, 150, drew, six.

George Damien, 138, outpointed Young Sharkey, 142, six.

Rocky B. Matta, 139, outscored Lou Williams, 133, five.
(10-07-81)

QUEENSLAND

▲ **BRISBANE—Festival Hall**—Steve Aczel, 189, halted British light heavyweight champion Bunny Johnson, 184½, in their scheduled 10-rounder.

Aczel was always ahead in points, and completely dominated Johnson in the sixth. Referee Alan Moore gave Johnson a standing eight-count in that round, then stopped it shortly

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ORIENTAL & PACIFIC RATINGS
BY THE ORIENTAL & PACIFIC BOXING FEDERATION
(AS OF NOVEMBER 2, 1981)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Chong-Pal Park (Korea)
1. Wally Carr (Australia)
2. Byung-Rae Yuh (Korea)
3. Richie Roberts (Australia)
4. Kenji Shibata (Japan)
5. Joe Willisco (Philippines)
6. Peter Piamonte (Philippines)
7. Caesar Sasaki (Japan)
8. Soo-Hang Lee (Korea)
9. Mana Prenchai (Thailand)
10. Suwarno (Indonesia)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Tadashi Mihara (Japan)
1. Sang-Ho Lee (Korea)
2. In-Chul Baek (Korea)
3. Michihiro Horihata (Japan)
4. Kyung-Min Nah (Korea)
5. Alex Temelkov (Australia)
6. Steve Dennis (Australia)
7. Katsuhiro Sawasa (Japan)
8. Aquiliano Nicolas, Jr. (Philippines)
9. Billy Johnstone (Australia)
10. Alberto Cruz (Philippines)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Chung-Jae Hwang (Korea)
1. Mike de Guzman (Philippines)
2. Jun-Sok Hwang (Korea)
3. Frank Ropis (Australia)
4. Dynamite Matsuo (Japan)
5. Seung-Soon Lee (Korea)
6. Johnny Tam (Philippines)
7. Blakeney Matthews (Australia)
8. Satanfa S. Pratip (Thailand)
9. Mitsu Kushikino (Japan)
10. Kwang-Yul Oh (Korea)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Sang-Hyun Kim (Korea)
1. Kyung-Hwan Chae (Korea)
2. Sang-Hyun Baek (Korea)
3. Willie Makitoki (Philippines)
4. Peter Berrigan (Australia)
5. Sang-Ho Lee (Korea)
6. Tatsuya Moriyasu (Japan)
7. Graham Bell (Australia)
8. Kongrug Vocharernrat (Thailand)
9. Minoru Sukiya (Japan)
10. Mohamad Solikin (Indonesia)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Kwang-Min Kim (Korea)
1. Deuk-Koo Kim (Korea)
2. Barry Michael (Australia)
3. Flash Villamer (Philippines)
4. Young-Ho Oh (Korea)
5. Jyoken Narita (Japan)
6. Hong-Kyu Lim (Korea)
7. Heung-Suk Yuh (Korea)
8. Jenrub Muangsurin (Thailand)
9. Lito Pena (Philippines)
10. Hayao Shiba (Japan)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Young-Sae Oh (Korea)
1. Tae-Jin Moon (Korea)
2. Paul Ferreri (Australia)
3. Kyung-Soo Hong (Korea)
4. Phadedsuk Pisanurachun (Thailand)
5. Yoshimitsu Azato (Japan)
6. Sa-Wang Kim (Korea)
7. Garry Williams (Australia)
8. Nene Jun (Philippines)
9. Chong-Pyo Kim (Korea)
10. Hyun-Kil Chun (Korea)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Jung-Han Hwang (Korea)
1. Hwan-Kil Yuh (Korea)
2. Kid Hassan (Indonesia)
3. Ahn Hyun (Korea)
4. Lulu Villaverde (Philippines)
5. Nugprachun Kiatkumchai (Thailand)
6. Koichi Matsushima (Japan)
7. Tomio Nakamura (Japan)
8. Ador Seguin (Philippines)
9. Kolnyuth P. Punyuth (Thailand)
10. Chito Adigue (Philippines)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Willie Lucas (Philippines)
1. Hiroyuki Iwamoto (Japan)
2. Pong Pun Sorphayathai (Thailand)
3. Jong Jong Pacauing (Philippines)
4. Dejvarin Hollywood (Thailand)
5. Bunji Ando (Japan)
6. Song-In Suh (Korea)
7. Jae-Wook Kim (Korea)
8. Rey Numata, Jr. (Philippines)
9. Chang-Duk Han (Korea)
10. Kang-San Lee (Korea)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Eijiro Murata (Japan)
1. Paul Ferreri (Australia)
2. Yong-Hwan Oh (Korea)
3. Bobby Berna (Philippines)
4. Hitoshi Ishigaki (Japan)
5. Kaosai Galasay (Thailand)
6. Dong-Yung Kim (Korea)
7. Morris Paster (Philippines)
8. Sakda Saksuree (Thailand)
9. Charnok U. Yuthanakarn (Thailand)
10. Chul-Soon Hwang (Korea)

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Soon-Chun Kwon (Korea)
1. Phaktai Osodsapha (Thailand)
2. Mun-Kyun Joo (Korea)
3. Flash Jagdon (Philippines)
4. Tsutomu Itokazu (Japan)
5. Brabtorani Luklumpakchee (Thailand)
6. Fel Aporto (Philippines)
7. Chan-Young Park (Korea)
8. Rodrigo Saonoy (Philippines)
9. Satoru Koguchi (Japan)
10. Suk-Chul Bae (Korea)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Hong-Soo Yang (Korea)
1. Kap-Chul Shin (Korea)
2. Frank Cedeno (Philippines)
3. Kazumasa Tamaki (Japan)
4. Dan Pisalchai (Thailand)
5. Steve Bell (Australia)
6. In-Wan Hwang (Korea)
7. Koji Kobayashi (Japan)
8. Chutmongkol Thairungriang (Thailand)
9. Andy Balaba (Philippines)
10. Jun Garcia (Philippines)

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Siony Carupo (Philippines)
1. Soon-Yun Mah (Korea)
2. Junior Thompson (Australia)
3. Jung-Koo Chang (Korea)
4. Srithuncha Sithsanae (Thailand)
5. Tadashi Tomori (Japan)
6. Mun-Chin Choi (Korea)
7. Ratanachai Punvit (Thailand)
8. Manaseh Base (Philippines)
9. Hiroyuki Tada (Japan)
10. Ok-Kyun Yuh (Korea)

The Oriental & Pacific Boxing Federation does not rate boxers currently rated by world boxing organizations.

afterward in the same session. Johnson was sopping up punishment, and had no chance of winning.

The next day, Johnson and his 18-year-old manager, Peter Foster, set up a squeal that Johnson had been "nobbled." What a heap of garbage, as medical tests subsequently proved. Unfortunately, there are always newspapers that grab at stories like this and play them up in a big way. The claims of Foster and Johnson sounded like very bad sportsmanship. It's not the first time Johnson has offered an excuse for a defeat. In fact, he seems to make a habit of doing so.

Brian Janssen, 142, outclassed Robert Scott, 138, in their scheduled 10-rounder. Referee Moore stopped the contest in round four.

Dave Bellis, 142, outscored Anthony Naidu, 141, Fiji, 10.

Lou Hirst, 147, stopped Guy Park, 153, in the sixth round of a scheduled eight. A cut eye forced the contest to be halted.
(09-18-81)

▲ **MT. ISA**—Jim Gillon, 159, halted Buddy Nixon, 158, in the sixth round of a scheduled 10-round bout. Nixon was doing all right for the first four rounds, but ran out of gas. Gillon took over, decked him four times in the fifth frame, and, when Nixon went down in the sixth, the towel was thrown in by his corner.

Assan Clay, 126, outscored Alan Werhman, 140, three.
(09-26-81)

VICTORIA

▲ **MELBOURNE—Dallas Brooks Hall**—Australian and Commonwealth lightweight champion Barry Michael, 135¼, won a majority decision over American Al (Earthquake) Carter, 135, in a terrific 10-round bout. Scoring: referee Gus Mercurio, 94-94; judge Al Basten, 99-94; judge Denzil Creed, 98-92.

"I've never been hit so hard," said Michael after the contest.

Carter came in with a 23-1 log, all his wins coming by kayo. He certainly proved he could punch, but failed to deck the tough Australian champ.

The promotional group, Fan Fights, is negotiating for a WBA title fight between Michael and champ Claude Noel, but Barry will have to get into the WBA top 10 first. If the fight eventuates, it probably will take place in Melbourne.

Blakeney Matthrews, 139¾, outpointed Andy Broome, 140, eight.

Glenn Walsh, 118, the Victoria State bantamweight champ, stopped Patrick Burns, 119, N.S.W., in the eighth and final round because of cuts.

Four-rounders: Peter Hewitt, 169¾, outpointed Mac Foster, 168. Dave Woollard, 148½, stopped Clarence Hunt, 139½, in three.
(09-14-81)

▲ **PRESTON—Town Hall**—Rocky Pirrottina, 138, and Kid Preston, 140, drew, 10, in a bout for the vacant Victoria State junior welter crown. Pirrottina is still undefeated.

Mick Parkinson, 125¾, outpointed Jay Crowe, also 125¾, 10, to win the vacant Victoria State featherweight title. (How Crowe could qualify for that title is puzzling. He doesn't live in Victoria; he resides in New South Wales. Anyway, the fight was *billed* as for the vacant State diadem.)

Peter Hewitt, 164¼, outpointed Kevin Timmins, 166½, four.

Three-rounders: Sammy Grasso, 130, and John Defina, 128, drew. Charlie Dando, 161, outpointed Peter Gribben, 161. Paul Luttrell, 130, outscored Mick Barber, 133½.
(09-18-81)

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

▲ **LOCKRIDGE**—This State's first pro boxing bill of 1981 saw Eugene Eades, 149, kayo Nicky Abrahams, 148, for the vacant Western Australia State junior middleweight title. The end came in the fourth round of the scheduled 10-rounder.

Ken Bowden halted Lawrence Williams in the fourth round of a scheduled lightweight eight.

Ian Penny outpointed Tom Cliff, six rounds, lights.
(09-25-81)

RAY MITCHELL

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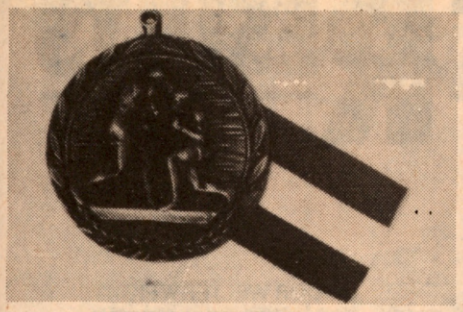

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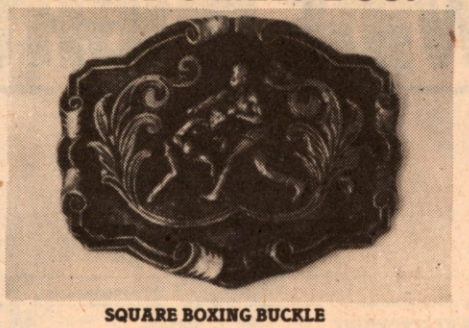

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WORLDWIDE FIGHT RESULTS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Larry Holmes stopped Renaldo Snipes, 14
(Retained World Title)
Leroy Boone decisioned Neville Meade, 10
Gerrie Coetzee stopped Leroy Caldwell, 6
Joe Frazier and Floyd (Jumbo) Cummings drew, 8
Tim Witherspoon halted Alfonso Ratliff, 7
Eddie Gregg iced Charlie Campbell, 1
Larry Frazier blasted out Fossie Schmidt, 2
Cedric Parsons knocked out Matt Ross, 1
Ken Lakusta bombed Ron Rouselle, 1
Gord Racette stopped Robert Echols, 4
Mark Lee kayoed Rocky Oliver, 1
Billy Aird beat Winston Allen, 10
Stewart Lithgo beat George Scott, 10
Cordwell Hylton stopped Ben Lawlor, 2
Lucien Rodriguez outpointed Felipe Rodriguez, 12
(Won European Title)
John Tate bombed Chuck Gardner, 1
Al Syben beat Ricky James, 8

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Eddie Davis beat Pablo Ramos, 10
Roddy MacDonald halted Frank Hines, 3
Roddy MacDonald stopped Gary Summerhays, 5
Al Dominey outscored Jesse Avila, 10
Lamont Kirkland kayoed Ken Johnson, 2
Mustafa Wasajja beat Freddie Brown, 8
Dennis Andries outpointed Alek Penarski, 10
Liam Coleman beat Trevor Kerr, 6
Alvaro (Yaqui) Lopez kayoed Tony Mundine, 3

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Wilford Scypion beat Siaosi Tanoa, 10
Bobby Czyz won by disqualification over Elisha Obed, 6
Alex Ramos beat Norberto Sabater, 10
Bob Coolidge outscored Jeff Madison, 8
Ralph Hollett and David Love drew, 10
Roy Gumbs stopped Joe Henry, 8
Rudy Barro decisioned Bobby Howard, 8
Doug DeWitt and Tony Suero drew, 10
Robbie Sims stopped Odell Leonard, 6
Bilal Muhammad stopped Cheto Ramos, 9
Lenny LaPaglia kayoed Rick Haynes, 2
Tony Sibson stopped Nicola Cirelli, 10
Prince Rodney kayoed Ambrose, 8
Mark Kaylor halted Billy Savage, 2
Jim Kinchen stopped Ronnie Brown, 6
Jose Quinones iced Warren Hardy, 1
Marcos Geraldo halted Dale Jackson, 8
Jose Quinones knocked out Pedro Guerrero, 3
Jose Quinones beat Fred Hutchins, 6
Jim Kinchen halted Jesse Avila, 6

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Tidashi Mihara decisioned Rocky Fratto, 15
(Won Vacant WBA Title)
Pete Ranzany stopped Greg Stephens, 5
Jimmy Batten beat Jesse Abrams, 10
Luigi Minchillo stopped Claude Martin, 1
(Retained European Title)
Jake Torrence outscored Danny Paul, 8
Johnny Herbert beat Ruddy Barro, 10
Mark Medal kayoed Harry Lee Saxby, 3
John DeGazio iced Gerald Boiner, 1
Al Mills stopped Ra Sean Parker, 2
Donnie Poole beat Ghislain Deroy, 8
Gordon Lawson halted Bruce Strauss, 5
Charlie Weir kayoed Nicanor Camacho, 2
Bruce Johnson beat Dario De Asa, 10
Herol Graham beat Kenny Bristol, 15
(Won Commonwealth Title)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Roger Stafford beat Pipino Cuevas, 10
Donald Curry iced Vernon Lewis, 1
Donald Curry outpointed Curtis Ramsey, 10
Chris Clarke beat Dick Ecklund, 10
Mario Cusson decisioned Bob Harvey, 12
Carlos Trujillo halted Francisco Luna, 7
Frankie Minnigan kayoed Al Fletcher, 7
Brian Brunette stopped Tony Taylor, 5
Reggie Ford knocked out Dave Green, 5
Bobby Ray MacMillian beat Kid Polack, 8
Bobby Acey stopped Marvin Ladson, 3
Colin Jones kayoed Gary Giron, 3
Jorgen Hansen beat Randy Milton, 8
Kirkland Laing outpointed Cliff Gilpin, 12
Michael Bradley outpointed Isidoro Moreno, 10
Joey Mack decisioned John Kennedy, 10

Amateur Ratings

SUPER HEAVYWEIGHT
1-Tyrone Biggs, Philadelphia
2-Johnny Keys, San Francisco
3-Jesse Ferguson, Kaneohe, Haw.
4-Kevin Sheeley, Proctor, Minn.
5-Warren Thompson, Baltimore
6-Andrew Stokes, Lafayette, Ind.
7-Tony Robitaille, Burlington, V.T.
8-Craig Payne, Detroit
9-Robert LaVarry, Shreveport, La.
10-Parris Flowers, San Diego
Anthony Burton, Air Force

HEAVYWEIGHT
1-Carl Williams, Queens, N.Y.
2-Mark Mahone, Navy
3-Alfred Guzman, Fort Worth
4-Michael Arms, Milwaukee
5-Woody Clark, Army
6-Benny Heard, Augusta, Ga.
7-Joe Fitzpatrick, Portland, Ore.
8-Greg Stallings, Trenton, Tenn.
9-Charles Simmons, Phoenix
10-Dary Samp, Carencro, La.
Charles Dread, Washington, D.C.

178 LBS.
1-Johnny Williams, Chicago
2-Calvin Jackson, Marines
3-Jerry Goff, Saucier, Miss.
4-Dave Shaw, Philadelphia
5-Jose Ribalta, Miami
6-Clifford May, Council Grove, Kans.
7-Eddie Bennett, Marines
8-Ben Gordon, Hattiesburg, Miss.
9-Jesse Shelby, Honolulu
10-Kelvin Beatty, Knoxville, Tenn.
Jimmy Bills, Vallejo, Calif.

165 LBS.
1-Michael Grogan, Atlanta
2-Randy Smith, Chicago
3-Emilio Amantine, Army
4-James MacDonald, Marines
5-Dennis Milton, New York City
6-William Trendley, St. Louis
7-Andy Schott, New Paltz, N.Y.
8-Rodney Green, Detroit
9-Dexter Harris, Baltimore
10-Jewerl Bragg, Los Angeles

156 LBS.
1-Alfred Mayes, St. Louis
2-Bobby McCorvey, Army
3-John Jackson, Seattle
4-Steve Johnson, Hutchinson, Kans.
5-Jack Padia, Penngrove, Calif.
6-Derrick Drane, Honolulu
7-Charles Campbell, Knoxville
8-Andre Fortune, Palmer Park, Md.
9-Percy Harris, Baltimore
10-Lonnie Horn, Moline, Ill.
Brian Matthews, Chicago

147 LBS.
1-Louis Howard, University City, Mo.
2-Mark Breland, Brooklyn, N.Y.
3-Darryl Robinson, Houston
4-Sean Pruitt, Columbus, Ga.
5-Vincent Releford, Fort Worth
6-Roman George, Lafayette, La.
7-Darryl Anthony, St. Louis
8-Darrell Stubblefield, Snohomish, Wash.
9-Capers D'Antignac, Marines
10-Frank Tate, Detroit
Glen Corbus, San Jose, Calif.

139 LBS.
1-James Mitchell, Army
2-Vincent Webb, University City, Mo.
3-Cedric Rose, Dallas
4-Henry Hughes, Bedford Heights, Ohio
5-Jeffrey Geter, Navy
6-Jerry Page, Columbus, Ohio
7-David Collett, Metairie, La.
8-David Perry, Montrose, Colo.
9-John Puente, Toledo
10-Gilbert Rodriguez, Salt Lake City
Edward Osborne, Bryte, Calif.

132 LBS.
1-Vincent Pazienza, Cranston, R.I.
2-Timmy Raban, Broussard, La.
3-Timothy Brown, Army
4-Kenny Taylor, Cleveland
5-Tommy Ayers, Cleveland
6-Brett Summers, Marysville, Wash.
7-Charlie Brown, Silvis, Ill.
8-Rey Ordonio, Suisun City, Calif.
9-Donnie Branch, W. Carrolton, Ohio
10-Vinnie Hines, Salt Lake City
Troy Wortham, Hartford, Conn.

125 LBS.
1-Guadalupe Suarez, Corpus Christi, Tex.
2-Shelton LeBlanc, Carencro, La.
3-Clifford Gray, Boynton Beach, Fla.
4-James Cooper, Cleveland
5-Dino Ramirez, Los Angeles
6-Rodney Watts, Cleveland
7-Orlando Johnson, Chicago
8-Lawrence Howie, Army
9-Robert Franco, Corpus Christi, Tex.
10-Ray Nash, Minneapolis
Harold Knight, Plainfield, N.J.

119 LBS.
1-James Johnson, Washington, D.C.
2-Ronald Byrd, Flint, Mich.
3-Vern Larvie, Rapid City, S.D.
4-Bruce Embry, Albion, Mich.
5-Bernard Gray, Boynton Beach, Fla.
6-David Gauvin, Fall River, Mass.
7-John Collins, Jackson, Tenn.
8-Tony Hollis, St. Louis
9-John Arias, Providence, R.I.
10-Kevin Senegal, Lafayette, La.

112 LBS.
1-Tony Montoya, Salt Lake City
2-Fred Perkins, Army
3-Mark Harrison, Pontiac, Mich.
4-Ronnie Rentz, Albuquerque
5-Conrad Sanchez, Austin, Tex.
6-Larry Gary, Phoenix
7-Steve McCrory, Detroit
8-Tony Pruitt, St. Louis
9-Ronald Freeman, St. Louis
10-Reggie Robinson, Houston
Herbie Bivalacqua, Marrero, La.

106 LBS.
1-Jesse Benavides, Corpus Christi, Tex.
2-Paul Gonzales, Los Angeles
3-Les Fabri, Seattle
4-Luis Gonzalez, Bronx, N.Y.
5-Israel Acosta, Milwaukee
6-Joe King, Washington, D.C.
7-Joe Martinez, Mendota, Calif.
8-Terry McNeal, Wilmington, N.C.
9-Inocencio Ventura, Marines
10-Paul Segura, Raton, N.M.
Darrin Pitts, Nashville

BOXER OF THE MONTH: Orlando Johnson,
Chicago featherweight

from *The Amateur Boxer*

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Aaron Pryor stopped Dujuan Johnson, 7
(Retained World Title)
Gaetan Hart kayoed Johnny Copeland, 4
Gaetan Hart decisioned Donnie Pool, 10
Ronnie Shields iced Archie Crews, 1
Ricardo Jiminez halted Petronillo Velasquez, 5
Terry Whitaker halted Billy Moreno, 5
Francisco Roche beat Arturo Pacheco, 10
Angel Ortiz outscored Pete Padilla, 10
Steve Hearon kayoed Homer Jackson, 5
Gene Hatcher stopped Billy Bob McMillan, 4
Alan Lamb kayoed Ado Allen, 3
Sylvester Gordon halted Tim Maloney, 2

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Alexis Arguello stopped Roberto Elizondo, 7
(Retained World Title)
Art Frias kayoed Claude Noel, 8
(Won WBA title)
James Busceme outpointed James Martinez, 12
Roland Avila beat Richard Lord, 8
Ken Bogner decisioned Norberto Velez, 8
Hector Camacho beat Anthony Murray, 10
John Montes kayoed Memo Arreola, 4
James Busceme halted Ernesto Herrera, 10
Billy Watkins knocked out Horace Jenkins, 2
Ray Cattouse decisioned Ted Hadfield, 10
Angel Diaz stopped Armando De Sedas, 5
Michel Lalonde outscored Johnny Summerhays, 12
Ezzard Charles Adams beat Pat Duran, 8
Billy Parks kayoed Freddie Harris, 3
Victor Gordillo stopped Enrinque Vasquez, 2
George Metcalf halted George Schofield, 5
Lance Williams beat Ken Buchanan, 8

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
John Verderosa stopped Nico Perez, 10
(Retained USBA Title)
Cornelius Boza-Edwards kayoed Santiago Alvarez, 3
Irving Mitchell halted Jose Pozos, 2
Roger Mayweather stopped Vinnie Hines, 2
Carlton Sparrow beat Cordobes Lopez, 10
Roger Mayweather halted Adrian Arreola, 6
Irving Mitchell kayoed Ricky Gutierrez

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Jaime Garza stopped Antonio De La Paz, 2
Derrik Holmes halted Jeff Roberts, 2
Kiki Bejines kayoed Julian Solis, 7
Wayne Lynum stopped Isaac Vega, 2
Roberto Rubaldino beat Ricardo Avila, 10
Barnabe Montanez stopped Carmelo Negron, 6
Alberto Mercado kayoed Ramon Berrera, 5
Henry Contreras stopped Manuel Cruz, 5

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Eusebio Pedroza kayoed Bashew Sibaca, 5
(Retained WBA Title)
Rocky Lockridge beat Refugio Rojas, 10
Tony Santana outpointed Robert Mullins, 10
Bernard Taylor decisioned Gerald Hayes, 10
Jackie Beard iced Jeff Long, 1
Tony Salvatore halted Levine Williams, 4
Lupe Suarez knocked out Hector Valdez, 1
Ian McLeod stopped Damien McDermott, 7
Steve Topliss beat Brian Hyslop, 8

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Chul-Ho Kim kayoed Ryotetsu Maryama, 9
(Retained WBC Super Flyweight Title)
Rafael Pedroza decisioned Gustavo Ballas, 15
(Won WBA Junior Bantamweight Title)
Valerio Nati outpointed Luis De La Sagra, 12
(Retained European Title)
Fred Jackson outpointed Julio Soto Solano, 10
Celso Chavez halted Luis Newman, 5
Oscar Bejines stopped Hermino Adorno, 2
Richard Sandoval iced Jose Torres, 1
Sylvester Guerrero beat Jose Coronado, 10
John Feeny decisioned David Brown, 8

FLYWEIGHTS
Hilario Zapata stopped Netrnoi Vorasingh, 10
(Retained WBC Jr. Flyweight Title)
Betulio Gonzalez decisioned Ray Perez, 10
Mario Savala halted Joe Panylaya, 3
Santos Becerra beat Ernesto Sanchez, 8
Ernesto Sanchez outscored Mario O'Farrill, 6
Dave George iced Gary Nickels, 1
Jimmy Carson beat Eddie Glencross, 8

The RING
GENE TUNNEY
Boxing's Most Underrated Champ.
By Ed Fitzgerald

MANY A PROMINENT WRITER MAKES A good living today putting down on paper nothing but the momentous happenings and daffy escapades that made news in that long-gone but never-to-be-forgotten epoch. It's easy enough. People love to be reminded of the so-called Golden Decade because it was a boom time, a get-rich-quick time, a time when credit was easy and psychiatrists scarce. Whopping income taxes and cold wars were unknown, and Prohibition was being drowned in a pocket flask. The nation was joyously casting off ancient restraints, Mrs. Grundy was being shoved aside in the general rush to make whoopee, and the girls were wearing their skirts all the way up to their knees.

Rich or poor—and there were plenty of both—there was excitement in just living in the greatest country on earth. That fellow Sinclair Lewis and that crazy radical H. L. Mencken might have made fun of it, but where else in the world was so much going on?

Irving Berlin married Ellin Mackay despite his new father-in-law's stern objections. There was a devastating hurricane in Miami. President Harding died mysteriously. The blonde evangelist, Aimee Semple MacPherson, disappeared from a bathing beach in California and frightened her Four Square Gospel followers out of their wits. Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd flew over the North Pole. Queen Marie of Rumania made a royal visit to America. Peaches Heenan dragged Daddy Browning into court for a separation suit that had every tabloid in the country drooling over the curious details of their love life. The entire nation was further titillated by the purple overtones of the Hall-Mills murder case. A 31-year-old movie actor named Rudolph Valentino died, drawing one last packed house as he lay in state in a Broadway funeral home at the mercy of a callous press agent. Scores of people were injured in a wild riot as they fought for the privilege of gazing for the last time on his dark and petulant good looks.

The Golden Decade was a high-water mark in sport, too, an age of giants whose glory has only increased with the passage of the years. The mighty Babe Ruth, the precise Bobby Jones, the savage Jack Dempsey, the invincible Bill Tilden, the spectacular Red Grange—those are the names you hear whenever the subject of the Twenties comes up in conversation. They fall from the lips as easily as the names of our great Presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, Roosevelt. Everybody knows them; everybody remembers them. The list is as easy to recite as the alphabet and the only thing wrong with it is that there is one name missing that ought to be there.

The neglected name is James Joseph Tunney—better known as Gene—and the reason it has been deprived of its rightful place on the roll of the fabulous era's immortals is painfully simple. Gene Tunney has always been known as a man of unusual intelligence, both in and out of the ring, but he made one serious mistake. He beat the ears off the most popular heavyweight champion the world has even known, and the public has never quite forgiven him for it.

You may say that's an oversimplification, and it is true that there is a great deal more to the incredible Tunney story—but the core of it is right there. Gene had everything he needed to achieve limitless popularity. Of Irish descent, he was born in the heart of New York City, and therefore figured to have not only the millions of Irish-Americans in the country in his corner, but also the proud millions of the greatest city in the world. To top it off, he was a veteran of wartime overseas service with the United States Marine Corps. With a background like that, you might have expected him to enter the ring to the accompaniment of one band playing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," another giving out with "The Sidewalks of New York," and still another blaring "From the Halls of Montezuma" while thousands of people stood up and cheered themselves hoarse.

On the contrary, even after he became champion of the world, Gene found a silent but solid wall of enmity confronting him. The way people treated him, you would think he had thrown a rock at the Washington Monument or used the American flag as a doormat.

His sin was that he had beaten Jack Dempsey, the unconquerable Manassa Mauler. He had destroyed a legend. In this country, you can rig an election or rob a bank and still hang on to your popularity, but you mustn't go around exploding legends. The folks don't like it.

Given half a chance, Gene Tunney would have made a first-class legend himself. He lived the classic American success story, right out of the pages of Horatio Alger. A poor boy and a hard worker, he discovered that he had a rare talent. He stuck fearlessly to his guns until he converted that talent into riches and fame. Then he married a young, beautiful, and rich society girl, and has lived happily ever after.

Maybe that was part of the trouble. Gene was always so wonderful that he was downright unbelievable. Things almost always went right for him. He was stuffed to the ears with virtues, monotonously innocent of faults. You didn't have to worry about him, so how could you get excited about him? After a brief flirtation at the beginning of his post-war career, when they were still beguiled by his Marine-invested glamour, his fellow Americans left him to shift for himself. It wasn't so much that they didn't want him to succeed. They simply knew he couldn't miss, and they accepted the fact that he didn't need their help.

Later on, other things came between Gene and his potential worshipers. For one thing, the kid from Greenwich Village talked like a gentleman from Mayfair. He had an oddly British quality to his speech, a most unpugilistic interest in things like art, science, music, and literature, and he never used a short word if he could think of a big one instead.

Gene's taste for polysyllabic language inspired countless rude comments. Before the first Dempsey fight, Jerry (The Greek) Luvadis, one of Dempsey's handlers, sarcastically told a reporter, "Tunney will have an edge over Dempsey on account of them six-syllable words of his. Jack is strictly a two-syllable man."

A year later, before the second meeting with Dempsey, Gene was visited in his training camp by Jack Sharkey, then one of the ranking heavyweight contenders. Jack told newsmen that he got a big kick out of Tunney's dignified speech. "I come from the city of culture," said the Boston gob, "but that fellow has me licked with that easy flow of chatter. It don't sound natural to me, but you gotta give him credit. He puts on the dog and makes them like it."

Whether or not they always liked it is debatable. For one thing, Gene was perpetually duelling with the Fourth Estate. Keenly aware that he owed his championship status to no one but himself, Tunney refused to jump through hoops for the boys with the pencils and the portable typewriters. He told them precisely what he thought they ought to know, and no more. They got statements from him only when he was good and ready to issue them. Furthermore, if he thought the scribes had given him a bad deal, he wasted no time launching a counterattack.

Gene's war with the press reached the shooting stage at the time of his marriage to the socially prominent and wealthy Mary Josephine Lauder, whose father was one of the founders of the Carnegie Steel empire and a millionaire many times over. Tunney wanted to be left alone. Naturally, the reporters couldn't leave him alone any more than they could Lindbergh or the President of the United States. Even though Gene had already resigned his title, he was still big news. Everything he did or said made headlines. Certainly, the courtship of a top-flight heiress by a world heavyweight boxing champion, even a recently retired one, was front-page stuff all over the world. But Gene couldn't see it that way.

Reminded that he shouldn't be so hard on the sportswriters who had helped him earn as much as $990,000 for a single night's work, Tunney said, "Oh, the newspapers have done a lot for me, but my family doesn't care for pictures in the newspapers. Those dear to me also do not care for pictures . . . " And that

THE FIGHTING EX-MARINE: AT LEISURE, IN UNIFORM, AND IN PASSING

A YOUNG TUNNEY AS AEF LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT WITH BOB MARTIN, AEF HEAVYWEIGHT TITLEIST

was that.

It was even worse at Gene's wedding, in Rome. Newspapermen and photographers were rigidly excluded from the ceremony. In retaliation, the boys staged an ugly scene outside the hotel as Gene and his bride left for their honeymoon. Actually, Tunney deserved more sympathy than he got. He was merely an earnest young man trying to close the books on one career and get a clean start on another. His great error was his assumption that the public would allow him to do it—just like that. And his great misfortune was that the same public was flatly unable to shake the feeling that there was something queer—if not downright high-hat—about a fighter who spent his spare time reading classics and visiting art museums.

After the wedding-day fuss with the cameramen and scribes, the New York *Daily News* was moved to chastise the ex-champion in an editorial:

"We think he shows symptoms not so much of a desire for obscurity as of a swollen head," said the breezy tabloid. "He charges cameramen with cane uplifted. He sends messages to reporters by his secretary. He flees from press correspondents in automobiles, wailing that they won't let him alone and that he's tired of all this offensive publicity. Altogether, Tunney makes himself more inaccessible than President Coolidge or the Pope or King George V or anyone else with the possible exception of the Dalai Lama. There are two possible explanations. Either he is using a shrewd means of getting the publicity he professes to hate or he takes himself too seriously. We incline to the latter view. If Mr. Tunney will pardon us—as, of course, he will—we'll permit ourselves to remark that we think he is acting a good deal like a pompous ass."

So the picture of Gene Tunney as a stuck-up, excessively lucky dude who had deprived the greatest fighter in history of his championship took shape in the public mind. It is always harder to dislodge such an impression than it is to create it. Consequently, it was many years before Gene began to know the affection as well as the respect of his countrymen. And even today, more than a half-century after his victories over the black-bearded idol, Dempsey, he is still misunderstood by millions. His record in the ring is the only thing about Gene Tunney that is well known to the public. The man himself, his character, and his motives are too perplexing for the casual observer to fathom.

John Joseph Tunney, a native New Yorker, and his wife, Mary Lydon Tunney, born in County Mayo, Ireland, welcomed their second son, christened James Joseph, to their humble apartment on Perry Street in Greenwich Village on May 25, 1897. Gene's father was not a very big man, but he was a sturdy one. He worked as a stevedore on the New

York City waterfront—no place for a lazy man or a timid one. Mrs. Tunney, a large and robust woman who in her eighties was still enjoying life, kept the family together with a firm hand. Gene says he got his size from his mother, his spunk from his father.

There were seven Tunney children in all—Tom, a New York City detective; John, who was killed a long time ago in an automobile accident; Maude, who became a nun; and Rose, Margaret, and Agnes, all of whom became housewives.

Young James Joseph acquired the nickname Gene when he was very small. "To show you how young we were at the time," he said, "my younger brother, John, couldn't say Jim. When he said my name, it sounded like Gene, and that's what everybody began to call me. I have never been anything but Gene, as far back as I can remember, and if somebody called me Jim, I wouldn't even turn around. I wouldn't know they were talking to me."

The Tunneys were poor, but never actually hungry. Gene's father brought home a weekly average of $15 in his pay envelope, and there was no room for luxuries in the family budget. Even at the turn of the century, when food prices were nothing like they are today, you didn't have much left out of $15 when you fed, clothed, and housed a family of nine.

It was only natural, then, that the kids should want to do what they could to help as soon as they were old enough. Gene got his first job when he was 12, working as a butcher's boy in the Greenwich Village meat market of John McNamara. He had graduated from St. Veronica's Grammar School and was attending LaSalle Academy, a Catholic high school run by the Christian Brothers of Ireland. The school charged a tuition fee of $45 a year—big money in the Tunney family—and Gene wanted to lighten the burden on his parents. He reported to the butcher shop early in the morning and took orders from the customers, then hurried back as soon as school was out and delivered them.

"I would estimate that at least three mornings a week the good brothers would rap me on the knuckles for being late to school," Gene said. It was hard to get all the orders down and still hotfoot it to school on time. But it was worthwhile. For handling the orders and deliveries, Mr. McNamara paid young Gene $2.50 a week.

After two years, Gene left high school. The Christian Brothers were willing to have him stay on without paying tuition, but a great restlessness had come upon the serious youngster. He went to work as an office boy for the Ocean Steamship Company and promptly doubled his salary. The new position paid him $5 a week.

Gene was 15 years old when he first went on the steamship company payroll. He stayed with the firm until he joined the Marines in 1917. He moved out of the office-boy class by painstakingly teaching himself how to type. He became a typist, then chief mail order clerk, and finally a rate clerk earning a sizable $25 a week.

Not much for going around with girls, Gene began to drop in regularly at the Evening Recreation Center in Greenwich Village when he was through work for the day. Not only did he want something to do to while away the evenings, but he had a fierce desire to learn how to box. He was tired of being knocked around by the bullies who infested the Village, getting their kicks by shoving boys into the gutter as they swaggered past. He wanted to fight back.

"Actually," Gene says, explaining how he felt at the time, "I was less interested in hitting somebody than I was in not being hit. I was eager to learn how to protect myself." So even then, back in the very beginning, Gene leaned toward defensive tactics. But, just as he could in later years when he stood in the professional ring, Tunney could punish a man with the powerful blows of his fists, and he was well aware that the possession of a dangerous offense is implicit in a well-rounded defense.

It wasn't long before Gene had a reputation as a boxer of considerable skill. The men who ran the Center began to import fighters from all over the West Side to go a few rounds with the Greenwich Village prodigy, and Tunney rarely came out on the short end. He was tall and slim, weighed 152 pounds, and was lightning-fast. Inevitably, he attracted the attention of a fight manager named Billy Roach.

Roach didn't have any trouble convincing Tunney that he ought to take a flyer in the professional ring. Gene didn't have nearly enough money to finance his insatiable desire to explore the good things of life. And, besides, he liked to fight and he made no bones about it.

His first pro start was at the old Sharkey A. A. in New York, where he took on an experienced fighter named Bobby Dawson. It was a 10-rounder, and full three-minute rounds at that, a brutal grind for a novice. But Gene not only lasted the distance—he gave a sound beating to Dawson, who was in his fourth year as a pro.

It wasn't easy. "In the sixth round," Gene recalled, "he really hit me a punch. He got me to lead a left, and he slipped inside it with a right to my solar plexus. My legs shook and my arms got heavy as lead." But Tunney hung on gamely, held off the eager pro until his head cleared, and went on to take the decision.

That fight doesn't appear in the official record of Tunney's career, nor is any mention made therein of nine other bouts Gene fought under Billy Roach's direction in small clubs in and around New York. But it actually marked the beginning of his career. Gene was considerably more than a raw novice at the game when he enlisted in the United States Marines.

Tunney had been trying to get into the Marine Corps for months, but the recruiting officers refused to accept him at first because of a ripped tendon in his right arm. When they finally relented, he said goodbye to his job at Ocean Steamship and took off for boot camp at Parris Island.

There, in the long South Carolina evenings, he fought for the entertainment of his fellow Marines when the day's drilling was over. Nobody in camp could touch him. He was only a middleweight, but he was the undisputed champion of the post, regardless of weight. It was the same story at his next camp, Quantico, where he underwent battle training. Gene was too good for the men they pitted against him in the weekly boxing shows. Middleweights, light-heavies, heavyweights—he whipped them all. The fresh air, the rigorous training course, the substantial food, combined to build him up to a peak of condition it had been impossible for him to attain when he was working all day as a clerk.

Shipped to France, Gene found himself in a small detachment of 250 Marines stationed at a large Army camp housing a population of 10,000 doughboys. The Marines were assigned to guard duty at the camp, and they squirmed under many an Army jibe as they walked their appointed posts. The more or less menial position of the handful of Marines in that installation is important to Gene Tunney's story because it played a vital role in his service boxing career. It made him want desperately to hold up the Marines' end, to make his Corps look good, to give himself and his buddies something to throw back in the teeth of the jeering Army men.

There was a big YMCA "hut" on the post and Gene and his pals made a habit of visiting it almost every night to catch the boxing bouts. One night, a doughboy who called himself Kid McCoy (no relation to the real McCoy), forgot to show up for a scheduled match, and Tunney stepped into the breach.

It was announced from ringside that the jilted fighter, one Sergeant Bedelli, would be declared welterweight champion of the camp unless someone felt like challenging him. Gene said nothing as the announcement was made. For one thing, he had been in service long enough to know better than to go around volunteering for things. For another, he was too heavy to be classed as a welterweight even informally. Finally, he was way out of shape. He hadn't fought in weeks.

But he didn't get away so easily. His gunnery sergeant, who knew about the boxing Gene had done as a civilian, at Parris Island, and at Quantico, needled him to accept the challenge.

"Oh, no," Gene told him. "No, no. I'm way out of shape. No, indeed."

"Ah," the sergent growled. "Come on, Tooney, get up there!"

"Nothing doing," Gene insisted.

"Listen," said the sergeant finally. "Tell you what I'll do. You get in there and I'll leave you off guard duty for 48 hours."

Tunney, who knew a good deal when he saw one, didn't wait to hear any more. He got right out of his seat and climbed into the ring as the mob of soldiers hooted and howled. A marine, yet! This was more than they had bargained for. It wasn't every day they got a chance to watch a dogface beat the ears off a Gyrene. Before Gene even had a chance to strip for action, the boys were standing up and screaming encouragement at the Army fighter.

It was an incongruous picture the combatants made as they faced each other in that wartime camp ring. Sergeant Bedelli was correctly dressed for the occasion—boxing shoes, sweat socks, trunks, and bathrobe. Tunney just peeled off his shirt and pants and stood there in his Marine Corps underwear shorts and hob-nailed boots.

The soliders were ecstatic. They razzed him unmercifully. But not for long. A few seconds after the bell rang for the first round, Gene measured his man and buried a straight right-hand punch in his belly.

"Take it easy," the soldier muttered, gasping for breath. "What're you tryin' to do?"

Gene grinned and took it easy. For three rounds, he contented himself with sparring gracefully and jolting the Sergeant every now and then just to keep him honest. He made no attempt to put Bedelli away. It was a good workout, nothing more, but there was no doubt in anybody's mind who had won.

The disappointed Army men wasted no time digging up another boy, a Sergeant Wuehrle, to fight Gene. They wanted to see Tunney's cockiness belted out of him. The fight drew a packed house, necessarily 99% Army. The few Marines in the crowd stared wistfully at their champion afraid to say much, hoping he wouldn't make them look too bad. The soldiers, taking comfort from their numbers, were anything but reticent.

"Come on," they yelled. "Knock that Marine's head off!"

"Slap him around a little. Show him what it's like in the Army!"

One enthusiastic doughboy sitting at ringside stood up and bellowed: "Dump the bum right in my lap!" Gene had reason to remember that crack a little later. Let him tell it:

"We went right at it, and this guy knocked me all over the place. In a little while, my lips and nose were bleeding profusely. I'm sure that if I hadn't had terrific determination, he would have knocked me out in a hurry. I kept trying to nail him, to slow him up with one good punch, but I was missing by a mile. I kept trying, though, and by the end of the round I was only missing a little.

"In the second round, Wuehrle caught me with a beauty and knocked me right out of the ring. The Air Force soldier who had been yelling for my opponent to dump me in his lap was happy as a lark. And as I tried to pull myself together, I remember thinking 'What a sucker you are, making sport for these guys! He's in condition and you're not.' But I knew I couldn't quit. I knew how miserable that handful of Marines would feel if I lay down. So I crawled back into the ring and went after Wuehrle again. I kept trying to hit him with a right-hand punch. I was no Fancy Dan boxer in those days, you know. I became one later because I never could see any percentage in exchanging punches on an even basis with somebody who can hit as well as you can. As far as I'm concerned, that's not an even break. I wanted to win as quickly and as easily as I could.

"Between rounds, they sponged the blood off my mouth and nose, and when I came out for the third I knew in my heart that I was going to get this guy. I was still missing, but only by a little bit. My timing was still bad, but it was better. I was actually fighting myself into condition. Then, suddenly, this fellow assaulted me on his own initiative. Instead of waiting for me to lead, the way he had been, he began to pile all over me. And when he started a wicked left-hand punch, I did the same thing that I did against Dempsey eight years later at Philadelphia. I slipped inside and nailed him on the chin. He went down—and he certainly would have been out except that they rang the bell to end the round. There must have been at least a minute and a half left, but what could I do? It was an Army camp.

"When they rang the bell for the next round, I got up and waited in the center of the ring. I knew he was my man now and I was impatient to get at him. But the referee, an Army captain, was giving him plenty of time to get ready. Apparently, though, he needed even more time. The referee turned around, waved his hands, and shouted to the crowd: 'Because of Sergeant Wuehrle's need of medical attention, this contest is hereby declared incomplete!'

"How do you like that? Incomplete, he called it!"

He may have been jobbed out of a technical knockout, but that fight did something important for Tunney. It taught him one thing he hadn't yet felt certain about—that when the pressure was really on, when the chips were being pushed up for grabs, there was no quit in him. No geezer, as they say around the fight camps. He might not be a polished boxer, and he might have a human distaste for having a big, red-gloved fist slammed into his mouth, but he would never give up, never take the easy way out. That was the lesson Sergeant Wuehrle had taught him, and all the prejudiced referees in the world couldn't take it away from him.

The second most valuable lesson Gene ever learned—the usefulness of a properly ridden bicycle—he picked up as a spectator at another AEF bout. He saw a clever boxer named Jackie Clark get hit hard in a camp battle and promptly start circling backwards in order to keep out of range until his head cleared. The man's coolness, and the evident success of his tactics, made a lasting impression on Tunney.

"What an asset!" Gene thought to himself. "If you can just control the muscular action of your legs when you get in trouble!"

Talking about it, Tunney explained that "Locomotion is the first thing to leave a fighter who has been badly shaken up. He may be all right up here"—Gene drew an imaginary line at his waist—"but the legs just won't respond. I built those muscles up for years, just on the chance that I might desperately need to get on that bicycle some day, and I was paid off in the second Dempsey fight."

What with one thing and another, Tunney learned quite a bit about fighting while he was in France. Even more important, he got a reputation that was to give him a flying start in his new profession (for he had definitely decided to take up boxing in earnest) when he returned to the States. Winning the light-heavyweight championship of the AEF in the post-Armistice tournament at Paris gave Tunney a foot inside the door. When he got home, any promoter willing to hire him was able to ballyhoo him as "The Fighting Marine," a champion of the AEF. They draped him in the American flag and arranged the folds so artfully that nobody noticed the paucity of his professional record.

Never one to press his luck, Gene earnestly set about correcting his deficiencies—both as a craftsman and as an attraction. Skillfully managed now by Doc Bagley, he piled up an impressive string of victories campaigning in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. More often than not, he knocked his man out. His potent right hand dropped a whole string of victims in his first big year, 1920. Whitey Allen, Jim Monahan, Al Roberts, Ed Kinley, K. O. Sullivan, Jeff Madden, Ole Anderson, Ray Smith—they all plummeted to the canvas after the soft-spoken, grave-featured ex-Marine unleashed the power in that muscular right arm. Gene was no hulking bruiser, but he was all athlete and he was learning the tricks of the trade. It wasn't that he wouldn't mix it with you. He did that, all right. But he was so fast that he could storm at you with a volley of leather, smash four or five blows off your head and body, and be out of range before you could land a single answering punch.

"That Tooney," the fight mob said with growing respect, "he's a smooth one."

Gene got his first big break when Tex

Rickard gave him a semi-final bout on the Dempsey-Carpentier card at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City. There wasn't a great deal of money involved but it was a chance to strut his stuff in front of a tremendous crowd, to get people talking about him. Gene resolved to give it everything he had. And when he got out there, surrounded by those endless tiers of seats packed with humanity, he rose to the occasion by knocking Soldier Jones kicking in the seventh round. That was always Tunney's way. He was never asleep when opportunity came around.

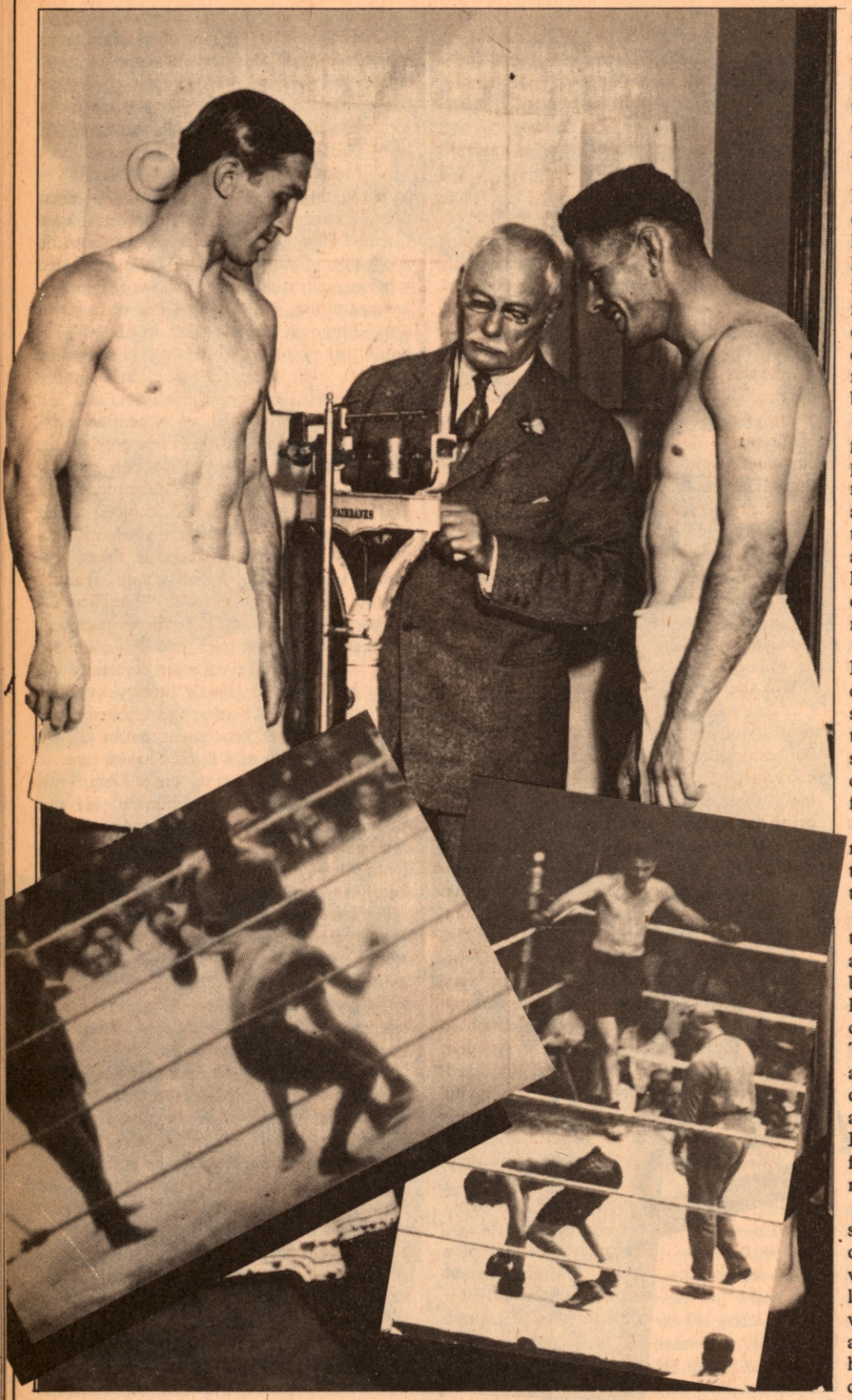
It's asking too much even of such licensed fortune-tellers as the nation's boxing writers to expect that any of them should have sensed on that carnival day that they were looking at the man who would, within five years, supplant the mighty Dempsey as champion of the world. The finest kind of semi-final on a heavyweight championship card is still just a semi-final. People are busy filing to their seats, standing up in the aisles comparing their predictions, laying bets.

There is a loud undercurrent of noise while the semi-finalists go at it, and it's not at all like the excited bszz that accompanies the main event. This noise is a by-product of indifference, a normal conversational chatter magnified 100,000 times. Even if Gene had possessed the boxing skill of Benny Leonard and the knockout weapons of Dempsey himself, he wouldn't have been noticed by half the spectators. And he wasn't that good yet, far from it. He was a competent ringman, a clever boxer who could hit hard when he found an opening, a good semi-finalist, interesting enough to help the folks pass the time until the Orchid Man of France and the Mauler from Manassa, Colorado, collided in the epic of the afternoon.

Surely, nobody noticed Tunney as he knelt behind a corner of the ring, his boxing trunks and his bare torso covered by an old bathrobe, and watched Dempsey flail Carpentier into a coma in the fourth round. But Gene was there. He crouched down low so he wouldn't interfere with the view of the ringside customers, and while the sweat from his own exertions dried on his body, he studied the technique of the champion. Tunney was a man of imagination, and already the crazy dream was taking shape in his mind. See how Dempsey hooked that left, watch how he crossed that right. Look at that opening, Carpentier! But the Frenchman, fighting far out of his class, badly outgunned, successfully countered Dempsey's attack only once, catching Jack with a stunning right in the second round. Still, it proved that it could be done. Gene watched, and remembered.

The excitement and color of the huge Dempsey-Carpentier crowd behind him, Gene went back to work. He beat Marty Burke, Eddie Joseph, Herb Crossley. He knocked out Jack Burke in two, Wolf Larsen

TUNNEY FACES OFF AGAINST HARRY GREB, THE ONLY MAN EVER TO BEAT HIM, BEFORE REGAINING AMERICAN LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP, 1923 (TOP); WITH "DOC" BAGLEY, HIS FINANCIAL ADVISOR (MIDDLE); AND AS PALLBEARER FOR GREB, 1926 (BOTTOM).



TUNNEY WEIGHS IN FOR BOUT AGAINST GEORGES CARPENTIER (1924) AS COMMISSIONER MULDOON DOES THE HONORS (TOP); TUNNEY KO's CARPENTIER IN 15th (MIDDLE); GENE FLOORS TOMMY GIBBONS FOR FIRST TIME IN CAREER EN ROUTE TO 12th-ROUND KO (BOTTOM).

in seven, Eddie O'Hare in six. His punching was getting sharper, his footwork swifter, and the public was beginning to take notice of him. Not much, but a little. Then opportunity knocked again. He was matched with the swashbuckling Battling Levinsky for the American light-heavyweight championship.

Gene was ready. He was finely trained and hungry for the big money. He went to work on Levinsky coolly, scientifically, and gave him a clear-cut lacing in 12 fast rounds. Now he had a title, and he wasted no time cashing in on it. He was on his way. Three of his next four opponents hit the deck and were counted out. He had reached the stage where his undefeated record was causing talk, and he was rewarded by a match with the colorful "Pittsburgh Windmill," Harry Greb.

One of the great fighters of all time, Greb got his nickname from his swarming style of punching. He moved in on you at the bell and never stopped throwing fists. They exploded at you from all angles, every type of punch in the book plus—when he was desperate or aroused—a few that had never been catalogued. Constitutionally opposed to the rigors of training, the playboy Greb was one of those rare athletes who never know fatigue.

He was at his best against Tunney. The Fighting Marine, who had never been beaten, couldn't hold off this wild man who never stopped punching, who took everything you threw at him and kept coming on, who snarled in the clinches and swore magnificently as he beat a ceaseless tattoo on your face and body.

It was the one and only defeat of Gene Tunney's career, but it was a beauty. He was getting big-time experience now, but he was certainly getting it the hard way.

One thing is sure—no one who saw Tunney that night ever had any doubts about his courage. Greb hit him as though he were out for batting practice. After a few rounds, Tunney looked as though he had been sparring with a cement mixer. But he never gave ground. There was no point, he figured, in getting on a bicycle. The only way Gene could pull this one out was to catch Greb with a good one and knock him silly, and he knew it. Doggedly, he stalked his man, in the face of a fierce bombardment that literally tore him to ribbons.

His nose fractured in two places, a vein severed by a gash over his right eye, the flesh over his left eye sliced to the bone, Tunney was a bloody mess, but he kept moving in. He lost the fight, and his brand-new title along with it, but when the massacre was at an end and he stood silently in his corner, Gene heard the harsh sympathy of the crowd beat down over his head in a roar of approval.

The fans were giving him the word that they were accepting him. So what if you didn't know what the hell he was talking about unless you had a dictionary in your poc-

ket? The kid could take it. He was okay.

Gene's family, particularly his father and mother, had always been uncertain about his choice of a career. Now, they openly grieved. Not because he had lost, but because he had been so badly battered.

"I was so busted up I couldn't go home for a couple of weeks after the fight," he said. "I didn't want them to see me looking like that."

The second day after the defeat, Gene visited the boxing commission's offices and posted a $2,500 bond for a return bout with Greb. Then he hurried off to the country and went to bed for a week.

After that, it was the long road back for Tunney, and it took him almost a year to get there. Back to the grind he went, applying himself to his trade with that amazing concentration, burning every minute with a passionate desire to make up for that beating, to prove that he was a better fighter than he had looked against Greb. Tunney never fought a bout without learning something, and he had learned plenty from the Pittsburgh Windmill. He pondered his dearly bought lessons while he successfully handled all the assignments Doc Bagley could line up for him. Then, in February, 1923, he got another shot at Greb and thoroughly out-boxed him in 15 rounds at Madison Square Garden. He had his title back and this time he was on his way up for keeps. Nothing was going to get in his way now, and nothing did.

How he rolled them over—Jack Clifford in Detroit, Jimmy Delaney in Chicago, Dan O'Dowd out on Long Island, Greb again in New York, Georges Carpentier in New York (Tunney knocked him out in the 15th round), Joe Lohman in Columbus, Harry Foley and Buddy McHale in Memphis. Gene's classic footwork, his famous all-around defensive skill, had matured now, and his punching was devastating.

In 1925, Tunney campaigned deliberately for a shot at Dempsey's title. After taking a newspaper decision (no official verdict was given, so the reporters were polled to come up with a winner) over Greb in St. Paul, he knocked out Tommy Gibbons in 12 rounds—something Dempsey hadn't been able to do in the fiasco at Shelby two years before. Pouring it on, Gene flattened Italian Jack Herman and Bart Madden and outpointed Johnny Risko. The win over Risko got him his big chance.

Dempsey hadn't defended the championship since he knocked out Luis Angel Firpo on September 14, 1923. Capitalizing on his ever-increasing popularity, Jack was busy coining money. Exhibition tours, movie contracts, personal appearances, testimonials—he was doing everything but fighting. Finally, Tex Rickard decided it was time the champion went back to work. Looking around for a suitable opponent, Tex saw nobody but Tunney. Harry Wills, the great Negro pugilist, was clamoring for a title fight, but Rickard wouldn't countenance it. Wills was sidetracked, and Rickard started his massive publicity drums beating for Dempsey vs. Tunney. "The Battle of the Century," he called it, and with every ounce of his eloquence and shrewdness, he began to sell it to the country.

Gene always gave a great deal of credit to Billy Gibson, who had taken over his managerial contract from Doc Bagley in April of 1923, for getting him the shot at Dempsey. Gibson didn't have to work very hard training Tunney, who was his own boss in such matters, but he earned his keep as a master boxing politician.

If there was any doubt in the minds of the people that Tunney was a suitable challenger, Rickard's remarkable publicity campaign eliminated it. Not that anyone gave Tunney a chance to beat the champion. But the cash customers were pretty well sold on the fact that Gene was as good an opponent as it was possible to dig up for the invincible man from Colorado—even if he did look more like a college professor than a fighter. The words poured out in an endless stream, millions of them, lurid and gaudy and extravagant, words designed to magnetize the potential ticket-buyer and herd him into the stadium whether he wanted to go or not.

Was there ever a publicity man's field day like that one? Reading about Dempsey's ring record, you got the impression that Jack was part lion, part tiger, and part John L. Sullivan. Surely no human being could stand up more than a minute or two against those brine-hardened, bone-crushing fists of his. On the other hand, reading about Tunney's war record, which was of his boxing accomplishments, you could be pardoned for thinking that Gene was Sergeant York, the Commander-in-Chief of the AEF and the Unknown Soldier all rolled into one.

An impartial historian, re-reading the sports pages of that day, has to wade through column after column of sheer bilge. It's hard to avoid the suspicion that a great deal of it was written with tongue in cheek. It worked, though. It produced the richest gate in boxing history up to that time. Not even the virtually unanimous opinion of the experts that Tunney was in for a licking held back the sale of tickets.

There was a vast amount of hanky-panky about where the fight was to be held. Rickard and the two principals wanted it to go in New York, but Jim Farley, at that time chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, refused to sanction the bout on the grounds that Harry Wills, not Tunney, was the logical challenger. He overlooked the incontrovertible fact that Tunney had done his level best to get a match with Wills in an effort to prove who deserved the first crack at Dempsey.

Enormous pressure was applied behind the scenes—some of which later resulted in a spectacular lawsuit against Tunney—but in the end Rickard had to shift the extravaganza to Philadelphia. There, the Sesquicentennial celebration was dying a slow death, and its backers were delighted to have the show move into the giant Sesquicentennial stadium. At last "The Battle of the Century" had a home. Now it was official.

As the big day—September 23, 1926—drew near, Tunney became more, not less, confident. "Dempsey is the man who has to do the worrying, not me," he told the astounded reporters covering his Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, training camp. And Gene wasn't kidding. The man radiated faith in himself. He didn't think he could lose.

On the other side of the fence, the Dempsey forces were even more confident. They had little but scorn for Tunney, whom they regarded as nothing more than a good light-heavyweight, not big enough, rough enough, or tough enough to annoy the champion.

The whole boxing world laughed along with the Dempsey retinue when Brian Bell, a sportswriter for the Associated Press, encountered Tunney at his camp reading Samuel Butler's classic novel, "The Way Of All Flesh." To say the least, this was unusual conduct for a prize-fighter, and Bell made the most of it. He got even more colorful copy when he discussed Gene's literary interests with the studious battler and elicited from Tunney the offhand statement that he greatly admired the works of William Shakespeare.

When Bell's story broke, one of Dempsey's followers couldn't restrain himself. He ran for his hero, clutching the newspaper in his sweaty hand. "Hey, champ!" he yelled, "it's in the bag! The sonofabitch is up there readin' a book!"

The last Sunday editions printed before the fight carried the predictions of hundreds of prominent persons from all walks of life. Not one out of 50 picked Tunney to win. The only difference of opinion was with regard to how long it might take Dempsey to knock the Marine out.

When the fight writers questioned him about what effect this depressing unanimity was having on him, Tunney said it didn't bother him a bit. "I am content to eschew the papers until the bout is over," he said calmly.

Among the few who thought Tunney would win were Abe Attell, the former featherweight champion and prominent gambler; Jack Britton; boxing writer Jim Jennings; and Stella, the astrologer of the New York *Evening Graphic.*

More Tunney sentiment developed just before the fight, based largely on Gene's impregnable confidence in himself. Many a fight writer who was dead sure that no man alive could lick Dempsey began to hedge just a little after observing Tunney's absolutely fearless approach to his task.

Johnny Dundee, who had been touting Dempsey in a very loud voice, suddenly decided that, "Dempsey must win in four rounds. If the bout goes the limit, Tunney will be the new champion.

Things like that helped put the finishing touches on Tex Rickard's masterful promotion. "The Battle of the Century" was beginning to look as though it might actually turn into a fight. From all over America, automobile caravans, special trains, and buses headed for Philadelphia. The Sesquicentennial had been a colossal bust up to now, but the City of Brotherly Love was going to get at least one chance to show off before the party folded. The fans were pouring in from everywere.

You had to pay Gold Rush prices just for a room in a private home. Hotel accommodations weren't to be had for anyone below the rank of Governor. Restaurants, stores, speakeasies, and bootlegggers all did a landoffice business. So did Rickard's ticket office. As the hour of the fight drew near, Tex announced that he wouldn't be surprised if he had 130,000 people in the big stadium when Dempsey and Tunney tore into each other. He didn't miss the mark by much.

Tunney almost shocked Billy Gibson off this mortal coil when, on the day of the fight, he insisted on flying to Philadelphia from his training camp at Stroudsburg in a private airplane. It was the first time Gene had flown in his life and Gibson understandably felt that this was a hell of a time to start. The flight was made without incident, although in a thick fog, and everybody connected with the promotion breathed easier when Gene showed up at the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission's office for the weigh-in.

Dempsey was not without his troubles. Jack Kearns, his ex-manager, the man with whom Jack had traveled the long road to the championship, was suing him for half the money in the world. Every time Dempsey turned around, somebody would stick a subpoena in his face. Process-servers in California even made Jack's wife, the movie star Estelle Taylor, get out of her automobile on the highway and turn it over for attachment.

But, at long last, the gladiators climbed into the ring as the 120,757 paying customers roared in anticipation of the slaugter to come. Tunney entered the ring first, wearing a dark blue bathrobe bearing the insignia of the U.S. Marines. It was a gift to him from the Corps. Then down the aisle came the champion, the scowling Dempsey surrounded, as befits the champion, by a round dozen policeman and detectives. As Jack crawled between the ropes the crowd cut loose with a wild whoop of welcome. And what a crowd it was! Rickard, always on the look out for window dressing had outdone himself.

Governors Pinchot of Pennsylvania, Byrd of Virginia, Ritchie of Maryland, and Robinson of Delaware were there. Jimmy Walker, the dapper Mayor of New York, was there. So were Averill Harriman and Vincent Astor from the world of business; David Belasco, Charlie Chaplin, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Colleen Moore, and Patsy Ruth Miller from the entertainment world; and Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon from the Federal Government at Washington.

The top for the fight was $37.50 and Rickard sold 28,903 seats at that price alone. The total receipts were $1,895,733. Dempsey was guaranteed $145,000 and 50% of everything over $1,000,000. Tunney got a guarantee of $200,000.

It rained heavily just before the fight, and intermittent, drizzling showers marred the progress of the big show. But nobody left the stadium—nobody, that is, except the few dozen women who grew faint and had to be carried out on stretchers. The tension that is an inescapable part of every heavyweight championship contest—no matter how unevenly matched the fighters may appear to be—had the vast crowd in its grip. You could feel the blanket of emotion settle over the spectators as the two men shrugged out of their bathrobes and awaited the opening bell. It crept inside your skin as you studied their physiques, admired the glistening, athletic slimness of the 28-year-old, 184-pound Tunney and the thick-hewed ominous muscles of the 31-year old, 193-pound Dempsey. It made you light one cigarette from the butt of another as you waited—and then the bell sounded sharply in the wet night air and the fighters sprang to the center of the ring.

Tunney looked fit but pale as he moved forward to meet the champion. Dempsey came out of his corner bobbing and weaving, cocky and self assured. Jack drove Gene up against the ropes with a left and then a right hook. Tunney skidded backwards on the soaking wet canvas, out of range of the champion's smashing blows. Then, swift and sure, he stepped in and unleashed a series of one-two punches at Dempsey's bobbing head. The great crowd split the air with its astonishment. It was hard to believe your eyes. Tunney was hitting Jack—hitting him hard and hitting him often. The slender, good-looking kid from the Marines wasn't afraid of man or the devil. *Look at him fight!*

It has been generally agreed by expert witnesses that the heavyweight championship of the world changed hands in that tumultuous first round. Tunney himself characterized the first solid right-hand punch with which he walloped Dempsey, high on the champion's left cheekbone, as "the hardest blow I ever deliberately struck." It was plain that Dempsey was shaken. It was equally plain that Tunney was vastly encouraged by the result of that wallop.

At the start of the second round, Dempsey ran over to Tunney, met the challenger in his own corner, and smashed a vicious blow to Gene's heart. Tunney gasped and staggered, and Dempsey was upon him, punching with both hands. The crowd unloosed a great cry. Here was the killer, the old Manassa Mauler.

Neighbor jabbed his elbow into neighbor's ribs. "Watch that Tooney fold up now!"

From somewhere out on the dark rim of the vast stadium a few forlorn cries of encouragement were heard.

"Come on, Tunney!"

"Come on, you Marine!"

To Gene Tunney, fighting the fight of his life for the championship of the world, it must have been a throwback to the times he fought at that Army camp in France with 10,000 doughboys screaming invective at him and only a handful of Marines pleading with him to win it for them.

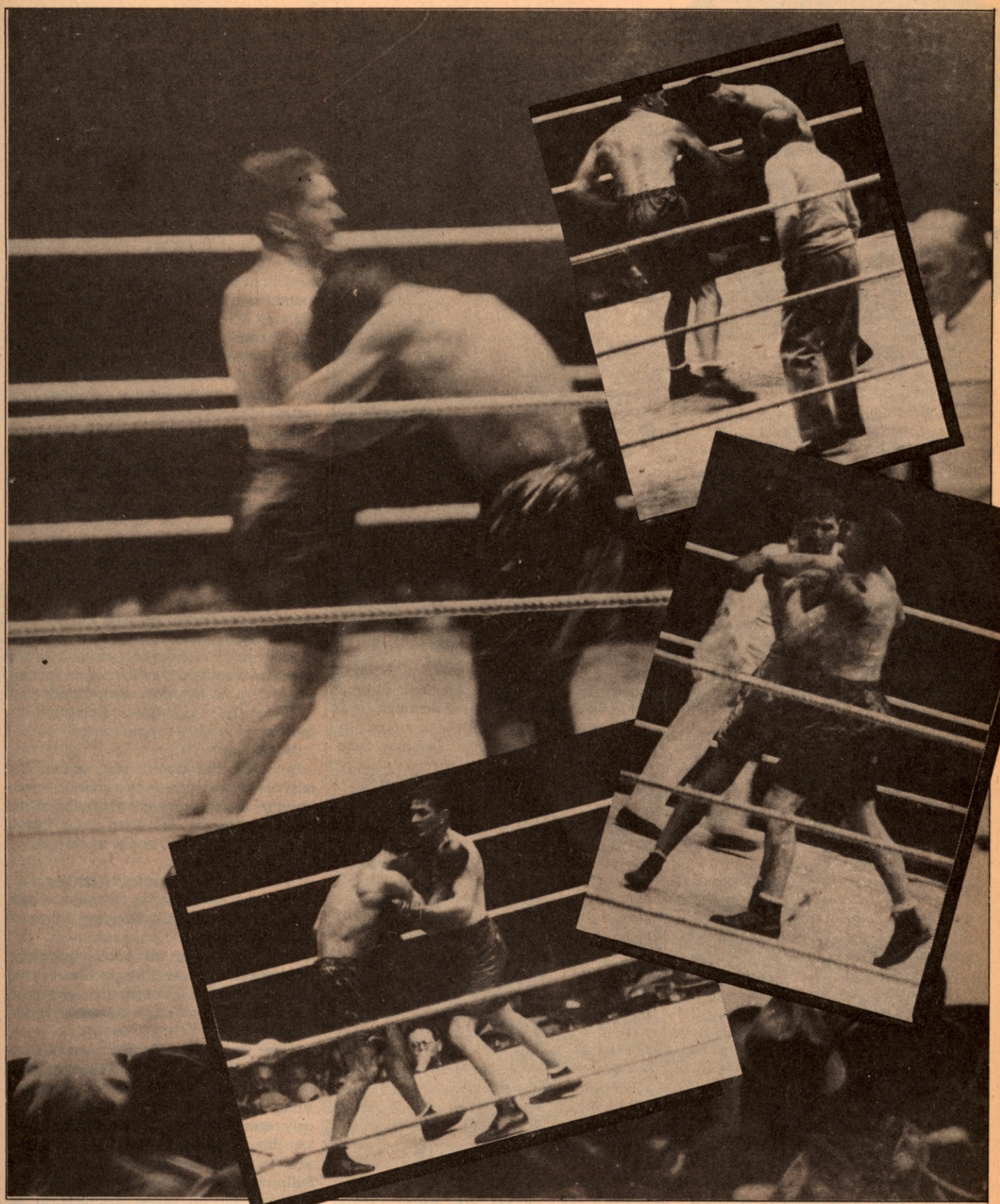
Whatever he thought, whatever he felt, Tunney came on. He met Dempsey head to head, feinted, blocked, counter-punched, made the champion swing at the air in angry misses. And all the time he kept up that sharp, staccato one-two, slashing and beating Dempsey's face, punching the stamina out of Dempsey's legs and body.

Dempsey came out for the fourth determined to knock Tunney out. He got Gene in his own corner again and sent him reeling back, almost through the ropes, with two murderous left and right hooks. There was the old Dempsey! But Tunney stayed right in there, as cool as a Scotch and soda. Straight left, right cross, left hook, right uppercut, left jab, right jab—he threw every punch in the book at Dempsey.

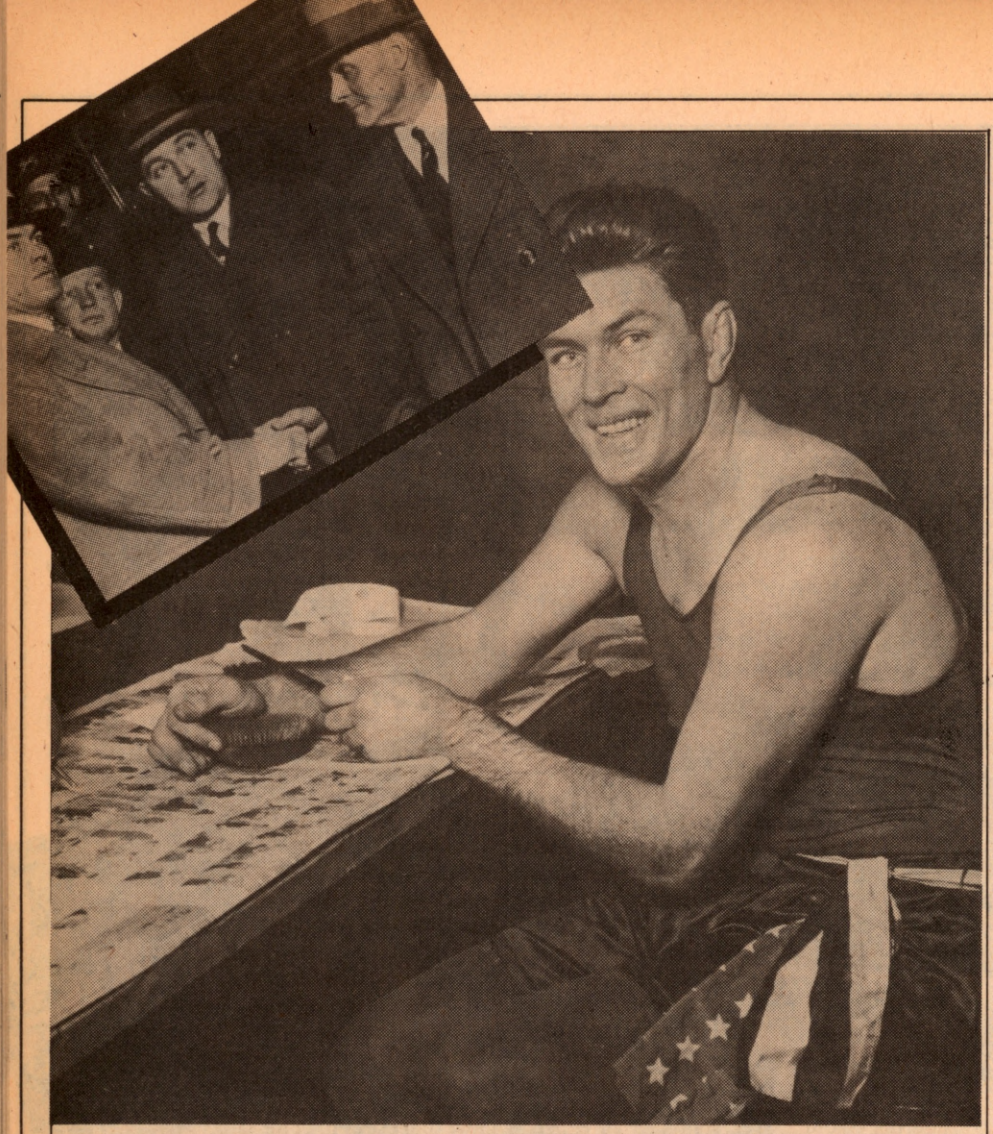
Between rounds, Rickard, the prince of showmen, mesmerized the crowd. During the actual fighting, there wasn't a light anywhere except on the ring, which stood out sharply in the naked white glare. You could see nothing but the ring, the ropes, the referee, and the straining, rain-soaked fighters. Then, during the rest period, all the lights in the stadium were switched on and the enormous impact of the monumental scene was thrust home to you—the hundred thousand faces, the hugeness of the arena, the color and panoply, the smoke and excitement, the festive, carnival air. Then darkness again, the harsh brilliance of the ring, and the brutal collision of the fighters.

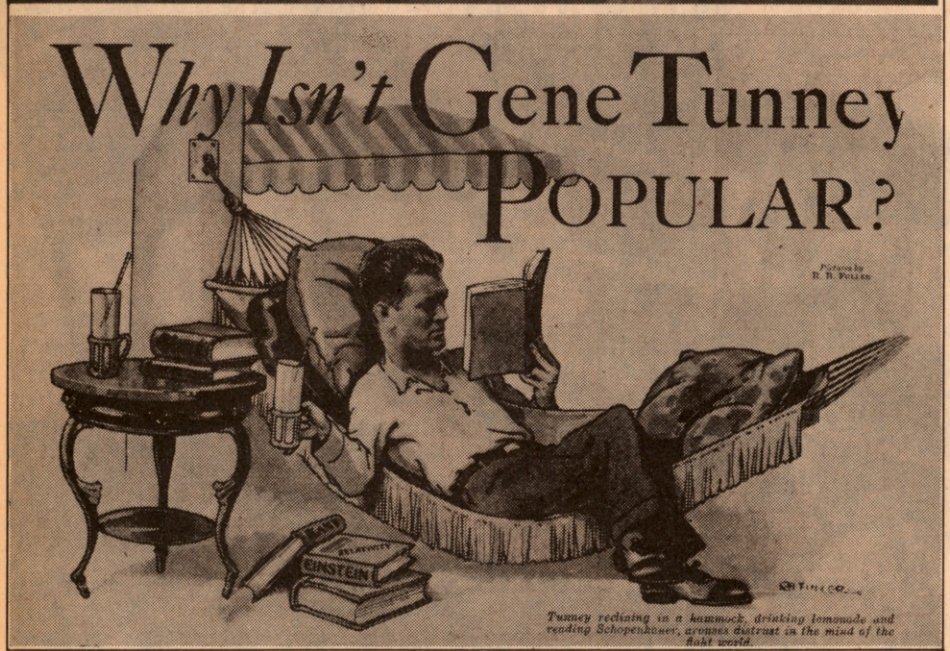
The fifth round was Tunney's, all Tunney's. he would get on his bicycle for a while, dodging Dempsey's futile fury, then stand and pump those beautifully timed blows into the sagging champion. Gene consistently beat Dempsey to the punch, hammered him relentlessly, clubbed him until Jack clinched and held.

Now the crowd could sense the approaching climax. Dempsey was tired and discouraged, and he looked it. His left eye was



SEPTEMBER 23, 1926: THE GREENWICH VILLAGE MARINE BECOMES 10th MODERN HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP, DECISIONING DEMPSEY IN 10.





THE AFTERMATH OF VICTORY: GENE MEETS WITH PROMOTER TEX RICARD (R) AND WRITER JIMMY DAWSON (C) TO DISCUSS 1ST TITLE DEFENSE (TOP); CONTEMPORARY ISSUE OF LIBERTY MAG ASKS A RHETORICAL QUESTION (BOTTOM).

half closed. In the ninth, he took another fearful beating which battered his face and cut his nose and mouth.

In the 10th and last round, Dempsey came out with a rush, swinging desperately, bringing them up from the floor, praying that he might land one lucky blow and stave off this merciless upstart. There was no quit in Jack Dempsey. If he had to go down, he was going down swinging. He was leaving himself wide open but he didn't stop to worry about it. His long roundhouse swings missed the agile Tunney by a foot, and when he bored in close, Tunney measured him and let him have it. One-two, one-two . . . In that last round, with the decision already won, the Fighting Marine elected to stand and slug it out. Dempsey was beaten, and in the last 60 or 90 seconds. Tunney punished him fiercely.

Dempsey, still erect in his dripping wet blue trunks, and the virtually unmarked Tunney stood quitely as the votes were collected. They, along with every spectator in the crowd, already knew the result. Nevertheless, the time-honored announcement crackled through the tense stadium like a thunderbolt:

"The winner, and *new champion* of the world!"

His eyes too swollen to be useful, Dempsey whispered to his manager, Gene Normile: "Lead me out there. I want to congratulate him."

As the news flashed out of the turbulent stadium, America sat up in astonishment. People told their neighbors about it on the streets in New York, in Chicago, in Spokane and in Topeka, and were angrily disbelieved.

"That fresh kid licked Dempsey? He couldn't do it with a sledgehammer!"

"It's a dirty lie!"

But it was true. Gene Tunney was the first man ever to win the title by a decision, but he was the new heavyweight champion of the world—and he had taken the crown from a man widely regarded as one of the greatest fighters ever to wear it.

"I have no alibis to offer," said Dempsey. "I lost to a good man, an American, a man who speaks the English language. I have no alibis."

Tunney accepted his honors gracefully. "Dempsey," he said, "fought like the true champion he was. he fought like a gentleman and never took an unfair advantage in the ring."

Three days later, Tunney went back to New York, back to a Jimmy Walker reception at City Hall, to the cheers of Greenwich Village, to the quiet pride of his family. His only regret was that his father, who had never seen him fight, had not lived to see his son succeed to the championship of John L. Sullivan, of Jim Corbett, of Ruby Bob Fitzsimmons. But his mother was there, in the new suburban house bought out of Gene's ring earnings, to welcome him—and his

brothers, and the girls. He was content.

Content except for one thing. He was too proud to show that it affected him, but Gene was puzzled and hurt by the coldness of the public. It was still Dempsey who was the popular hero; Tunney was merely the current champion. And, in the eyes of skeptical millions, only a temporary one, at that. Jack was going to come back, wasn't he?

On the night of October 22, 1926, both men were presented championship belts during a fight card at Madison Square Garden. Dempsey drew an ovation, fans cheering lustily, programs and newspapers flying through the air, feet stamping heavily on the floor. Tunney was booed and hooted and hissed.

"That was an outrage!" Dempsey exploded. "I felt just as badly as Gene did!"

Tunney said nothing.

Late in November of that year, Gene got involved in another duel with Jim Farley. Opening a four-day vaudeville tour, he was arrested backstage at Loew's State Theater in New York on a charge of violating the state law by appearing in a boxing match without having obtained a license from the commission. The charge was ridiculous. Everybody knew Tunney wasn't doing any real fighting on the stage of a theater. He was engaging in sparring exhibitions, for which no license was required.

Gene won this round handily, evening his score with Farley. Magistrate Jesse Silberman cleared the champion and six others who had been arrested with him. He denounced Farley for having caused Tunney's arrest without justification in law or fact.

Once Dempsey put an end to the general speculation by accepting terms for a return match, there was less time for things like vaudeville. Gene was determined to avoid the mistake of underrating his opponent or overrating his own condition. He went to work well in advance of the fight date, September 22, 1927.

Dempsey's showing in his tune-up bout, with Jack Sharkey on July 21 at Yankee Stadium, had something to do with Gene's caution. The ex-champion, managed now by Leo Flynn, looked as strong as ever in wearing down the clever Bostonian, then knocking him out in the seventh round. The actual knockout came when Sharkey turned his head toward the referee to protest a low blow. He had hardly opened his mouth when Dempsey coldly busted him on the jaw.There was a great deal of anguished squawking by the Sharkey camp, but that only helped create more interest in the return with Tunney.

So the stage was set for another "Battle of the Century." This time, Rickard selected Soldier Field in Chicago as the site. When the fight writers took a good look at the the vastness of the stadium, they promptly changed the label to "Battle of the Binocular."

It wouldn't have made any difference if they had held the fight in an open field and made the customers sit on the ground. Rickard still would have had the $2,000,000 gate he insisted the match would draw. If ever there was a natural, this was it.

No promoter could have asked for anything more. The boxer vs. the slugger . . . gentleman vs. roughneck . . . new champion vs. old champion. All the ingredients were there, and the final touch, the answer to the promoter's dream, was that the nation still stubbornly refused to accept the result of the first fight as official.

Estelle Taylor, Jack's glamorous wife, struck a responsive chord when she said that the thing that bothered her most after the Philadelphia fight was reading in the newspapers that, at the end of the last round, Dempsey had staggered to his corner. "Tunney couldn't stagger Jack if he had a lead weight in each glove." said the spirited Estelle. "Who do they think they're kidding?"

John Public felt the same way. So even though he painstakingly set all the ballyhoo wheels in motion again, Rickard actually didn't have to do much to sell the rematch except print the tickets. The gold rush, resulting in a fantastic gate of $2,658,660, the richest haul in the history of boxing, was on.

Chicago and New York were flooded with counterfeit tickets, and many a trusting purchaser found himself out in the cold with his money gone down the drain after being stuck with one of the fakes. To guard against multiple seat claimants starting unscheduled fights inside the stadium, Tex stationed an expert engraver at each gate and had every ticket examined to be sure no counterfeits got through.

The Chicago prohibition office was on the job, too. The defenders of the Volstead Act put 56 agents in the area around the stadium to prevent the sale of cough medicine to the arriving customers. You couldn't have found a better commentary on the national attitude toward the Eighteenth Amendment than was offered by the pile of rubbish swept up in Soldier Field the morning after the fifth. It must have seemed to the sweepers that there was at least one bottle for each of the 104,943 customers.

Another glittering, celebrity-studded crowd showed up. Ty Cobb, John McGraw, Gloria Swanson, Jackie Coogan, Charles M. Schwab, Colonel Jake Ruppert, Big Bill Thompson, the Mayor of Chicago, and Jimmy Walker, the Beau of New York, Irving Berlin, Norma Talmadge, Barney Oldfield—you couldn't begin to list all the 18 carat hot shots who crowded into the lakefront amphitheater. Everybody was there who could beg, borrow or steal the transportation and ticket money.

And this much is sure—every single one of them would thank his lucky stars all the rest of the days of his life that he was in that noisy, excited, shifting throng on that memorable night. For this truly was the fight of fights.

The expected fury was in evidence from the outset. Dempsey fought as the wise boys had guessed that he would. He tore into Tunney early, firing savagely-aimed salvos that were plainly labeled knockout. But Tunney, the master boxer, stood up to the raw anger, the explosive impatience, of the black-haired Mauler, and put on a demonstration of counter-punching that had even the most ardent Dempsey man blinking in admiration. Gene had a left hand like a bayonet that night, and he stuck it into Dempsey's face time and again. It was more than a defensive measure. After a few rounds went by, it began to break up the old champion's face.

Dempsey looked slower. His supporters had confidently expected him to step out with Tunney, to prove that all he had needed was to fight himself into shape. But those stunning left-hand punches, those right crosses that came smashing into his head, took a lot of the steam out of Jack. Watching them as they fought silently, grimly, through the fifth and sixth rounds, you couldn't help the feeling that Dempsey's sun had set. Tunney was quick, he was sharp. He was fighting the fight he liked. He looked as though he could keep it up all night. Dempsey appeared strained and short of breath.

Then, with a suddenness that blew the huge crowd right out of the seats, the dramatic blow was struck. For a brief, tantalizing moment, Fate rode in Jack Dempsey's glove once again. The man from Manassa lashed out at Tunney with a left hook, his pet punch. It was the same punch Gene had blocked a hundred times already, but he never saw this one. He sagged, pawing instinctively at the ropes, missing them, his legs crumpling to the canvas, his magnificent body utterly helpless. He looked like a lean, knife-bowed destroyer settling reluctantly but inexorably into the water after being blown open amidships by an enemy torpedo.

The animal yell of the crowd was thunderous. It came right out of the pits of their stomachs and it had in it the ancient blood lust, exploding through the veneer of civilization these same people had worn as they passed through Tex Rickard's ticket-takers on their way into the stadium. Their palpable eagerness for the kill was blood-curdling. Teeth were bared, fists clenched, breath was coming shorter. Even the women were momentarily stripped of the grace lent them by their beauty, their silks and furs. Daintily lipsticked mouths were distorted by passion and feminine screeches pierced the darkness of the night.

"Kill him, Jack! Kill him!"

"You got him now, Jack! Come on, come on, give it to him!"

Then the first roar was washed away by the onrush of a new wave of sound. *Referee Dave Barry wasn't counting!*

Amid a pure bedlam of noise, Barry was waving Dempsey to a neutral corner. But Jack, his gloves poised, his feet restless, refused to budge out of his own corner, into which he had moved as Tunney went down, In those few wild seconds, the ex-champion wasn't a boxer—he was a fighter. He wasn't worrying about what corner he was standing in. He was staring coldly at the fallen body in front of him, thinking only how he might smash out of it any life that it retained.

But the rules of the Illinois Athletic Commission were plain. In the event of a knockdown, you had to go to the corner farthest removed from the man you had put on the canvas. Both men had been instructed carefully in that regard. Dempsey was simply emotionally beyond any such consideration. It took precious seconds—nobody knows exactly how many—for Barry to get him to a legal corner and begin the delayed count.

Now the referee's arm swing downward in the age-old, relentless gesture of the ring. "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . "

And now Tunney stirred, forcing his dead-end muscles into movement. For a moment, it looked as though he might get right up, but he sank back on his haunches. He was alert, though—he knew what was going on. You could see him counting in time with the referee.

"Seven . . . eight . . . nine . . ."

Just as Barry's arm poised itself for the final stroke that would have sent the championship crown crashing off his head, Tunney shakily got to his feet.

Even, then, most of the crowd thought Dempsey would pound him back to the canvas. Obviously, the champion was hurt. And wasn't Dempsey the most vicious, tigerish finisher in the ring?

"Let him have it, Jack!"

"Kill him, Jack! Kill him!"

But to knock Tunney down again, Dempsey had to hit him—and he couldn't. The brave Marine's knees were wobbly, and the sweat oozed out of his pores as he fought to get himself under control. But he was on his feet and he was circling away from the enraged killer who confronted him. It was a miracle of recuperation. One moment he had been down and seemingly out, his head hanging uselessly on his shoulders, his body caved in by the mighty fists of Dempsey. Now, a quarter of a minute later, he was back on his feet, in charge of his actions, forcing his shocked nerves to do what he willed. He had shaken off at least three blows that loud have felled a horse. It was a remarkable tribute to the life he had led, to the training he had forced himself to undergo.

Back Tunney went, around and around, riding the bicycle he had kept polished up for so long. Sneering, frustrated, and angry, Dempsey lunged after him, swinging for the kill. Back went Tunney, back and around, while the sap re-entered his legs and the lead melted from his arms. He was thoroughly awake now. He knew what he was doing every second. He dodged Dempsey like an agile lightweight while the furious crowd vainly beseeched him to stand his ground and be knocked out.

Goaded beyond endurance, Dempsey halted his pursuit, lowered his gloves, and motioned for Tunney to come in and fight. It was a futile, forlorn gesture. Jack knew he had lost his man; the crowd knew it; and, above all, Tunney knew it. Gene was much too smart to fall for Dempsey's challenge. He wanted to make Jack come to him, and with a comfortable lead in points, he was in a position to dictate. He stayed on his bicycle, counterpunching beautifully, jabbing steadily with his left to keep Dempsey from swarming over him.

It was different in the ninth. Tunney was fully recovered now, still going strong. Dempsey was tired, discouraged, arm-weary and leg-weary. His face was badly marked and, although he kept trying for the knockout he knew he needed to win, you wouldn't have bet a nickel on his chances. In his blind, black fury at blowing the big opportunity, he seemed to be landing a lot of low blows.

The 10th was even worse. Gene whipped home those cutting jabs and Dempsey kept missing with wild rights. Jack was desperate now. He tried to grapple with Tunney, and he carelessly unleashed a series of questionable punches. It didn't matter. It was Tunney's fight. It was still Tunney's championship. The final bell left no doubt in anybody's mind. It merely put a merciful end to the beating Dempsey was taking.

The fight was over, but the arguments were only beginning. By the grace of a quixotic Fate, Jack Dempsey's inability to remember a rule, and referee Dave Barry's dogged persistence in enforcing it, the second Dempsey-Tunney fight was committed to the pages of history as "The Battle of the Long Count."

Every newspaper in America devoted columns of type to the bitter argument. Estimates of the time Tunney spent on the floor in that memorable seventh round ranged from 14 to 18 seconds. Dempsey fans, knowing in their hearts that their hero no longer could cope with his more youthful, more scientific successor, followed their hearts instead of their heads and savagely condemned Dave Barry for having "stolen" the fight for Tunney. Conveniently, they overlooked the blunt fact that both fighters had been told specifically to be careful of the Illinois knockdown rule. Emotionally, they shifted the blame from Dempsey's shoulders to Barry's. They even yelped that a better-known referee, Dave Miller, had been expected to draw the assignment and that the unexplained switch to Barry was indicative of dirty work at the crossroads. They grasped the only straw that was within reach. They simply were unwilling to concede that Tunney was the better man.

Yet, most of them must have agreed with Estelle Taylor, Jack's sultry wife, when she said, tersely, "I'm glad it's over."

Certainly, Dempsey himself felt that way. He listened for a while to talk of a third match with Tunney. Then he put a stop to it by saying that his eyes had taken too much of a battering to permit him to fight Gene again. He didn't want to risk being blinded for life.

Tunney's first reaction to the battle was one of anger at Dempsey's repeated fouling. "Dempsey must have hit me with 40 rabbit punches, and he butted me so about the Adam's apple I won't be able to eat properly for days," he said, proving that even a gentleman can get sore. "I'm through boosting Jack."

But that was only a temporary flash of resentment. Gene cheerfully pocketed Tex Rickard's check for $990,000—just $10,000 less than an even million—and hustled off to a celebration at Chicago's famous Palmer House. The man whose rigid respect for training laws enabled him to survive a storm that would have finished almost any other boxer in the ring was so happy that he even drank champagne.

While the party raced toward the dawn, and corks popped noisily on all sides, Gene was asked what he meant when he said, in a radio interview from ringside, "Greetings to all my good friends in Greenwich, Connecticut." Who did he knew in Greenwich, Connecticut?

Tunney smiled and shook his head. That was his business. It was't long before it was to become the whole country's business.

You would think that, following such a stirring victory, the world would have been Gene Tunney's oyster. In a way, it was. The kid from Greenwich Village, who had worked as a butcher's boy for $2.50 a week, could write a check in six figures without blinking an eye and without seriously damaging his bank account. He was wanted by vaudeville; he was wanted by Hollywood. Huge sums were waved in front of him just for the use of his name. Worldly wealth was his in goodly measure. He was able to make his family comfortable and to treat himself to the best that life had to offer. Father Patrick Drain of St. Veronica's Church, where he had gone to grammar school, asked him to contribute to the mortgage fund, and Gene sent the priest a check for $1,000. He liked being rich; it was pleasant. Only those who once were poor know just how pleasant it can be.

The President of the United States, Calvin

Coolidge, received Gene at the White House and told him, among other things, that he "looked more like a movie actor than a prize-fighter."

William Lyon Phelps, the distinguished Professor of English at Yale University, invited Gene to lecture his class on Shakespeare, and presented to the fighter a Yale-edited special library edition of Shakespeare's works.

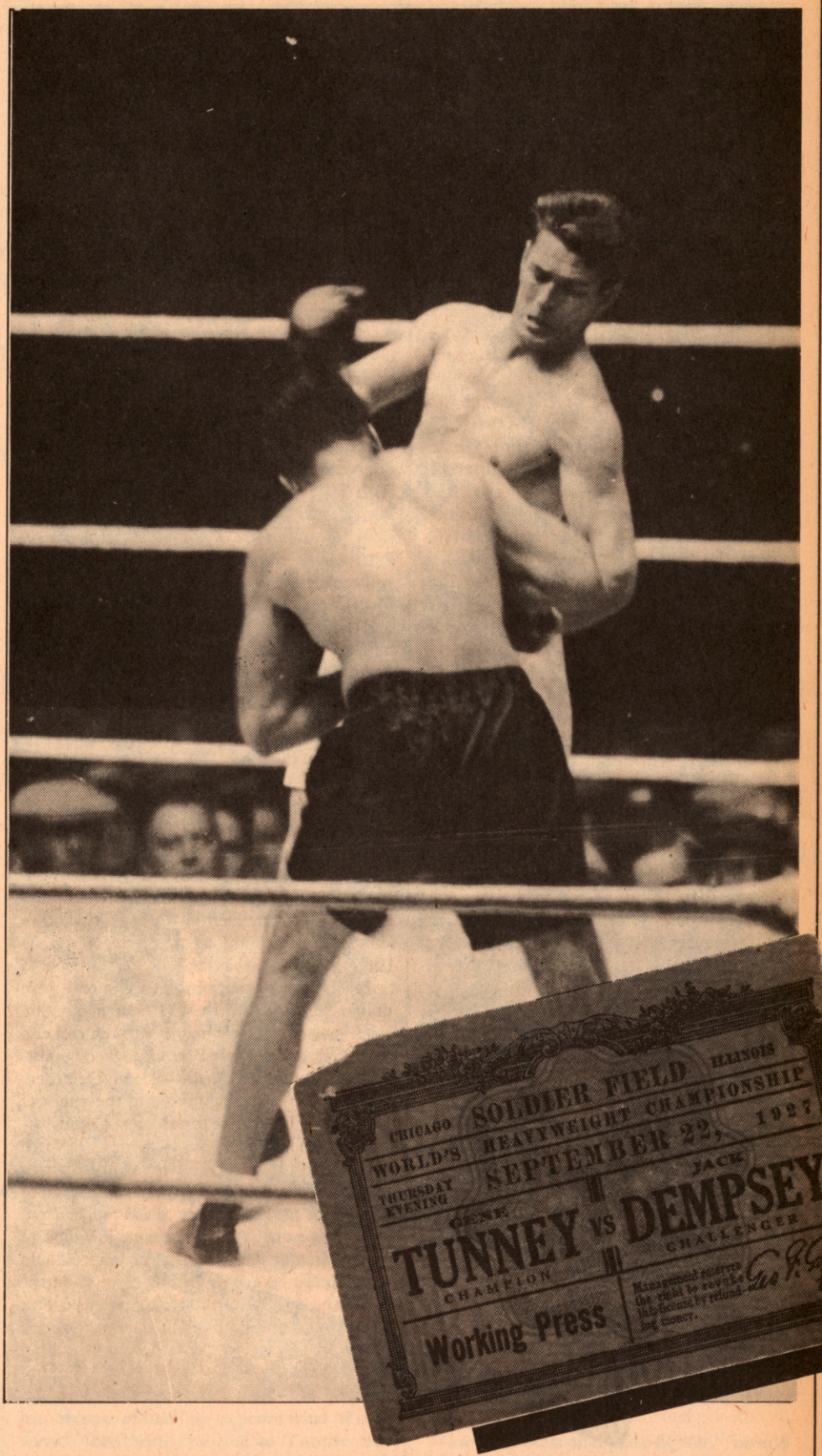
He had so much, this 29-year-old fighting man. There was just one thing he didn't have, an intangible, non-negotiable item—popularity. It must have eaten into his vitals, this obstinate refusal of the American people to accord him the affection that most heavyweight champions before him had drawn automatically.

"I'm not unpopular except with the professional fight crowd," Tunney said once. "They don't understand me and never will, which may be all for the best." But the gnawing knowledge of his failure to win the hearts of the people couldn't help but rankle him. Undoubtedly, it influenced many of the things he said, many of the attitudes he adopted—which, in turn, held back his acceptance still further. It was a vicious circle. He was no longer poor, no longer obscure, no longer forced to struggle for his substance—but it was still Gene Tunney against the world.

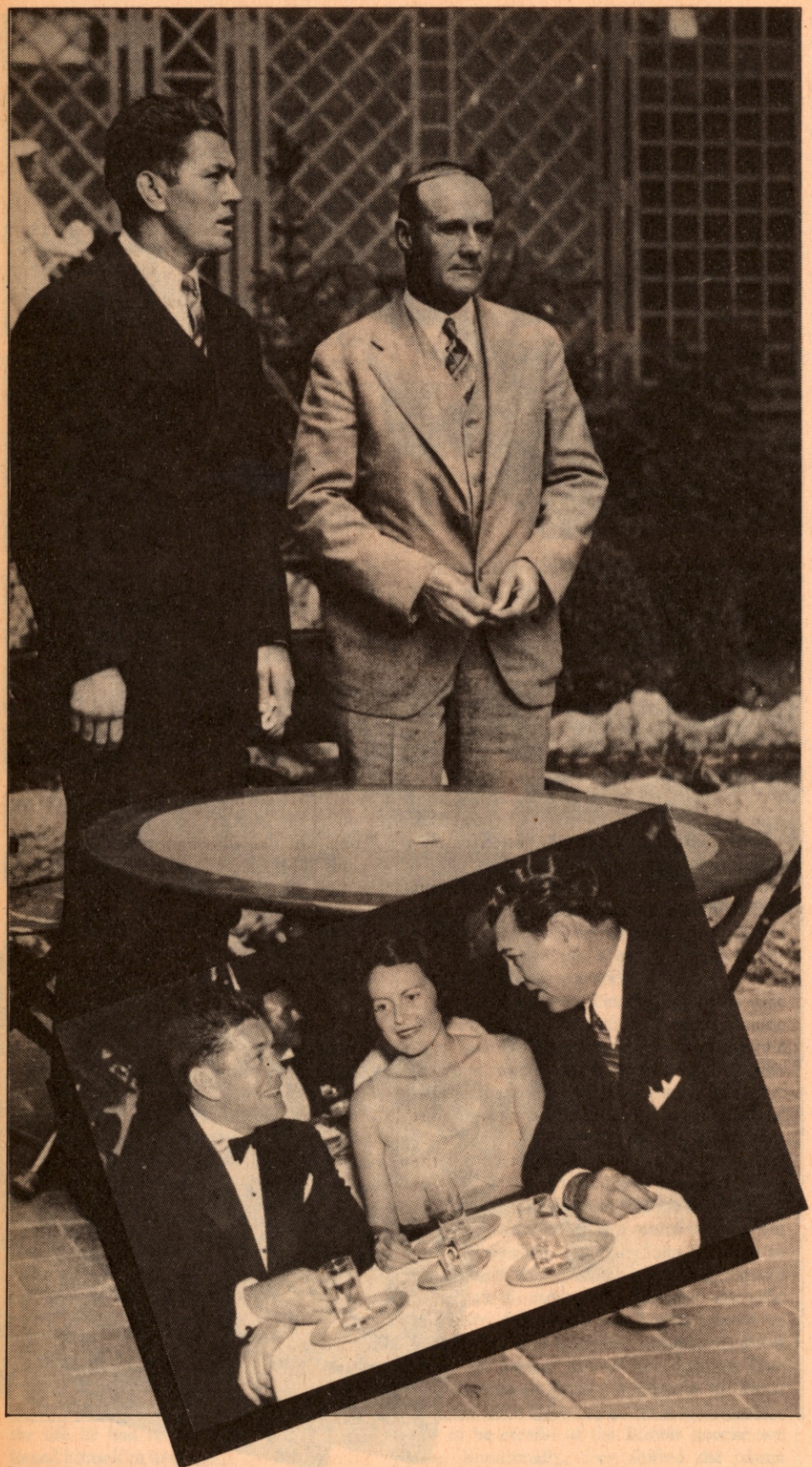
Even his style of fighting seemed to go against the grain. But perhaps that was just a natural reaction of the fans to the end of the long reign of Dempsey, the bull-like slugger. People thought of "the way Jack did it" in those historic brawls with Willard, Carpentier, and Firpo, and Tunney's cool science paled alongside the fastgrowing legend of the Manassa Mauler. The famous sportswriter, Paul Gallico, had his finger on the pulse of public opinion when he wrote, "Tunney will never be the drawing card Dempsey was because he has as much sudden death in his makeup as a woolly lamb."

Gallico's estimate appeared to be borne out by the cold facts when Gene entered the lists for his second defense of the title on July 26, 1928. He was meeting a New Zealander, Tom Heeney, known on the sports pages as "The Hard Rock From Down Under." Partly because Heeney was far from a magnetic figure himself—Tunney described him candidly as "the best of a bad lot"—the bout was a financial flop. It cost Tex Rickard $920,000 to promote it, and he took in $700,000—a loss of about $220,000.

It wasn't much of a fight. Gene put Heeney away in 11 rounds, referee Eddie Forbes charitably stopping the slaughter after two minutes and 52 seconds of the 11th had gone by. Heeney was a badly bruised, bleeding hulk at the finish. He was almost knocked out in the 10th round when Gene sprawled him



THE "LONG COUNT" BATTLE: TUNNEY, DOWN IN THE 7TH, FLOORS DEMPSEY IN 8TH, RETAINING HIS CROWN.



THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN GENE TUNNEY'S LIFE: PROMOTER TEX RICKARD (ABOVE); JACK DEMPSEY AND WIFE POLLY (BELOW).

flat on his back with a well-timed right to the jaw, but the bell rang just as the New Zealander went down.

Tunney walked out from his corner for the 11th and calmly speared his battered opponent with a barrage of lefts and rights. Heeney's replies were feeble. He fanned the air helplessly until the referee stopped it.

It was Gene Tunney's last fight. He collected $525,000 for the job, and a few days later, on August 1, he announced his retirement. Characteristically, the statement he released to the newspapers was firm and final. He left no loopholes.

"I have fought my last bout as a professional boxer," he wrote. ". . . The time has come when boxing can offer me nothing further that I desire. I am putting it behind me, grateful for benefits conferred, but with the feeling that I am still young enough to make a new start in other fields . . . I have no thought of trying to nominate my successor. To the victor belongs the spoils. I merely step aside and say, 'May the best man win'."

Much was made of a training camp injury Tunney had suffered before the second Dempsey fight. It was said that he was quitting the ring because he feared for his sanity. There had been such an injury, the result of being butted in the head by a sparring partner, but Gene had long since recovered from it. The truth is, the champion simply wanted to build a new life and was impatient to get on with it.

Early in August, 1928, another important reason came to light. The country's newspapers reported that the retired champion was courting a wealthy society girl. Mary Josephine Lauder, her name was—and she was from Greenwich, Connecticut. People went around jogging each other's memories. "Hey, remember what Tunney said that night in Chicago on the radio, something about greetings to all his good friends in Greenwich Connecticut? That must have been . . ."

It had been. Gene was in love with the daughter of George Lauder, Jr., a nephew of Andrew Carnegie and a founder of the Carnegie steel empire. The lady, whose friends called her Polly, had not only beauty and high social position, but millions and millions of dollars as well. Yet Gene aspired to her—and won her. F. E. Barbour, the Lauder family's secretary, might tell the inquisitive press haughtily that "the report is too absurd to be dignified by an answer," but it was nonetheless true. Mrs. Lauder made the official announcement of the engagement on August 8.

Shortly after the news broke, Gene went abroad for a long-awaited vacation. Maybe he wanted to let the papers forget his romance. (They didn't.) But he needed the rest, anyway, and he had always wanted to travel. "I will visit Ireland," he said, "and I expect to spend several weeks in London. From there, I

will go to Germany. With Thornton Wilder, who is now in Europe awaiting me, I will tramp through Germany, France and Spain, and return in time to vote for Al Smith."

That last bit of information made the sportswriters grin. Gene might be courting a society heiress, and he might be going on a walking tour of Europe with a great author, but they still hadn't taken all of Greenwich Village out of the fighter whose stevedore father had died with his union card under his pillow.

Ireland rolled out a rich, emerald-green welcome mat for Gene. Ten thousand Celts gathered at the seaport of Kingstown to greet him at the quay, and they do say that the state reception they tossed for him marked the first time that Eamon de Valera and President William T. Cosgrave ever drank from the same bottle.

Gene had a wonderful trip, including a friendly visit with the Prince of Wales at St. James' Palace. Finally, he called a halt to his junketing and settled down for a long fight with official red tape in Italy. He wanted to be married in Rome.

After two months of unremitting warfare with minor and major dignitaries of the church and state, Gene completed arrangements for his wedding. His bride-to-be sailed across the ocean on the *Saturnia*, and on October 3, 1928, James Joseph Tunney and Mary Josephine Lauder were wed.

The Tunneys were united in two ceremonies—one civil, one religious. Two rooms of the Hotel de Russie were utilized for the occasion, and newspapermen and photographers were carefully kept out. The wedding guests included John McCormack, the renowned Irish tenor; Thornton Wilder, the novelist; Dr. Carnes Weeks, the best man, a boyhood friend of Gene's; and Edward R. Stettinius, later to become Secretary of State. Polly Lauder's mother was there, but no one from Tunney's family attended.

Angered by their exclusion from the wedding, the frustrated reporters and photographers staged a near riot outside the hotel when Gene and his wife left for their honeymoon. Tunney had refused to allow any pictures to be taken of the ceremony, and still forbade the boys to photograph his wife as they entered their car. He threatened to break the camera of any photographer who tried to take her picture.

Back in the States, the stories of the wedding were concerned more with the near-riot than with the clothes the bride wore, the details of the ceremony, or the honeymoon destination. Once again, Gene had been misunderstood. Nervous and worried that his sheltered bride might react unhappily to sudden doses of publicity, he had tried to protect her from it. Unfortunately, his methods achieved more—not less—attention. Reading about his antics, the American people decided "That Tooney's gettin' too big for his boots. Just because he's marrying' a rich society girl, he thinks he's better than anybody else."

Eventually, the newspapers got off Tunney's back. Gene and his wife stayed in Europe for over a year. By the time they came home, people had forgotten about the wedding fuss. It could scarcely be said, however, that the young couple returned to a wholly tranquil existence. Gene was faced with two tremendous damage suits, both of which were tried daily on the front pages of the nation's press.

Tim Mara, famous bookmaker and owner of the New York Football Giants was suing him for $405,000 he claimed was owing to him under the terms of a contract cutting him in on Tunney's earnings as heavyweight champion in exchange for services rendered.

What services? Well, Mara said that he had exercised his influence to get Tunney the title shot against Dempsey. Furthermore, he said that Gene had agreed to pay him 10% of his purse for the Philadelphia fight with Dempsey and 25% of all his earnings thereafter if he won the championship.

Tunney made no effort to deny that he had signed a contract calling for Mara to share in his earnings. His defense was that the noted bookmaker had been unable to carry out his end of the bargain—namely, to arrange for the fight with Dempsey to be held in New York. Mara, on the other hand, confessed his inability to talk Jim Farley into sanctioning the bout for New York, but claimed the money was due him if only for having gotten Tunney the shot at Dempsey.

When Max (Boo Boo) Hoff, a notorious Philadelphia underworld character, also filed suit against Tunney for $250,000, using almost the same charges levelled by Mara except for the difference that he claimed he had been hired to use his influence in Philadelphia, everybody was completely bewildered. Slowly, it came out in court that Gene's manager, Billy Gibson, had signed away approximately 83⅓ percent of Tunney's earnings before Gene stepped into the ring against Dempsey.

Alva Johnston, covering the trial for the New York *Herald Tribune*, said, "There was no particular surprise in the front row of spectators, which was composed chiefly of fighters and managers, at the news that Tunney had given away pieces of himself to the extent of over 75% . . . It is said that many fighters have given away as much as 150% of themselves in similar contracts, while one fighter is known to have signed away 250% of himself."

Mara lost the suit, and Hoff later dropped his, because of inability to prove what (if any) services had been rendered to Tunney that warranted the payment of such fabulous sums. It had taken a long time, but Gene finally escaped from the law courts for good.

So the years picked up the ex-champion and carried him along. He and Polly settled down in Connecticut and busied themselves raising a family. They had three boys—Gene, Varick, and Jonathan—and a daughter, Joan. Gene went into business in various capacities, kept up in his interest in the Marine Corps as a Reserve officer, did a lot of speaking at public functions, and served as chairman of an endless list of worthy causes. His picture found its way into the newspapers and now and then—you would see him posed with Jack Dempsey, with Max Baer, with Primo Carnera, with Jim Braddock, with Joe Louis. The older he got, the less he looked like a fighter. But he was a former heavyweight champion of the world—he was the man who had beaten Dempsey—and, as such, his name was news.

Then, shortly after America entered World War II, Gene hit the headlines again with a bang. He was commissioned a Lieutenant Commander in the United States Navy and placed in charge of a vast physical training program that eventually took him over half the world before he was discharged in 1945 as a full captain. He worked hard at the job, which he had taken at the suggestion of his good friend Jim Forrestal, then Undersecretary of the Navy, and won two citations for his efforts. He was in his mid-forties, but he worked and sweated like a kid in his twenties. It was a wonderful, satisfying experience, and—after two decades in the public eye—it brought him his first widespread popularity. People who had always mistrusted him, been jealous of his success, envious of his financial position, found themselves admiring his patriotism and his vitality.

Sometime before his death on November 7, 1978 I asked him one last question. "Looking back on all the years, and considering everything you've accomplished, would you say that you felt you were primarily a prize-fighter—or do you feel that you're essentially a businessman?"

It sounded like a harmless question, but it was loaded, and we both knew it. He put down his glass and pushed back his chair. It's too bad that every fight fan in America couldn't have heard his answer, for if that were possible there would be far less misunderstanding of this astonishing American who has been so persistently accused of being "too good" for the sport that made him rich and famous. Reaching for his homburg hat to hurry down the street to a director's meeting, he straightened his expensive tie and brushed a few wrinkles out of his rich-looking banker's grey suit. There was no hesitation in his voice.

"I am a professional prize-fighter," he said firmly. "I am a professional prize-figher, and I am very proud of it."

RED ALL OVER

By Red Smith

An Old Pappy Guy

AUG. 23, 1951—THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION of the world is a man named Arnold Cream, better known—as the demon announcer, Harry Balogh, used to say—as Jersey Joe Walcott. He is an eldering, balding, pappy guy with an undistinguished past and a large houseful of kids, and he is either an American hero in the finest Horatio Alger tradition or a faintly comic figure, depending on how you view him.

No matter how you view him, though, he is undeniably the heavyweight champion of the world. If you are in the fist fight business, that is as far as you can go. It is the best. It must be pretty good for Jersey Joe, at his age, because there was a long time when it was not like that at all.

"It was, as a matter of fact, like this," said Irving Rudd. Irving Rudd is a short guy with a long memory who has done a lot of things for a living. There was a time when he was press agent for a neighborhood fight club called the Rockland Palace.

"This was back in 1937 and thereabout," Irving said. "The Rockland Palace was across from the Polo Grounds at 155th Street and Eighth Avenue. Years before, it was called the Manhattan Casino and, if I'm not mistaken, it was there Benny Leonard flattened Freddie Welsh for the lightweight championship. But anyway, I'll tell you how it was up there in my day.

"In those days, Negro fighters weren't getting any the best of it. Joe Louis was just about established and Henry Armstrong was coming along, but in the rank and file there were a lot of very good boys who just had to do the best they could fighting each other. The lions and the tigers had to fight among themselves in those days; they couldn't lie down with the lambs.

"The Rockland Palace was Harlem's Madison Square Garden. Where you see Toots Shor and Sherman Billingsley and Walter Winchell at the Garden fights today, you would see Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway at Rockland Palace. It was the gayest sort of fight club, everybody having a good time at $1.65 for a seat in the first row, and a bartender named Vivian out in the aisle shadow boxing and rooting his favorite in.

"Now, I'm a young guy, and I never saw Gans or Leonard or Ketchell. Of the fighters I have seen, Ray Robinson was the best, Joe Louis was Number Three, and the second best was a guy named Tiger Jack Fox. That Tiger, he was the king at Rockland Palace.

"He walked out there one night with a terrific puncher named Jack Trammell, a long, skinny boy with a chicken-wing for a right arm, and when Jack straightened that wing, something dropped. Trammell had stiffened a good puncher named Lorenzo Pack in one round, but Tiger Jack Fox took his best punch and chased him out of the ring.

"Now the Tiger was matched with a boy out of Camden named Jersey Joe Walcott. Jersey Joe had boxed Elmer Ray at Rockland Palace in a benefit for the Scottsboro boys—I remember a lead in 'The Daily Worker' that said, 'Jim Crow will be kayoed tonight when Jersey Joe Walcott and Elmer Ray meet, and so forth'—and Walcott had stopped Ray in three. I also remember describing him in my publicity releases as winner of the 'White Hope' tournament in the Coney Island Velodrome, although he was no blonder then than he is today.

"Well, it was a hell of a fight. Walcott knocked Fox down and rolled him onto the ring's apron, but the Tiger rolled back and got up and flattened Jersey Joe in the eighth. It was a vest-pocket war, and if they got $200 apiece out of it they were doing very well for those days.

"There was another match between Walcott and a light heavyweight named George Brothers, a former amateur champion owned by George Gainford, who has Robinson today. It frightens me to think what the boys earned in that one, because that night the house was the size of a private crowd at a cockfight.

"Jersey Joe knocked Brothers down three times, bing, bing, bing. Up in the gallery they were shouting, "That's all, don't get up, Georgie,' and they were ready to walk out laughing. That Brothers got up and spat out a mouthful of teeth and took one sneering look at the crowd and walked in and gave Walcott an eight-round licking.

"It seems to me that the Walcott of today is exactly the same fighter we had around Rockland Palace, only older and more mature and, possibly but not necessarily, a little smarter. He's the same fighter, though, a guy who walks in, shuffling, and when he throws a punch that connects, the other guy falls down, no matter whether his name is Joe Louis or Ezzard Charles.

"This summer we had Jersey Joe in for a sandlot ball game in Ebbets Field. He made a great talk to the kids there, and when I thanked him I said, 'Joe, you've come a long way from Rockland Palace in 1937, eh?' He just kind of grinned, kind of modest and shy, and I said, 'I can't do anything to repay you, Joe, but wait a minute and we'll get an autographed baseball for your kids.'

"He said, 'Gee, honest? Do you mean it?' That's the Jersey Joe Walcott I've known. He is heavyweight champion of the world and I'm going to get him a baseball with the Dodgers' names on it and he says, 'Gee, honest?' "

CREDIT

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An Old Pappy Guy

AUG. 23, 1951—THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPion of the world is a man named Arnold Cream, better known—as the demon announcer, Harry Balogh, used to say—as Jersey Joe Walcott. He is an eldering, balding, pappy guy with an undistinguished past and a large houseful of kids, and he is either an American hero in the finest Horatio Alger tradition or a faintly comic figure, depending on how you view him.

No matter how you view him, though, he is undeniably the heavyweight champion of the world. If you are in the fist fight business, that is as far as you can go. It is the best. It must be pretty good for Jersey Joe, at his age, because there was a long time when it was not like that at all.

"It was, as a matter of fact, like this," said Irving Rudd. Irving Rudd is a short guy with a long memory who has done a lot of things for a living. There was a time when he was press agent for a neighborhood fight club called the Rockland Palace.

"This was back in 1937 and thereabout," Irving said. "The Rockland Palace was across from the Polo Grounds at 155th Street and Eighth Avenue. Years before, it was called the Manhattan Casino and, if I'm not mistaken, it was there Benny Leonard flattened Freddie Welsh for the lightweight championship. But anyway, I'll tell you how it was up there in my day.

"In those days, Negro fighters weren't getting any the best of it. Joe Louis was just about established and Henry Armstrong was coming along, but in the rank and file there were a lot of very good boys who just had to do the best they could fighting each other. The lions and the tigers had to fight among themselves in those days; they couldn't lie down with the lambs.

"The Rockland Palace was Harlem's Madison Square Garden. Where you see Toots Shor and Sherman Billingsley and Walter Winchell at the you would see Duke Calloway at Rockland gayest sort of fight clul good time at $1.65 for and a bartender named shadow boxing and root

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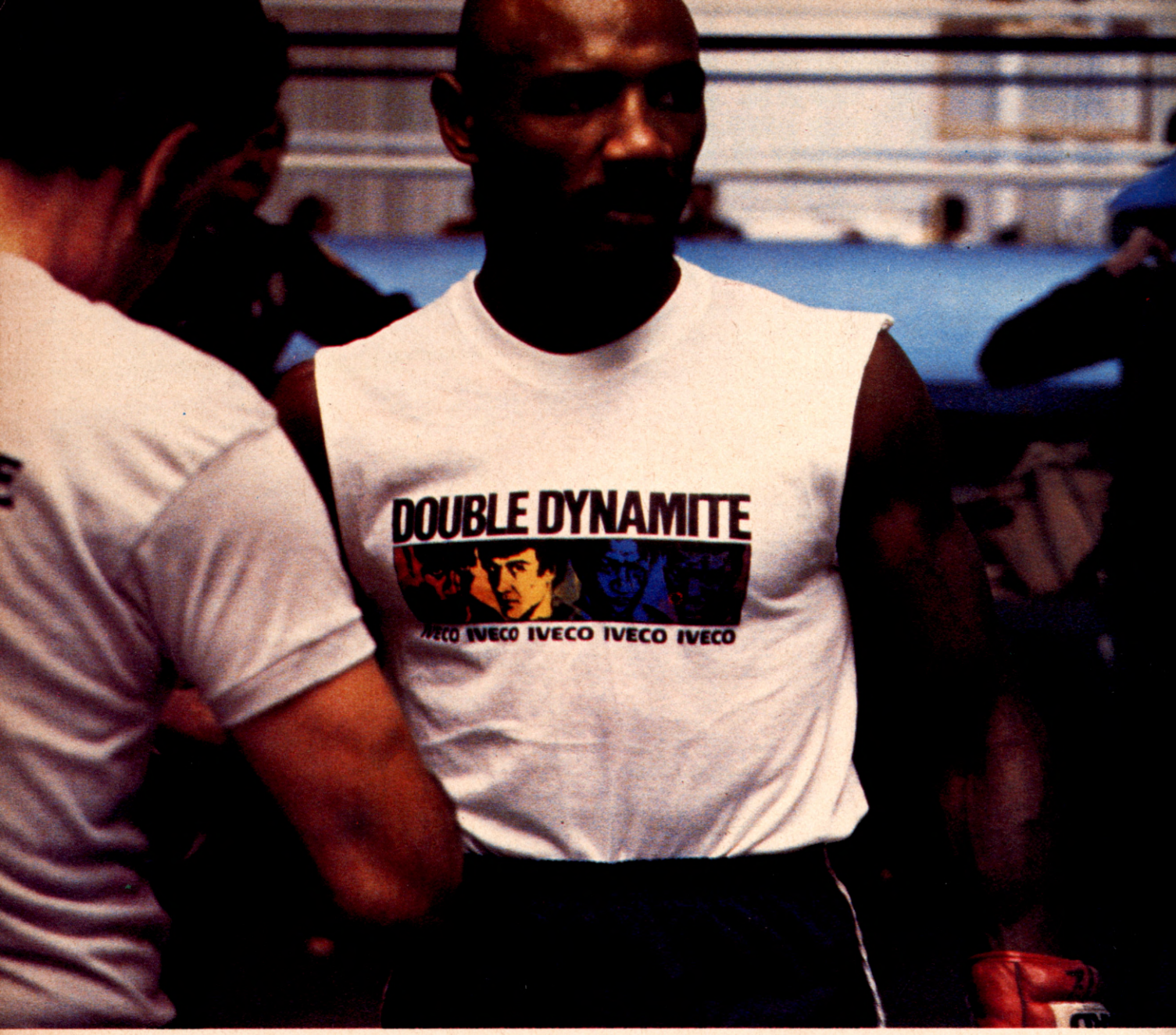

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